

# September Cosmopolitan

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TWO  
UNEQUALED  
NEW FEATURES:

A Serial Romance  
of War-Time by  
Robert W. Chambers

and  
The Authorized Biography of  
Charles Frohman begin in this Issue of  
America's Greatest Magazine

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Leaves  
Linoleums  
Like  
New





# COSMOPOLITAN

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## THE WORLD'S SUBLIMEST SPECTACLE

*By John Temple Graves*

**I** THANK the ruler of my mortal circumstance that it has been my fortune once to see the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

No mortal eye has ever held so great a scene.

I should be ashamed—as any American should be ashamed—if, by my own choice, I had looked on Egyptian Pyramid, or Asian height, or European alp, and never seen my own country's glory in this sublimest spectacle of all the world.

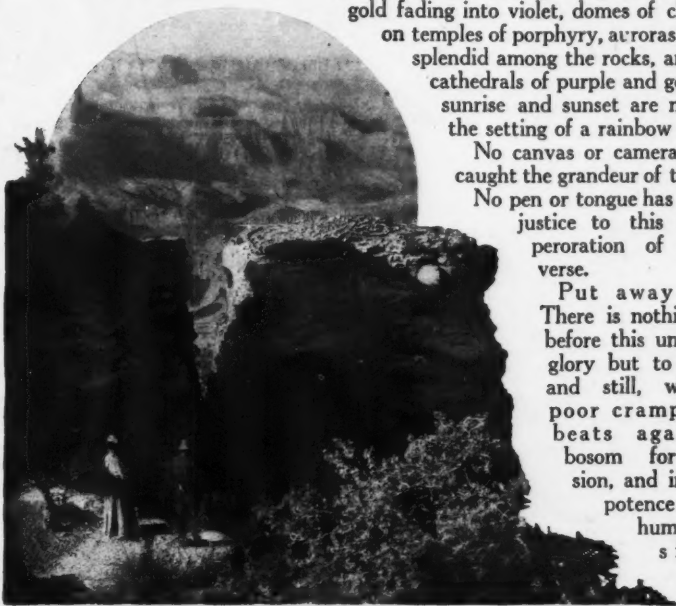
It is one great gulch of grandeur let down into the eternities. It is the soul and substance of all the mountains and all the chasms, of all the deeps and all the heights, sculptured and chiseled, majestically masoned, and magnificently upholstered in myriad splendors of light and shadow, of shape and color, by the Lord God Almighty.

Here are vast Gibaltars that no artillery of earth could ever shake. Here are Alhambras more splendid than any sultan's dream. Here are thrones too magnificent for any mortal king—heights unspeakable, depths unutterable, and colors divine; crimson falling softly into brown, old gold fading into violet, domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry, auroras crouching splendid among the rocks, and mighty cathedrals of purple and gold, where sunrise and sunset are married to the setting of a rainbow ring.

No canvas or camera has ever caught the grandeur of the Cañon.

No pen or tongue has ever done justice to this matchless peroration of the universe.

Put away words!  
There is nothing to do before this unspeakable glory but to be silent and still, while the poor cramped soul beats against its bosom for expression, and in the impotence of all human speech simply whispers, "God!"



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## WHAT THEY SAW

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

*SAD man, sad man, tell me, pray,  
What did you see to-day?*

I saw the unloved and unhappy old waiting for slow, delinquent  
death to come;

Pale little children toiling for the rich, in rooms where sunlight is  
ashamed to go;

The awful almshouse, where the living dead rot slowly in their  
hideous, open graves.

And there were shameful things:

Soldiers and forts, and industries of death, and devil-ships, and  
loud-winged devil-birds,

All bent on slaughter and destruction. These and yet more shame-  
ful things mine eyes beheld:

Old men upon lascivious conquest bent, and young men living with  
no thought of God,

And half-clothed women puffing at a weed, aping the vices of the  
underworld,

Engrossed in shallow pleasures, and intent on being barren wives.  
These things I saw.

(How God must loathe his earth!)



*Glad man, glad man, tell me, pray,  
What did you see to-day?*

I saw an aged couple in whose eyes  
Shone that deep light of mingled love and faith  
Which makes the earth one room of paradise  
And leaves no sting in death.

I saw vast regiments of children pour,  
Rank after rank, out of the schoolroom door,  
By Progress mobilized. They seemed to say:  
"Let ignorance make way.  
We are the heralds of a better day."

I saw the college and the church that stood  
For all things sane and good.  
I saw God's helpers in the shop and slum  
Blazing a path for health and hope to come,  
And True Religion, from the grave of creeds,  
Springing to meet man's needs.

I saw great Science reverently stand  
And listen for a sound from Border-land,  
No longer arrogant with unbelief,  
Holding itself aloof,  
But drawing near and searching high and low  
For that complete and all convincing proof  
Which shall permit its voice to comfort grief,  
Saying, "We know."

I saw fair women in their radiance rise  
And trample old traditions in the dust.  
Looking in their clear eyes,  
I seemed to hear these words as from the skies.  
"He who would father our sweet children must  
Be worthy of the trust."

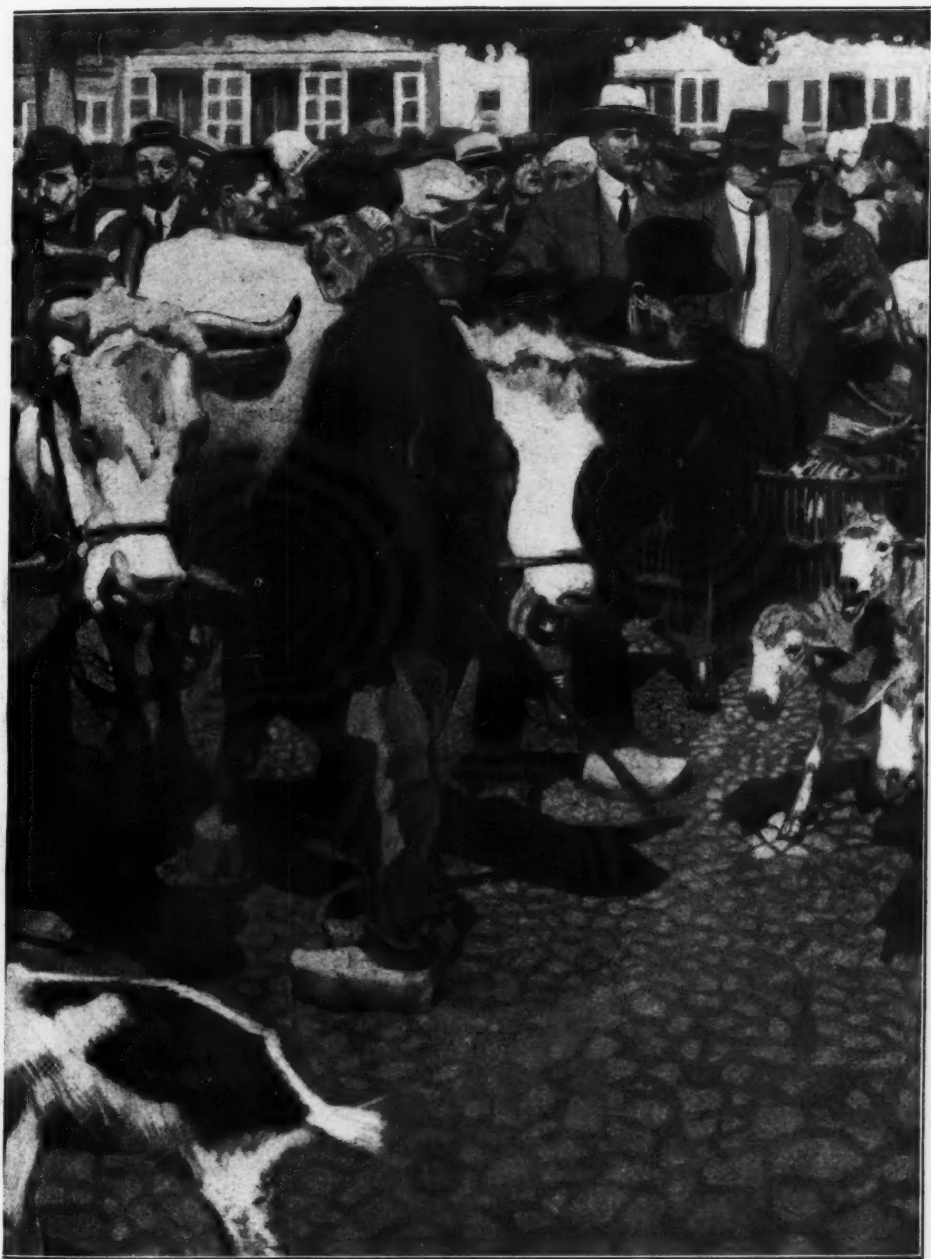
Against the rosy dawn, I saw unfurled  
The banner of the race we usher in—  
The supermen and -women of the world,  
Who make no code of sex to cover sin.  
Before they till the soil of parenthood,  
They look to it that seed and soil are good.

And I saw, too, that old, old sight, and best—  
Pure mothers with dear babies at the breast.  
These things I saw.  
(How God must love his earth!)



DRAWN BY FRANK CHAD

Shoulder to shoulder they threaded their way through the crowded market-square.



amid the clatter of sabots, the lowing of cattle, the incessant bleating of sheep

*(Frontispiece to "The Girl Philippa," page 422)*





# The Girl

## A Strange

### Illustrated by

EDITOR'S NOTE—From the very story of a remarkable girl and a under circumstances tense with immediately preceding the mighty the German emperor. The chief events of war. The scene of "The of his youth, and which has

wanted, and, at this hasty and secret conference, he informed the President that, in his opinion, war before midsummer had now become inevitable; that there was every probability of England's being drawn into a world-wide conflict, and that, therefore, an immediate decision was necessary concerning certain pending negotiations.

The truth of this became apparent to the President, and, before Sir Cecil left, it was understood that certain secret negotiations should be immediately resumed and concluded as soon as possible—among other matters, the question of the Harkness shell.

About the middle of July, the two governments had arrived at an understanding concerning the Harkness shell. The basis of this transaction involved the following principles, proposed and mutually accepted:

1st. The government of the United States agreed to disclose to the British government, and to no other government, the secret of the Harkness shell, known to ordnance experts as the "candle shell."

2d. The British government agreed to disclose to the United States government, and to no other government, the secrets of its new submarine sea-plane, known as the "flying-fish," the inventor of which was one Pillsbury, a Yankee, who had offered it in vain to his own country before selling it to England.

3d. Both governments solemnly engaged not to employ either of these devices against each other in the event of war.

ON the 28th of June, 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was murdered by a Serb in Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia. The murder was the most momentous crime ever committed in the world, for it altered the geography and the political and social history of that planet, and changed the entire face of the civilized and uncivilized globe. Generations unborn were to feel the consequences of that murder.

Incidentally, it vitally affected the life and career of the girl Philippa.

Before the press of the United States received the news, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador, had been notified of the tragedy, and a few minutes later he was in secret conference with the President.

The British ambassador knew what he

# *Philippa* By Robert W. Chambers

## *Adventure in Love and War*

### *Frank Craig*

first page, Cosmopolitan readers will be deeply absorbed in the new Chambers serial. It is the love-brave man which begins in one of the most thrilling and dramatic moments of history and develops excitement and danger. We refer to those stirring days, when the whole world held its breath, clash of European nations, and their sequel in the period of whirlwind invasion by the hosts of characters are non-combatants, but fate compels them to play mysterious and unexpected parts in the *Girl Philippa*" is laid in eastern France, a region well known to Mr. Chambers since the painter-days already served as a setting for his famous novels of the Franco-Prussian War.

4th. The British government further pledged itself to restrain from violence a certain warlike and Asiatic nation until the Government of the United States could discover some method of placating that nation.

This, then, was the condition of affairs in the United States when, on the nineteenth of July, the British ambassador was informed that, through the treachery of certain employees, the plans and formula for the Harkness shell had been abstracted.

But the British embassy had learned of this catastrophe through other channels even before it was reported to the United States government; and five hours after the information had reached Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, two young men stepped aboard the Antwerp liner *Zeedyne* a few seconds before the gangway was pulled up.

With the first turn of the steamer's screws, the wheel of fate also began to revolve, spinning out the web of destiny so swiftly that already its meshes had fallen over an obscure little town thousands of miles distant, and its net already held a victim so obscure that few except the French government had ever heard of the girl *Philippa*.

The two young men who had come aboard at the last moment were nice-looking young men. They carried tennis-bats, among other frivolous hand-luggage, and it was rumored very quickly on board that they were two celebrated New Zealand tennis-champions on their way to the international tournament at Ostend.

It was the captain who first seemed interested in the rumor, and who appeared to know all about the famous New Zealand players, Halkett and Gray.

And this was odd, because, when Halkett and Gray came aboard, their names did not figure on the passenger-list; no stateroom had been engaged for them, and the captain of the *Zeedyne* had never before laid eyes on either of them.

But he may have heard of them—for that morning the British embassy had called him on the telephone, had talked for twenty minutes to him, and had arranged for him to hold his steamer if necessary. But it had been necessary for the captain to hold the *Zeedyne* for ten minutes only.

The voyage of the *Zeedyne* was calm, agreeable, and superficially uneventful. There was much dancing aboard. Halkett and Gray danced well. They had come aboard knowing nobody; in a day or two they seemed to have met everybody—which urbanity is not at all characteristic of Englishmen. New Zealanders, it seemed, were quite different.

The ocean being on its best behavior, nearly everybody appeared triumphantly on deck. There were, however, several passengers who maintained exclusiveness in their staterooms, and among these were two German gentlemen who preferred the stateroom they shared in common. However, they took the air sometimes, and always rather late at night.

## The Girl Philippa

Evidently they were commercial gentlemen, for they sent several wireless messages to Cologne during the voyage, using a code of their own which seemed to concern perfumes and cosmetics and, in particular, a toilet-soap known as Calypso Soap.

In return, they received several wireless messages, also apparently in some commercial code, and all mentioning perfumes and Calypso Soap.

And a copy of every code-message which they despatched or received was sent to the captain of the Zeeduyne; and that affable and weather-reddened Belgian always handed these copies to the tennis-champions of New Zealand, who spent considerable time poring over them in the only spot on the steamer which was absolutely safe from intrusion—the captain's private quarters.

Then, in their turn, as the steamer drew nearer to the Belgian coast, they sent a number of wireless messages in private code. Some of these messages were directed to the British consul at Maestricht, some to the British minister at Brussels, some to private individuals in Antwerp.

But these details did not interfere with the young men's social activities on board or with their popularity. Wherever Halkett and Gray walked, they walked surrounded by maidens and pursued by approving glances of relatives and parents.

But the two German gentlemen who kept their cabin by day and prowled sometimes by night were like Mr. Kipling's cat: when they walked, they walked by their wild lone. Only the chaste moon was supposed to notice them. But always either Halkett or Gray was watching them, sometimes dressed in the jaunty uniform of a deck-steward, or in the clothing of a common sailor, or in the gorgeous raiment of a ship's officer. The two Germans never noticed them as they walked in the dark by their wild lone. And always while one of the young men watched on deck, the other frequently ransacked the stateroom and luggage of the gentlemen from Germany—but ransacked in vain.

As the Zeeduyne steamed into the Scheldt, several thousand miles away, in the city of Washington, the French ambassador telegraphed in cipher to his government that the secret plans and formula for the Harkness shell, which had been acquired by England from the United

States government, had been stolen on the eve of delivery to the British ambassador; that French secret agents were to inspect the arrival of all Dutch, Belgian, and German steamers; that all agents in the French service resident or stationed near the north or northeastern frontier of France were to watch the arrival of all strangers from Holland or Belgium, and, if possible, follow and watch any individual who might be likely to have been involved in such a robbery.

Immediately, from the military-intelligence department in Paris, orders were telegraphed and letters sent to thousands of individuals of every description and station in life to be on the alert.

Among others who received such letters was a denationalized individual named Con Wildresse, who kept a cabaret in the little town of Ausone.

The cabaret was called the Café de Biribi. Wildresse insisted that the name had been his own choice. But it was at the request of the government that his cabaret bore the ominous title as an ever-present reminder to Wildresse that his personal liberty and the liberty of his worthless son and heir depended on his good behavior and his alacrity to furnish the French government with whatever information it demanded. The letter sent to Monsieur Wildresse read as follows:

### MONSIEUR:

Undescribed individuals carrying important document stolen from the United States government may appear in your vicinity.

Observe diligently, but with discretion, the arrival of any strangers at your café. If suspicions warrant, lay a complaint before local police authorities. Use every caution. The fugitives probably are German, but may be American. Inform the girl Philippa of what is required. And remember that Biribi is preferable to Noumea.

When Wildresse received this letter, he went into the bedroom of the girl Philippa, who was standing before her looking-glass busily rouging her cheeks and painting her lips. She wore no corset, her immature figure requiring none.

"If they come our way, Philippa," growled Wildresse, "play the baby—do you hear? Eyes wide and artless, virginal candor alternating with indifference. In other words, be yourself."

"That is not difficult," said the girl Philippa, powdering her nose. "When I lose my innocence, then it will mean real

acting." Wildresse glared at her out of his little black eyes.

"When you lose it, eh?" he repeated. "Well, when you do, I'll break your neck. Do you understand that?"

The girl continued to powder her nose.

"Who would marry me?" she remarked indifferently. "Also, now it is too late for me to become a *religieuse* like——"

"You'll carry on the business!" he growled. "That's what you'll do—with Jacques, when the *sbires de Biribi* let him loose. As for marrying, you can think it over when you are thirty. You'll have a *dot* by that time, if the damned government lets me alone. And a woman with a *dot* need not worry about marriage."

The girl was now busy with her beautiful chestnut hair. Wildresse's pock-marked features softened.

"*Allons*," he said, in his harsh voice, "lilies grow prettiest on dunghills. Also, you are like myself—serious, not silly. I have no fears. Besides, you are where I have my eye on you."

"If I am what I am, it is because I prefer it, not on account of your eye," she said listlessly.

"Is that so?" he roared. "All the same, continue to prefer virtue and good conduct, and I'll continue to use my two eyes. *Nom de Dieu!* And if any strangers who look like Germans come into the café—any strangers at all, no matter what they look like—keep *your* eyes on them; do you hear?"

"I hear," said the girl Philippa. The web of fate had settled over her at last.

About that time, the steamer *Zeedyne* was docking at Antwerp. Two hours later, two German gentlemen in a hurry registered at the Hôtel St. Antoine in the Place Verte, and were informed that they were expected immediately in room 23.

A page conducted them to the corridor and indicated the room; they thanked him and sent him back for their luggage which he had, it seemed, neglected to bring from the lobby. Then both German gentlemen went to the door of room 23, knocked, and were admitted; and the door was rather violently closed and locked.

The next instant, there came a crash, a heavy fall, dull sounds of feet scuffling behind the locked door, a series of jarring, creaking noises—then silence.

A chambermaid came into the corridor to listen; but the silence was profound, and presently she went away.

When the boy came back with the hand-luggage and knocked at 23, Halkett opened the door a little way and, tipping the lad with a five-franc piece, bade him leave the luggage outside the door for the present.

Then Gray cautiously opened the door and drew in the luggage. Ten minutes later, both young men came leisurely out of the room, locking the door on the outside. They each carried hand-luggage. Halkett lighted a cigarette.

At the desk, Gray requested that the gentlemen in number 23 be not disturbed that night, as they were lying down and in need of repose. Which was true.

Then both young men departed in a cab. At the railroad station, however, an unusually generous stranger offered Gray a motor-cycle for nothing. So he strapped his bag to it, nodded a smiling adieu to Halkett, and departed.

Halkett bought a ticket to Maestricht, Holland, which he had no idea of using, and presently came out of the station and walked eastward rather rapidly. A man who also had bought a ticket for Maestricht rose from his seat in the waiting-room and walked stealthily after him, making a signal to another man.

This second man immediately stepped into a station telephone-booth and called up room 23 at the Hôtel St. Antoine, where two German gentlemen, badly battered, were now conferring with a third German gentleman, who had paid no attention to instructions from the hotel office but had gone to room 23, knocked until out of patience, and had then summoned the *maitre d'hôtel*, who unlocked the door with a master-key. Which operation revealed two German gentlemen flat on their backs, very carefully tied up with rope and artistically gagged.

This unbattered gentleman now conversed over the telephone with the man at the railroad station.

A few moments later, he and the two battered ones left the hotel hastily in a taxi-cab, joined the man at the railroad station, and drove rapidly eastward.

And before forty-eight hours had elapsed, each one of these four men, operating in pairs, had attempted to kill the young man named Halkett. Twice he got away. The

third time two of them succeeded in locating him in the little town of Diekirch, a town which Halkett was becoming more and more anxious to leave as he finally began to realize what a hornet's nest he and his friend Gray had succeeded in stirring up. And, all the while, the invisible net of destiny in which he now found himself entangled was enmeshing in its widening spread new people every minute, whose fate was to be linked with his, and who had never even heard of him. Among them was the girl Philippa.

## II

A NARROW-GAGE railroad track runs through the woods from Diekirch, connecting the two main lines; and on the deserted wooden platform beside this track stood Halkett, his suitcase in one hand, the other hand in his side pocket, awaiting the shuttle-train with an impatience born of deepest anxiety.

The young man's anxiety was presently justified, for, as he sauntered to and fro, uneasily scanning the track and the unbroken woods around him, and always keeping his right hand in his coat pocket, two men crept out from behind separate trees in the forest directly behind the platform, and he turned around only in time to obtain a foreshortened and disquieting view of the muzzle of a revolver.

"Hands up—" began the man behind the weapon; but as he was in the very act of saying it, a jet of ammonia entered his mouth through the second button of Halkett's waistcoat, and he reeled backward off the platform, his revolver exploding toward the sky, and fell into the grass, jerking and kicking about like an unhealthy cat in a spasm.

Already Halkett and the other man had clinched—the former raining blows on the latter's Teutonic countenance, which proceeded so dazed, diverted, and bewildered him that he could not seem to find the revolver bulging in his side pocket.

It was an automatic, and Halkett finally got hold of it and hurled it into the woods.

Then he continued the terrible beating which he was administering.

"Get out!" he said, in German, to the battered man, still battering him. "Get out, or I'll kill you!"

He hit him another cracking blow,

turned and wrested the other pistol from the writhing man on the grass, whirled around, and went at the battered one again.

"I've had enough of this!" he breathed heavily. "I tell you I'll kill you if you bother me again! I could do it now—but it's too much like murder if you're not in uniform!"

The man on the grass had managed to evade suffocation; he got up now and staggered off toward the woods, and Halkett drove his companion after him at the point of his own revolver.

"Keep clear of me!" he said. "If you do any more telephoning or telegraphing, it will end in murder. I've had just about enough, and if any more of your friends continue to push this matter after I enter France, just as surely as I warn you now, I'll defend my own life by taking theirs. You can telephone that to them if you want to!"

As he stood on the edge of the wooden platform, revolver lifted, facing the woods where his two assailants had already disappeared, the toylke whistle of an approaching train broke the hot July stillness.

Before it stopped, he hurled the remaining revolver into the woods across the track; then, as the train drew up and a guard descended to open a compartment door for him, he cast a last keen glance at the forest behind him.

Nothing stirred there, not even a leaf.

But before the train had been under way five minutes, a bullet shattered the glass of the window beside which he had been seated; and he spent the remainder of the journey flat on his back, smoking cigarettes and wondering whether he was going to win through to the French frontier, to Paris, to Calais, to London, or whether they'd get him at last, and, what was of infinitely greater importance, a thin, long envelop which he carried stitched inside his undershirt.

That was really what mattered—not what might become of a stray Englishman. He knew it; he realized it without any illusion whatever. It was the contents of this envelop that mattered, not his life.

Yet, so far, he had managed to avoid taking life in defense of his envelop. In fact, he traveled unarmed. Now, if matters continued during his journey through France as they had begun and continued while he was crossing Holland



and the grand duchy of Luxemburg, he would be obliged to take life or lose his own.

And yet, if he did kill somebody, that meant arrest and investigation by the police of France. And such an investigation might be fatal to the success of his undertaking—quite as fatal, in fact, as though he himself were killed.

The main thing was to get that envelop and its contents to London. His instructions were not to post it but to take it in person, or to send it, if necessary, by another messenger through other channels.

One thing became more and more evident to him: the time had now arrived when certain people unknown to him by sight had decided to kill him as the only way out of the affair.

Would they actually go so far as to kill him in France, with the chance of the French police seizing that envelop before they could seize it and clear out with it to Berlin? Would they hazard the risk of France obtaining cognizance of a matter which so vitally concerned Germany, rather than permit that information to reach England? Halkett lay on his back and smoked and did not know.

But he was slowly coming to the conclusion that one thing was now imperative: the envelop must not be found upon his person if he were killed.

But what on earth to do with it, until it could be safely transferred to the proper person, he had not the slightest idea.

That evening, as he changed trains at the frontier, in the lamp-lit dimness of the station, platform he was fired at twice, and not hit.

A loud outcry naturally ensued;—much hubbub and confusion, much shouting in several languages.

But nobody could be found who had fired two shots from a revolver, and nobody admitted that he had been shot at. And so, as nobody had been hit, the gendarmes, guards, and railway officials were in a quandary.

And the train rolled out of the station with Halkett aboard, a prey to deepest anxiety concerning his long, thin envelop.

### III

SOMEBODY at Warner's elbow spoke to him in French. He turned his head in a leisurely manner. A well-dressed young

fellow, evidently an Englishman, was striving to maintain a place beside him in the noisy market-day crowd.

"*Pardon, monsieur*; are you English?"

"American," replied Warner briefly, and without enthusiasm.

"My name is Halkett," said the other, with a quick smile. "I'm English, and I'm in trouble. Could you spare me a moment?"

To Warner, the man did not look the typical British dead-beat, nor had he any of the earmarks and mannerisms of the Continental beach-comber. Yet he was, probably, some species or other of that wearisome and itinerant genus.

"I'm listening," said the young American resignedly. "Continue your story."

"There's such a row going on here—couldn't we find a quieter place?"

"I can hear you perfectly well."

Halkett said:

"If I try to talk to you here, I'll be overheard, and that won't do. I'm very sorry to inconvenience you, but, really, I'm in a fix. What a noise these people are making! Do you mind coming somewhere else?"

"Say what you desire to say here," returned Warner bluntly. "And perhaps it might save time if you begin with the last chapter. I think I can guess the rest."

The features of the American expressed boredom to the point of unfriendly indifference. The Englishman looked at him, perplexed for a moment; then his face lighted up with another quick smile.

"You're quite mistaken," he said. "I don't expect the classic remittance from England, and I don't require the celebrated twenty-franc loan until it arrives. You take me for that sort, I see, but I'm not. I don't need money. May I tell you what I do need—rather desperately?"

"Yes; if you choose."

"I need a friend."

"Money is easier to pick up," remarked Warner dryly.

"I know that. May I ask my favor of you all the same?"

"Go ahead."

"Thanks, I will. But can't we get out of this crowd? What is going on in this town, anyway?"

"Market-day. It's like this once a month. Otherwise, the town is as dead as any other French provincial town."

Shoulder to shoulder they threaded their way through the crowded market-

## The Girl Philippa

square, amid the clatter of sabots, the lowing of cattle, the incessant bleating of sheep.

Ducks quacked from crates in wagons; geese craned white necks and hissed above the heads of the moving throngs; hogs squealed and grunted; fowls hanging by their legs from the red fists of sturdy peasant women squawked and flapped.

Cheap-jack shows of all sorts encumbered the square and adjacent streets and alleys—gingerbread-booths, shooting-ranges, photograph galleries, moving-picture shows, theaters for ten sous.

On the dusty Boulevard d'Athos, the typical solitary promenade of such provincial towns, there were, as usual, very few people—the inevitable nurses here and there, wheeling prams; a discouraged, red-trousered, and sou-less soldier or two sprawling on benches under the chestnut trees; rarely a passing pedestrian; more often a prowling dog.

At the head of the Boulevard d'Athos, where the Rue d'Auros crosses, Warner halted under the shade of the chestnuts, for the July sun was very hot. His unconvinced gray eyes now rested inquiringly on the young Englishman who had called himself Halkett. He said,

"What species of trouble are you in?"

Halkett shook his head.

"I can't tell you what the trouble is; I may only ask you to help me a bit—" The quick smile characteristic of him glimmered in his eyes again—a winning smile, hinting of latent recklessness. "I have my nerve with me, you see—as you Americans have it," he added. "You're thinking something of that sort, I fancy."

Warner smiled, too, but remained silent.

"This is what I want you to do," continued Halkett. "I've a long, thin envelop in my pocket. I'd like to have you take it from me and slip it into your breast-pocket and then button your coat. Is that too much to ask?"

"What!"

"That's all I want you to do. Then, if you wouldn't mind giving me your name and address—and that is really all I ask."

Said the American, amused and surprised, "That airy request of yours requires a trifle more explanation."

"I know it does. I can't offer it. Only—you won't get into trouble if you keep that envelop buttoned tightly under your coat until I come for it again."

"But I'm not going to do that!"

"Why?"

"Why the devil should I? I don't purpose to wander about France carrying papers concerning which I know nothing—to oblige a young man about whom I know even less."

"I quite see that," admitted Halkett seriously. "I shouldn't feel inclined to do such a thing, either."

"Can't you tell me what is the nature of these papers—or something—some explanation—"

"I'm sorry."

"And why do you purpose to trust me with them?" continued Warner curiously. "How do you know I am honest? How do you know I won't examine your packet?"

Halkett looked up with his quick and winning smile.

"I'll take that risk."

"Why? You don't know me."

"I had a good look at you in the market-square before I spoke to you."

"Oh, you think you are a psychologist?"

"Of sorts. It's a part of my business in life."

"Suppose," said Warner, smiling, "you explain a little more clearly to me exactly what is your actual business in life."

"Very glad to. I write."

"Books?"

"No; just—stories."

"Fiction?"

"As one might say, facts rather than fiction."

"You are a realist?" suggested Warner.

"I try to be. But, do you know, there is more romance in realism than in fairytales."

Warner, considerably diverted, nodded.

"I know. You belong to the modern school, I take it."

"Very modern. So modern, in fact, that my work concerns to-morrow rather than to-day." Warner nodded again.

"I see. You are a futurist—opportunist. There are a lot of clever men working on those lines in England. Still"—he glanced amusedly at Halkett—"that scarcely explains your rather unusual request. Why should I, take charge of your envelop?"

"My dear fellow, I can't answer that. Still, I may say this much: I'm hard put to it—rather bewildered—had a rotten time of it in the grand duchy and in Belgium—so to speak—"



DRAWN BY FRANK CHAD

Warner halted under the shade of the chestnuts. His unconvinced gray eyes now rested inquiringly on the young Englishman who had called himself Halkett. He said, "What species of trouble are you in?"

## The Girl Philippa

"What do you mean by a rotten time?"

"Rows."

"I don't understand."

"Well, it had to do with this envelop I carry. Some chaps of sorts wanted to get it away from me—do you see? I had a lively time, and I rather expect to have another before I get home—if I ever get there."

Warner looked at him out of clear, sophisticated eyes:

"See here, my ingenuous British friend," he said, "play square with me, if you play at all."

"I shan't play otherwise."

"Very well, then; why are you afraid to carry that envelop?"

"Because," said Halkett coolly, "if I'm knocked in the head and that envelop is found in my clothing and is stolen, the loss of my life would be the lesser loss to my friends."

"Is anybody trying to kill you?"

Halkett shrugged his shoulders; but there seemed to be neither swagger nor bravado in his careless gesture of assent. He said:

"Listen; here's my case in brief: I saw you in the crowd yonder, and I made up my mind concerning you. I have to think quickly sometimes; I took a good look at you, and"—he waved one hand—"you look like a soldier. I don't know whether you are or not. But I am ready to trust you. That's all."

"Do you mean to say that you are in any real personal danger?"

"Yes; but that doesn't count. I can look out for myself. What worries me is this envelop. Couldn't you take charge of it? I'd be very grateful."

"How long do you expect me to carry it about?"

"I don't know. I don't know whether anything is likely to happen to me to-day in this town, or to-morrow on the train, or in Paris—I have no means of knowing. I merely want to get to Paris if I can, and send a friend back here for that envelop."

"I thought you were to return for it yourself."

"Maybe. Maybe I'll send you a line by a friend saying it's all right."

"Mr. Halkett, you have rather a disconcerting way of expressing unlimited confidence in me."

"Yes; I trust you."

"But why?"

"You look right."

"That's no reason."

"My dear chap, I'm in a corner, and instinct rules, not reason. You see, I—I'm rather afraid they may get me before I can clear out—"

"Who'll get you?" demanded Warner.

"That's the worst of it; I don't know these fellows by sight. The same chaps never try it on twice."

Warner said quietly:

"What is this very dramatic mess you're in? Can't you give me a hint?"

"I'm sorry."

"Shall I give you a hint?"

"If you like."

"Are the police after you?"

"No."

"You're sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I don't blame you for asking. It looks that way. But it isn't."

"But you are being followed across Europe by people who want this envelop of yours?"

"Oh, yes."

"You expect personal violence from them?"

Halkett nodded and gazed absently down the almost deserted boulevard.

"Then why don't you appeal to the police—if your conscience is clear?" demanded Warner bluntly.

Halkett's quick smile broke out.

"My dear chap," he said, "I'd do so if I were in England. I can't, as matters stand. The French police are no use to me."

"Why don't you go to your consulate?"

"I did. The consul is away on his vacation. And I didn't like the looks of the vice-consul."

"What?"

"No; I didn't like his name, either."

"What do you mean?"

"His name is Schmidt. I—didn't care for it."

Warner laughed, and Halkett looked up quickly, smiling.

"I'm queer. I admit it. But you ought to have come to some conclusion concerning me by this time. Do you think me a rotter, or a criminal, or a lunatic, or a fugitive from justice, or will you chance it that I'm all right and stand by me?"

Warner laughed again.

"I'll take a chance on you," he said.

"Give me your envelop, you amazing Britisher!"

## IV

HALKETT cast a rapid glance around him; apparently he saw nothing to disturb him. Then he whipped out from his pocket a long, very thin envelop and passed it to Warner, who immediately slipped it into the breast-pocket of his coat.

"That's very decent of you," said Halkett, in a low voice. "I shan't forget this."

"You're a very convincing Englishman," Warner said, laughing. "I can't believe you're not all right."

"I'm right enough. But you are *all* white. What is your name?"

"I had better write it out for you——"

"No. If things go wrong with me, I don't want your name and address discovered in my pockets. Tell it to me; I'll remember."

Warner looked at him rather gravely for a moment, then:

"James Warner is my name. I'm a painter. My present address is La Pêche d'Or, at Saïs."

"By any chance," asked Halkett, "are you the military painter, James Warner, whose pictures we know very well in England?"

"I don't know how well my pictures are known in England. I usually paint military subjects."

"I *knew* you were right!" exclaimed Halkett. "Any man who paints the way you paint *must* be right! Fancy my actually knowing the man who did 'Lights Out' and 'The Last Salute'!"

Warner laughed, coloring a little.

"Did you really like those pictures?"

"Everybody liked them. I fancy every officer in our army owns a colored print of one or more of your pictures. And to think I should run across you in this God-forsaken French town! And to think it should be *you* who is willing to stand by me at this pinch! Well—I judged you rightly."

Warner smiled; then his features altered.

"Listen, Halkett," he said, dropping instinctively the last trace of formality with a man who, honest or otherwise, was plainly of his own caste: "I have tried to size you up, and I can't. You say you are a writer; but you look to me more like a soldier. Anyway, I've concluded that you're straight. And, that being my conviction, can't I do more for you than carry an envelop about for you?"

"That's very decent of you, Warner."

No, thanks; there is nothing else you could do——"

"I thought you said you are likely to get into a row?"

"I am. But I don't know when or where. Besides, I wouldn't drag you into anything like that."

"Where are you stopping in Ausone?"

"At the Boule d'Argent. I got in only an hour before I met you."

"Do you still believe you are being followed?"

"I have been followed so far. Maybe I've lost them. I hope so."

Warner said:

"I came into town to buy canvases and colors. It's only an hour's drive to Saïs. Why don't you come back with me? Saïs is a pretty hamlet. Few people have ever heard of it. The Golden Peach is an excellent inn. Why don't you run down and lie snug for a while? It's the last place on earth anybody would think of looking for a man who's done—what I suppose *you've* done."

Halkett, who had been listening with a detached smile, jerked his head around and looked at Warner.

"What do you suppose I've done?" he asked coolly.

"I think you're a British officer who has been abroad after military information—and that you've got it—in this envelop."

Halkett's expressionless face and fixed eyes did not alter. But he said quietly:

"You are about the only American in France who might think that. Isn't it the devil's own luck that I should pick *you* for my friend in need?"

Warner shrugged.

"You need not answer that implied question of mine, Halkett. My theory concerning you suits me. Anyway, I believe you *are* in trouble. And I think you'd better come back to Saïs with me."

"Thinking what you think, do you still mean to stand by me?"

"Certainly. I don't *know* what's in your envelop, do I? Very well; I don't wish to know. Shall we stroll back to the Boule d'Argent?"

"Right-o! What a devilish decent chap you are, Warner!"

"Oh, no; I'm a gambler by disposition. This business amuses me."

"Are you stopping at the Boule d'Argent, too?" asked Halkett, after a moment.



"I lunched there and left my stack of canvases and my sack of colors there. Also, I have a dog-cart and a horse in the stables."

They turned away together, side by side, crossed the boulevard, traversed the deserted square in front of the beautiful old church of Sainte Cassilde, and entered the stony Rue d'Auros, which led directly into the market-square.

The ancient town of Ausone certainly seemed to be very much *en fête*, and the Rue d'Auros—the main business thoroughfare—was crowded with townspeople, countryfolk, and soldiers on leave, clustering not only all over the sidewalks but in middle of the streets and squares, filling the terraces of the cafés and the courts of the two hotels, Boule d'Argent and Hôtel des Voyageurs.

"They're a jolly people, these French!" remarked Halkett.

"They're very agreeable to live among."

"You've lived in France for some time?"

"Yes," said Warner. "My headquarters are Paris, but every summer I take a class of American art students—girls—to Saïs for outdoor instruction. I've half a dozen there now, plugging away at *plein air*."

"Do you like to teach?"

"Well, not particularly. It interferes with my own work. But I have to do it. Painting pictures doesn't keep the kettle boiling."

"I see."

"I don't really mind it. Saïs is a charming place; I've known it for years. Besides, a friend of mine lives there—an American woman, Madame de Moidrey. Her sister, Miss Brooks, is one of the young girls in my class. So it makes it agreeable; and Madame de Moidrey is very hospitable."

Halkett smiled.

"Painters," he said, "have, proverbially, a pretty good time in life."

"Soldiers do, too, don't they?"

Halkett's smile became fixed.

"I've heard so. The main thing about a profession is to choose one which will take you out-of-doors."

"Yours does. You can sit under a tree and write your stories, can't you?"

The Englishman laughed.

"Of course I can. That's the beauty of realism. All you have to do is to walk about outdoors and jot down a faithful description of everything you see."

They had reached the little stone quay under the chestnut and lime trees; the cool ripple of the river mingled with the laughter of young girls and the gay voices of children at play, making a fresh and cheerful sound in the July sunshine. They leaned against the mossy river-wall and looked out under the trees across the square, which surged with people.

Across the esplanade there was a crowd around the Café de Biribi—people constantly passing to and fro—and strains of lively music leaked out from within.

After a moment, Warner suggested that they go over there and have something light and cool to drink.

"I've never been in there," he remarked, as they started, "but I've always intended to go. It's kept by a rascal named Wildresse—a sporting man, fight-promoter, and an ex-gambler. You've heard of the Cabaret Wildresse in Paris, haven't you?"

"I think I have," replied Halkett. "It was an all-night place on the *grand boulevard*, wasn't it?"

"Yes; opposite the Grand Hôtel. This is the same proprietor. He's an American—a shady sort of sport—and he certainly must have been a pretty bad lot, because the police made him leave Paris six years ago—what for, I don't know—but they fired him out, and he started his cabaret business here in Ausone. You hear of it everywhere. People come even from Nancy and Liège and Louvain to dance and dine here—certain sorts of people, I mean. The *cuisine* is celebrated. There are cock-fights and other illegal attractions."

The Cabaret Wildresse formed the corner of the square. It was a detached stucco structure surrounded by green trees and pretty shrubbery; and in the rear the grounds ran down to the river, where a dozen rowboats were moored along that still, glassy reach of water which extends for several miles north of Ausone between meadows and pleasantly wooded banks.

They found the Cabaret Wildresse crowded when they went in. A lively young person was capering on the little stage at the end of the dancing-floor, and singing while capering; soldiers and civilians, with their own or other people's sweethearts, sat at the zinc tables, consuming light beer and wine and sirups; a rather agreeable stringed orchestra played intermittently.

Waiters scurried about with miraculously balanced trays on high; old man Wildresse roamed furtively in the background, his gorilla arms behind his back, his blunt fingers interlocked, keeping a sly and ratty eye on waiters and guests, and sometimes on the young woman cashier who lounged listlessly upon her high chair behind the wire cage, one rather lank leg crossed over the other, and her foot swinging in idle time to the music.

The moment that Warner and Halkett appeared in the doorway, looking about them to find a table, Wildresse crossed the floor and said to his cashier, in a whisper:

"It's one of those men. Schmidt's description might fit either. If they don't make eyes at you and ask you to dance and drink with them, come over and join them, anyway. And I want you to pump them dry. Do you hear?"

"Yes; I hear."

Warner looked across the room at her again when he and Halkett were seated. She had considerable paint on her cheeks, and her lips seemed too red to be natural. Otherwise she was tragically young, thin, excepting her throat and cheeks—a gray-eyed, listless young thing with a mass of chestnut hair crowning her delicately shaped head.

She made change languidly for waiter and guest, acknowledged the salutes of those entering and leaving without more than a politely detached interest, smiled at the jests of facetious customers with mechanical civility when importuned, and, when momentarily idle, swung her long, slim foot in time to the music and rested her painted cheek on one hand.

Her indifferent gray eyes, sweeping the hall, presently rested on Warner, and remained on him with a sort of idle insolence until his own shifted. Halkett was saying:

"You know that girl—the cashier, I mean—is extraordinarily pretty. Have you noticed her, Warner?"

Warner turned again.

"I've been looking at her. She's rather thickly tinted, isn't she?"

"Yes—but in spite of the paint. She has a charmingly shaped head. Some day she'll have a figure."

"Oh, yes; figures and maturity come late to that type. If you'll notice, Halkett, those hands of hers are really exquisite. So are her features. The nose is delicate,

the eyes beautifully drawn; she's all in good drawing—even her mouth, which is a little too full. As an amateur, don't you agree with me?"

"Very much so. She's a distinct type."

"Yes; there's a certain appeal about her. It's odd—isn't it?—the subtle something about some women that attracts. It doesn't depend on beauty at all."

Halkett sipped his iced Moselle wine.

"No; it doesn't depend on beauty, on intelligence, on character, or on morals. It's in spite of them—in defiance, sometimes. Now, take that thin young girl over there: her lips and cheeks are painted; she has the indifferent, disenchanted, detached glance of the too early wise. The chances are that she isn't respectable. And in spite of all that, Warner—well—look at her!"

"I see. A man could paint a troubling portrait of her—a sermon on canvas."

"Just as she sits there," nodded Halkett,

"Just as she sits there, chin on palm, one lank leg crossed over the other, and her slim foot dangling. And the average painter would make her seem all wrong, Halkett; and I might, too, except for those clear gray eyes and their childish indifference to the man's world outside their ken." He inspected her for a moment more, then, "Yes, in spite of rouge and other obvious elementals, I should paint her as she really is, Halkett, and no man in his heart would dare doubt her after I'd finished."

"That's not realism," laughed Halkett.

"It's the vital essence of it. You know—I'm something of a gambler. Well, if I painted that girl as she sits there now, in this noisy, messy, crowded cabaret, with the artificial tint on lip and cheek—if I painted her just as she appears to us, and in all the insolently youthful relaxation of her attitude, I'd be gambling all the while with myself that the soul inside her is as clean as a flame, and I'd paint that conviction into her portrait with every brushstroke. What do you think of that view?"

"As you Americans say, you're some poet," observed Halkett laughingly.

"A poet is an advanced psychologist. He begins where scientific deduction ends."

"That's what makes your military pictures so convincing," said Halkett, with his quick smile. "It's not only the correctness of details and the spirited drawing and color; but you *do* see into the very souls of the men you paint, and their innermost

## The Girl Philippa

characters are there, revealed in the supreme crisis of the moment." He smiled quietly. "I'll believe you if you say that young girl over there is quite all right."

"I'd paint her that way, anyhow."

The singing on the stage had ceased from troubling, and the stringed orchestra was playing one of the latest and most inane of dance-steps. In a few moments the dancing-floor was uncomfortably crowded.

It was a noisy place; a group of summer-touring students from Louvain, across the border, were singing "*La Brabançonne*"—a very patriotic and commendable attempt, but it scarcely harmonized with the dance-music. Perspiring waiters rushed hither and thither, their trays piled high; the dancers trotted and spun around and galloped about over the waxed floor; the young girl behind her wire wicket swung her narrow foot to and fro and gazed imperitably out across the tumult.

"Philippa!" cried one of the Louvain students, hammering on the table with his beer-glass. "Come out from behind your *guichet* and dance with me!"

The girl's gray eyes turned superciliously toward the speaker, but she neither answered nor moved her head.

The young man blew a kiss toward her and attempted to climb onto the zinc table, but old man Wildresse, who was prowling near, tapped him on the shoulder.

"No fooling!" he growled. "Behave yourself! Be quiet, *nom de Dieu!*"

"I merely desired the honor of dancing with your charming cashier——"

"*Allons!* Enough! It's sufficient to ask her, isn't it? A woman dances with whom she chooses."

And, grumbling, he walked on with his heavy, sidling step, hands clasped behind him, his big, hard, smoothly shaven face lowered and partly turned, as though eternally listening for somebody just at his heels. Always sidling nearer to the table where Warner and Halkett were seated, he paused, presently, and looked down at them, shot a glance across at the girl Philippa, caught her eye, and nodded significantly. Then, addressing Warner and his new friend,

"Well, gentlemen," he said, in English, "are you amusing yourselves?"

"Sufficiently," nodded Warner.

Con Wildresse peeped stealthily over his shoulder, as though expecting to surprise

a listener. Then his very small black eyes furtively examined Halkett.

"*Jour de fête,*" he remarked, in his harshly resonant voice. "Grand doings in town to-night. Do you gentlemen dine here this evening?"

"I think not," said Warner.

"I am sorry. It will be gay. There are dance-partners to be had for a polite bow. You should see my little cashier yonder!" He made a grunting sound and kissed his blunt fingers to the ceiling. "M-m-m!" he growled. "*She* can dance! But I don't permit her to dance very often. Only a special client, now and then——"

"May we consider ourselves special clients?" inquired Warner, amused.

"Oh, I don't say yes, and I don't say no." He jerked his round, shaven head. "It all depends on *her*. She dances with whom she pleases."

"She's very pretty," said Halkett.

"Others have said so before you in the Cabaret de Biribi."

"Why do you call your cabaret the Café Biribi?" asked Warner.

"Eh? By God, I call it Biribi because I'm not ashamed of the name."

Halkett looked up into his wicked eyes, and Wildresse wagged his finger at him.

"Supposition," he said, "that your son is a good boy—a little lively, but a good boy—and he comes of age and he goes with his class for his two years—three years now, and to hell with it! *Bon!* Supposition, also, that his sergeant is a tyrant, his captain an ass, his colonel an imbecile! *Bon!* Given a little natural ardor—a trifle of animal spirits, and the lad is up before the council—bang!—and he gets his in the battalions of Biribi!"

His voice had become a sort of ominous growl.

"As for me," he said heavily, "I mock at their council and their blockhead colonel! I accept their challenge; I do not conceal that my son is serving in a disciplinary battalion; I salute all the battalions of Biribi—where there are better men in the ranks than there are in many a regiment of the line, by God! And I honor those battalions by naming my cabaret 'Biribi.'"

The man asserted too much, swaggered too obviously; and Halkett, not suspicious but cautious, kept his inquiring eyes fixed on him. Warner said, with a smile,



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Philippa evidently desired to do the punting herself: so he sat back, watching her

## The Girl Philippa

"You have the courage of your convictions, Monsieur Wildresse."

"As for that," growled Wildresse, casting another stealthy glance behind him, "I've got courage. Courage? Who hasn't? Everybody's got courage. It's brains the world lacks. Excuse me, gentlemen—affairs of business—and if you want to dance with my little cashier, there is no harm in asking her." And he shuffled away.

"There's an evil type," remarked Halkett. "What a brute it is!"

Warner said: "With his cropped head and his smooth, pasty face, and those unpleasant black eyes of his, he looks like an ex-convict. It doesn't astonish me that he has a son serving in the disciplinary battalions of Africa."

"Does it astonish you that he is the employer of that girl behind the counter?" asked Halkett.

Warner turned to look at her again.

"It's interesting, isn't it? She seems to be another breed."

"Yes. Now, what do you make of her?"

Warner hesitated, then, "Halkett," he said, with a laugh, "I'm going over to ask her to dance."

"All right; I'll hold the table," said the Englishman, amused. And Warner rose, skirted the dancers, and walked around to the cashier's desk, aware all the while that the girl's indifferent gray eyes were following his movements.

## V

WHEN Warner arrived at the flag-be-decked entrance, he tucked his walking-stick and straw hat under one arm, and, sauntering over to the cashier's desk, made a very nice bow to the girl behind it.

Her impartial and uninterested gaze rested on him; after a moment she inclined her head, leisurely and in silence.

He said in French,

"Would *mademoiselle* do me the honor of dancing this dance with me?"

She replied in a sweet but indifferent voice: "*Monsieur* is too amiable. But he sees that I am cashier of the establishment."

"Yet even the fixed stars of heaven dance sometimes to the music of the spheres."

She smiled slightly.

"When one is merely a fixture *de cabaret*, one dances only to the music of the *sbires*! You must ask Monsieur Wildresse if I may dance with you."

"He suggested that I ask you."

"Very well—if it's a matter of business——"

Warner laughed. "Don't you ever dance for pleasure?" he asked, in English.

She replied in English,

"Is it your theory that it would give me pleasure to dance with you?"

"It is," he said, still laughing; "but by demonstration alone are theories proven."

The girl hesitated, her gray eyes resting on him. Then she turned her head, drew a pencil from her chestnut hair, rapped with it on the counter. A head waiter came speeding to her.

"Aristide, I'm going to dance," she said, in the same sweetly indifferent voice. "Have the goodness to sit in my chair until I return or *Mélanie* arrives."

She slid to the floor from her high seat, came out through the wire gate, and began to unpin her cambric apron. The closer view revealed to him her thinness in her black gown. She was not as tall as he had thought her, and she was younger; but he had been right about her cheeks and lips. Both were outrageously painted.

She handed her daintily embroidered apron to the waiter, laid one hand lightly on Warner's arm; he led her to the edge of the dancing-floor, clasped her waist, and swung her with him out into the noisy whirl beyond. Thin, almost immature in her angular slenderness, the girl in motion became enchantingly graceful. Supple as a sapling in the summer wind, her hand rested feather-light in his; her long, narrow feet seemed like shadows close above the floor, never touching it.

The orchestra ceased playing after a few minutes, but old man Wildresse, who had been watching them, growled, "Go on!" and the music recommenced amid plaudits and shouts of general approval.

Once, as they passed the student's table, Warner heard the voice of old Wildresse in menacing dispute with the student who had first shouted out an invitation to Philippa.

"She dances with whom she chooses!" roared Wildresse. "Do you understand, *monsieur*? By God, if the Grand Turk himself asked her, she should not dance with him unless she wished to!"

Warner said to her jestingly,

"Did the Grand Turk ever ask you, Philippa?"



The girl did not smile.

"Perhaps I am dancing with him now. One never knows—in a cabaret."

When the music ceased, she was breathing only a trifle faster, and her cheeks under the paint glowed softly pink.

"Could you join us?" he asked. "Is it permitted?"

"I'd like to—yes."

So he took her back to the table, where Halkett rose and paid his respects gracefully; and they seated themselves and he ordered a *grenadine* for her.

Old Wildresse, sidling by, paused, with a non-committal grunt.

"*Eh bien? On s'amuse? Dis, petit galopin!*"

"I'm thirsty," said the girl Philippa.

"And your *caisse*?"

"Tell them to find Mélanie," she retorted indifferently.

"*Bon! A jour de fête*, too! How long are you going to be?" But, as she looked up, he winked at her.

She shrugged her shoulders, leaned forward, chose a straw, and plunged it into the crimson depths of her iced *grenadine*.

Old Wildresse looked at her a moment; then he also shrugged his shoulders and went shuffling away, always apparently distrustful of that invisible something just behind his back. Halkett said,

"Mr. Warner and I have been discussing an imaginary portrait of you."

"What?" The clear gray eyes turned questioningly to him, to Warner.

The latter nodded.

"I happen to be a painter. Mr. Halkett and I have agreed that it would be an interesting experiment to paint your portrait—as you really are."

The girl seemed slightly puzzled.

"As I really am?" she repeated. "But am I not what you see before you?"

The music began again; the Louvain student, a little tipsy but very decorous, arose, bowed to the girl Philippa, bowed to Halkett and to Warner, and asked for the honor of a dance with her.

"*Merci, monsieur*—another time, perhaps," she replied indifferently.

The boy seemed disposed to linger, but he was not quarrelsome and finally Halkett got up and led him away.

From moment to moment, Warner, glancing across from his *tête-à-tête* with the girl Philippa, could see the Louvain student

continuously shaking hands with Halkett, who seemed horribly bored.

A little later still, the entire Louvain delegation insisted on entertaining Halkett with beer and song; and the resigned but polite Englishman, now seated at their table, was being taught to sing "*La Brabançonne*" between drafts of Belgian beer. The girl Philippa played with the stem of her glass and stirred the ice in it with her broken wheat-straw. The healthy color in her face had now faded to an indoor pallor again under the rouge.

"So you are a painter," she said, her gray eyes fixed absently on her glass. "Are you a distinguished painter, *monsieur*?"

He laughed. "You'll have to ask others that question, Philippa."

"Why? Don't you know whether you are distinguished?"

"I've had some success," he admitted, amused. She thought a moment, then leaned forward toward the Louvain table.

"Mr. Halkett," she called, in English, "is Mr. Warner a distinguished American painter?"

Halkett laughed. "One of the most celebrated American painters of the day!"

The Louvain students, understanding, rose as a man, waved their glasses, and cheered for Warner, the "*grand peintre américain*." Which embarrassed and annoyed him so that his face grew brighter than the paint on Philippa's lips.

"I'm sorry," she said, noticing his annoyance; "I did not mean to make you conspicuous."

Everybody in the café was now looking at him; on every side he gazed into amused and smiling faces, saw glasses lifted, heard the cries of easily aroused Gallic enthusiasm:

"*Vive le grand peintre américain! Vive l'Amérique du Nord!*"

"This is tiresome!" exclaimed Philippa. "Let us walk down to the river and sit in one of our boats. I should really like to talk to you sensibly—unless you are too much annoyed with me."

So they rose; Warner paid the bill, and, with a whimsical smile at Halkett, walked out beside Philippa through one of the rear doors, and found himself in brightest sunshine, amid green trees and flower-beds.

Here, under the pitiless sky, the girl's face became ghastly under its rouged mask—the more shocking, perhaps, because her natural skin, if pale, appeared to be smooth

## The Girl Philippa

and clear; and the tragic youth of her seemed to appeal to all out-of-doors from the senseless abuse it was enduring.

To see her there in the freshness of the open breeze, sunshine and shadow dappling the green under foot, the blue overhead untroubled by a cloud, gave Warner a slightly sick sensation.

"The air is pleasant," she said, unconscious of the effect she had on him.

He nodded. They walked down the grassy slope to the river bank, where rows of boats lay moored. A few were already in use out on the calm stream; young men in their shirt-sleeves splashed valiantly at the oars; young women looked on under sunshades of flamboyant tints.

There was a white punt there called the Lys. Philippa stepped into it, drew a key from her apron pocket, unlocked the padlock. Then, lifting the pole from the grass, she turned and invited Warner with a gesture. He had not bargained for this; but he tossed the chain aboard, stepped in, and offered to take the pole.

But Philippa evidently desired to do the punting herself; so he sat back, watching her sometimes and sometimes looking at the foliage, where they glided swiftly along under overhanging branches and through still, glimmering reaches of green water, set with scented rushes, where dragonflies glittered and midges danced in clouds, and the slim green frogs floated like water-sprites, partly submerged, looking at them out of golden goblin-eyes that never blinked.

"The town is *en fête*," remarked Philippa presently. "Why should I not be too?"

Warner laughed.

"Do you call this a *fête*?"

"For me, yes." After a moment, turning from her pole, "Do you not find it agreeable?"

"Certainly. What little river is this we're floating on?"

"The Récollette."

"It flows by Saïs, too."

"You know Saïs, then?"

"I live there in summer."

"Oh—and in winter?"

"Paris."

An unconscious sigh of relief escaped her—that it was not necessary to play the spy with this man. It was the other man who interested Wildresse.

The girl poled on in silence for a while, then deftly guided the Lys into the shadow

of a huge oak where it overhung the water, the lower branches touching it.

"The sun is warm," she remarked, driving in the pole and tying the white punt so that it could swing with the current. She came and seated herself by Warner, and smiled frankly.

"Do you know," she said, "I've never before done this for pleasure."

"What haven't you done for pleasure?" he inquired, perplexed.

"This—what I am doing."

"You mean you never before went out punting with a customer?"

"Not for the pleasure of it—only for business reasons."

He hesitated to understand, refused to, because he could not believe her to be merely a *fille de cabaret*.

"Business reasons," he repeated. "What is your business?"

"Cashier, of course."

"Well, does your business ever take you boating with customers? Is it part of your business to dance with a customer and drink *grenadines* with him?"

"Yes; but you wouldn't understand—" And suddenly she comprehended his misunderstanding of her and blushed deeply.

"I am not a *cocotte*. Did you think I meant that?"

"I know you are not. I didn't know what you meant."

There was a silence; the color in her cheeks cooled under the rouge.

"It happened this way," she said quietly; "I didn't want to make it a matter of business with you. Even in the beginning I didn't. You please me. After all, the town is *en fête*. After all, a girl has a right to please herself once in her life. Why shouldn't I amuse myself for an hour with a client who pleases me?"

"Are you doing it?"

"Yes. I never before knew a distinguished painter—only noisy boys from the schools, whose hair is uncut, whose conversation is *blague*. They smoke soldier's tobacco, and their subjects of discussion are not always *convenable*."

He said, curiously,

"As for that, you must hear much that is not *convenable* in the cabaret."

"Oh, yes; I don't notice it when it is not addressed to me. Please tell me what you paint—if I am permitted to ask?"

"Soldiers."



DRAWN BY FRANK CHADWICK

The man close behind Halkett had dexterously passed a silk handkerchief across his throat from behind and had jerked him backward

"Only soldiers?"

"Portraits also, sometimes, and landscapes out-of-doors—anything that appeals to me. Do pictures interest you?"

"I used to go to the Louvre and the Luxembourg when I was a child. It was interesting. Did you say that you would like to make a portrait of me?"

"I said that if I ever did make a portrait of you I'd paint you *as you really are*."

Her perplexed gaze had the disconcerting directness of a child's.

"I don't understand," she said.

"Shall I explain?"

"If you would be so kind."

"You won't be offended?"

Her brows became slightly contracted.

"Such a man as you would not willingly offend, I think."

"No; of course not. I didn't mean that sort of thing. But you might not like what I have to say."

"If I merit what you say about me, it doesn't matter whether I like it, does it? Tell me."

"Well, then, if I were going to paint you, I'd ask you to wash your cheeks."

She sat silent, humiliated, the painful color deepening and waning under the rouge.

"And," he continued pleasantly, "after your face had been well scrubbed, I'd paint you in your black gown, cuffs, and apron of a cashier, just as I first saw you there behind the desk, one foot swinging, and your cheek resting on your hand. But behind your eyes, which looked out so tranquilly across the tumult of the cabaret, I'd paint a soul as clean as a flame. I'm wondering whether I'd make any mistake in painting you that way, Philippa?"

The girl Philippa had fixed her gray eyes on him with fascinated but troubled intensity. Presently, and partly to herself, she said:

"*Pour ça*—yes. So far. But it has never before occurred to me that I look like a *cocotte*." She turned and, resting one arm on the gunwale, gazed down into the limpid green water. "Have you a fresh handkerchief?" she asked, not turning toward him.

"Yes, but—"

"Please! I must wash my face."

She bent swiftly, dipped both hands into the water, and scrubbed her lips and cheeks. Then, extending her arm behind her for the handkerchief, she dried her

skin, sat up again, and faced him with childish resignation. A few freckles had become visible; her lips were no longer vivid, and there now remained only the faintest tint of color under her clear, cool skin.

"You see," she said; "I am not attractive unless I help nature. One naturally desires to be thought attractive."

"On the contrary, you are exceedingly attractive."

"With my freckles! You are joking. Also, I have no pink in my cheeks now." She shrugged. "However—if you like me this way—" She shrugged again, as though that settled everything.

Another punt passed them; she looked after it absently. Presently she said,

"Do you think you'll ever come again to the Café Biribi?"

"I'll come expressly to see you, Philippa," he replied.

To his surprise, the girl blushed vividly and looked away from him; and he hastily took a different tone, somewhat astonished that such a girl should not have learned long ago how to take the irresponsible badinage of men. She must have had plenty of opportunity for such schooling.

"When I'm in Ausone again," he said seriously, "I'll bring with me a canvas and brushes. And if your father doesn't mind, I'll make a little study of you."

"Would you care to?"

"Very much. Do you think Monsieur Wildresse would permit it?"

"I do what I choose."

"Oh!"

She misunderstood his amused exclamation, and she flushed up.

"My conduct has been good—so far," she explained. "Everybody knows it. The *prix de la rosière* is not yet beyond me. If a girl determines to behave otherwise, who can stop her, and what? Not her parents—if she has any; not bolts and keys. No; it is understood between Monsieur Wildresse and me that I do what I choose. And, *monsieur*, so far I have not chosen—indiscreetly"—she looked up calmly—"in spite of my painted cheeks which annoyed you—"

"I didn't mean—"

"I understand. You think that it is more *comme il faut* to exhibit one's freckles to the world than to paint them out."

"It's a thousand times better! If you

only knew how pretty you are—just as you are now—with your soft, girlish skin and your enchanting gray eyes——”

“*Monsieur!*”

The girl’s rising color and her low-voiced exclamation warned him again that detached and quite impersonal praises from him were not understood.

“Philippa,” he explained, “I’m merely telling you what a really pretty girl you are; I’m not paying court to you. Didn’t you understand?” The gray eyes were lifted frankly to his, questioned him in silence. “In America, a man may say as much to a girl and mean nothing more—important,” he explained. “I’m not trying to make love to you, Philippa. Were you afraid I was?”

She said slowly, “I was not exactly—afraid.”

“I don’t do that sort of thing,” he continued pleasantly. “I don’t make love to anybody. I’m too busy a man. Also, I would not offend you by talking to you about love.”

She looked down at her folded hands. Since she had been here with him, nothing had seemed very real to her, nothing very clear, except that, for the first time in her brief life, she was interested in a man, on whom she was supposed to be spying.

The Gallic and partly morbid traditions she had picked up in such a girlhood as had been hers were now making for her an important personal episode out of their encounter, and were lending a fictitious and perhaps a touching value to every word he uttered. But most important and most significant of anything to her was her own natural inclination for him. For her, he already possessed immortal distinction; he was her first man.

She was remembering that she had gone to him after exchanging a glance with Wildresse, when he had first asked her to dance. But she had needed no further persuasion to sit with him at his table; she had even forgotten her miserable rôle when she asked him to go out to the river with her. The significance of all this, according to her Gallic tradition, was now confronting her.

As she sat there, her hands clasped in her lap, the sunlit reality of it all seemed brightly confused as in a dream—a vivid dream which casts a deeper enchantment over slumber, holding the sleeper fascinated under the tense concentration of the

happy spell. She thought of what he had said about making love.

Folding and unfolding her hands, and looking down at them, she said:

“Apropos of love—I have never been angry because men told me they were in love with me. Men love; it is natural; they cannot help it. So, if you had said so, I should not have been angry—no; not at all, *monsieur*.”

“Philippa,” he said smilingly, “when a girl and a man happen to be alone together, love isn’t the only entertaining subject for conversation, is it?”

“It’s the subject I’ve always had to listen to from men. Perhaps that is why I thought—when you spoke so amiably of my—my——”

“Beauty,” added Warner frankly, “because it is beauty, Philippa. But I meant only to express the pleasure that it gave to a painter—yes—and to a man who can admire without offense, and say so quite as honestly.”

The girl slowly raised her eyes.

“You speak very pleasantly to me,” she said. “Are other American men like you?”

“You ought to know. Aren’t you American?”

“I don’t know what I am.”

“Why, I thought—your name was Philippa Wildresse!”

“I am called that.”

“Then Monsieur Wildresse isn’t a relation?”

“No. I wear his name for lack of any other. He found me somewhere, he says—in Paris. That is all he will tell me.”

“Evidently,” said Warner, in his pleasant, sympathetic voice, “you have had an education somewhere.”

“He sent me to school in England until I was sixteen. After that I became cashier for him.”

“Is he kind to you?”

“He has never struck me.”

“Does he protect you?”

“He uses me in business. I am too valuable to misuse.”

The girl looked down at her folded hands. And even Warner divined what ultimate chances she stood in the Cabaret de Biribi.

“When I’m in Ausone again, I’ll come to see you,” he said pleasantly, “not to make love to you, Philippa,” he added, with a smile, “but just because we have become such good friends out here in the Lys.”



"Yes," she said, "friends. I shall be glad to see you. I shall always try to understand you—whatever you say to me."

"That's as it should be!" he exclaimed. "Give me your hand on it, Philippa."

She laid her hand in his gravely. They exchanged a slight pressure. Then he glanced at his watch, rose, and picked up the pole.

"I've got to drive to Saïs in time for dinner," he remarked. "I'm sorry, because I'd like to stay out here with you."

"I'm sorry, too," she said.

The next moment the punt shot out into the sunny stream.

## VI

WHEN Warner and the girl Philippa reentered the Cabaret de Biribi together, the uproar had become almost deafening.

The orchestra was playing; almost everybody was dancing; groups at tables along the edge of the floor sang, clinked glasses, and threw confetti without discrimination. The whole place streamed with multi-colored paper ribbons. Waiters swept it in heaps from the dancing-floor.

Philippa entered the cashier's enclosure and dismissed the woman in charge. Seated once more on her high chair, she opened her reticule and produced a small mirror. Then she leaned far over her counter toward him.

"Is it permitted me to powder my nose?" she whispered, with childlike seriousness; but she laughed when he did, and, still laughing, made him a gay little gesture of adieu with her powder-puff.

He stood looking at her for a moment, where she sat on her high chair behind the cage, intently occupied with her little mirror, oblivious to the tumult around her. Then he turned to look for Halkett.

Old man Wildresse sidled up to the cashier's desk, opened the wicket, and went inside. Philippa, still using her tiny mirror, was examining a freckle very seriously.

"*Eh bien?*" he growled. "Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Drop that glass and talk!" he said harshly. She turned and looked at him.

"I tell you it was silly to suspect such a man," she said impatiently. "In my heart I feel humiliated that you should have set me to spy on him——"

"What's that!"

"No; I've had enough! I don't like the rôle; I never liked it! Are there no police in France——"

"Little idiot!" he said. "Will you hold your tongue!"

"It is a disgusting *métier*."

"Damnation! Hold your tongue!" he hissed. "We've got to do what the government tells us to do, haven't we?"

"Not I! Never again——"

"Yes, you will! Do you hear? Yes, you will, or I'll twist your neck! Now, I'm going to keep my eye on that other gentleman. Granted that the man you pumped is all right, I'm not so sure about the other. I'm going over to stand near him. By and by I'll address him. And if I wink at you, leave your *caisse* with Mélanie, come over, and sit at their table again——"

"No!"

"Yes, you will! And you'll also contrive it so the Englishman asks you to dance. Do you hear what I say? And you'll find out where he comes from, and where he is going, and whatever else you can worm out of him." He glared at her. "Disobey, if you dare," he added.

She was silent. After a moment, he continued, in a softer voice:

"Do you want to see me in prison and my son in New Caledonia? Very well, then; do what the government tells you."

"I—I've done enough—filthy work——" she stammered. "Why must I?"

"Did you hear what I said? Do you want to see Jacques in Noumea?"

"No," she said sullenly.

"Then do what I tell you, or, by God, they'll ship him there and me, too!"

He peered sideways at her, shrugged, and went shuffling out of the enclosure.

Groups at various tables were singing and shouting; the floor seethed with sweating dancers. On the edge of this vortex, the girl Philippa, from her high chair, looked darkly across the tumult toward the table where Halkett sat.

Something seemed to be happening there; she could see her father gesticulating vigorously; she saw Warner making his way toward his friend, who was seated alone at a table.

Halkett was looking coolly but steadily at three men who occupied the table next to him. Wildresse stood between the two tables, and his emphatic gesticulations were apparently directed toward these

three men; but in the uproar, what he was saying remained quite inaudible.

Warner went over and seated himself beside Halkett; and now he could distinguish the harsh voice of the *patron*.

"No politics! I'll not suffer political disputes in my cabaret!" he bawled. "Quarrels arise from such controversies. Now, *messieurs, un peu de complaisance!*"

One of the men he was exhorting looked insolently across at Halkett.

"It was the Englishman's fault," he retorted threateningly. "I and my friends here had been speaking of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. We were conversing among ourselves, when that Englishman laughed at us——"

"You are mistaken," said Halkett quietly.

"Did you not laugh?" cried the second of the men at the next table.

"Yes; but not at what you were saying. I'm sorry if you thought so——"

"Stop that discussion!" cried Wildresse, angrily jerking his heavy head from Halkett to the three men at the other table. "Let it rest where it is, I tell you! The English gentleman says he did not laugh at what you were saying. *Nom de Dieu!* Nobody well brought up laughs at murder!" And to Halkett and Warner: "Be amiable enough, gentlemen, to carry this misunderstanding no further. I've had sufficient trouble with the police in my time."

Warner laid one hand on Halkett's arm.

"All right," he said to Wildresse; "no trouble shall originate with us." And, to Halkett, in a lowered voice, "Have you an idea that those men over there are trying to force a quarrel?"

"Of course."

"Have you ever seen them before?"

"Not one of them."

Warner's lips scarcely moved as he said, "Is it the matter of the envelop?"

"I think so. And, Warner, I don't intend to drag you into any——"

"Wait. Are you armed?"

Halkett shook his head.

"That's no good," he said. "I can't afford to do anything conspicuous. If I'm involved with the authorities, I'm done for." After a moment, he added, "I think perhaps you'd better say good-by to me now, Warner——"

"Why?"

"Because, if they manage to force a quarrel, I don't mean to have you involved."

"Do you really expect me to run away?" asked Warner, laughing.

Halkett looked up at him with a smile.

"I'm under very heavy obligations to you already."

"You are coming to Saïs with me."

"Thanks so much; but——"

"Come on, Halkett! I'm not going to leave you here."

"My dear chap, I'll wriggle out somehow! I've done it before. After all, they may not mean mischief."

Warner turned and looked across at the three men. Two were whispering together; the third, arms folded, was staring truculently at Halkett out of his light-blue eyes.

Warner said quietly to Halkett: "I take two of them to be South Germans or Austrians. The other might be Alsatian. Do any of these possible nationalities worry you?"

"Exactly," said Halkett coolly.

"In other words, any trouble you may expect is likely to come from Germans?"

"That's about it."

Warner lighted a cigarette. "Shall we try a quiet getaway?" he asked.

"No; I'll look out for myself. Clear out, Warner, there's a good fellow!"

"Don't ask me to do a thing that you wouldn't do," retorted Warner sharply.

"Come on; I'm going to drive you to Saïs."

Halkett flushed. "I shan't forget how decent you've been," he said.

They summoned the waiter, paid the reckoning, rose, and walked leisurely toward the door. At the cashier's desk they turned aside to say good-night to Philippa.

The girl looked up from her accounts, pencil poised, gazing at Warner.

"*Au revoir, Philippa,*" he said smilingly.

The girl's serious features relaxed; she nodded to him gaily, turned, still smiling, to include Halkett. And instantly a swift change altered her face. She half rose.

"What is that man doing behind you?" she cried out—too late to avert what she saw coming. For the man close behind Halkett had dexterously passed a silk handkerchief across his throat from behind and had jerked him backward, and, like lightning, two other men appeared on either side of him, tore his coat wide, and thrust their hands into his breast-pockets.

# The Life of CHARLES FROHMAN

by Daniel Frohman  
and Isaac F. Marcossou

EDITOR'S NOTE—Charles Frohman was not only the greatest theatrical manager of his time but also the most aloof. In a profession that thrives on personal publicity, he was a notable exception. He seldom appeared in public, and though millions of people knew his name and delighted in the amusement he provided, only his coworkers and a few close friends had access to him. Throughout his busy and eventful life, he not only refused to write of himself but denied others this privilege. He hid behind his activities.

Destiny hurled him into the limelight and in tragic fashion. His heroic death on the Lusitania invested him with universal interest, and his remarkable farewell:

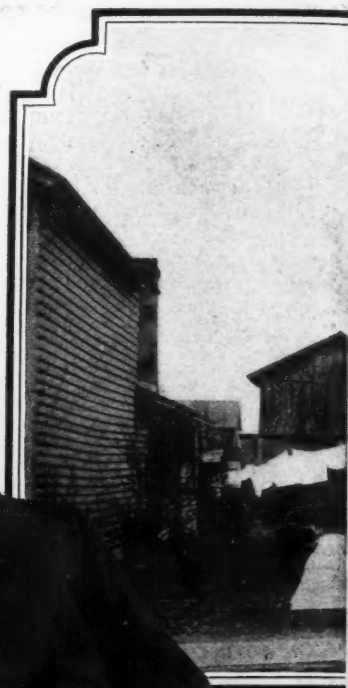
"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life," has become one of the world's great farewells. To *Cosmopolitan* is now given the opportunity of publishing the authorized and intimate story of Mr. Frohman's brilliant and eventful career, in many respects the most fascinating and many-sided in the whole story of the American theater. A special feature of this presentation will be the illustrations, which will be drawn from rare contemporaneous photographs and personal documents of the very greatest interest.



Henry Frohman, father of Charles



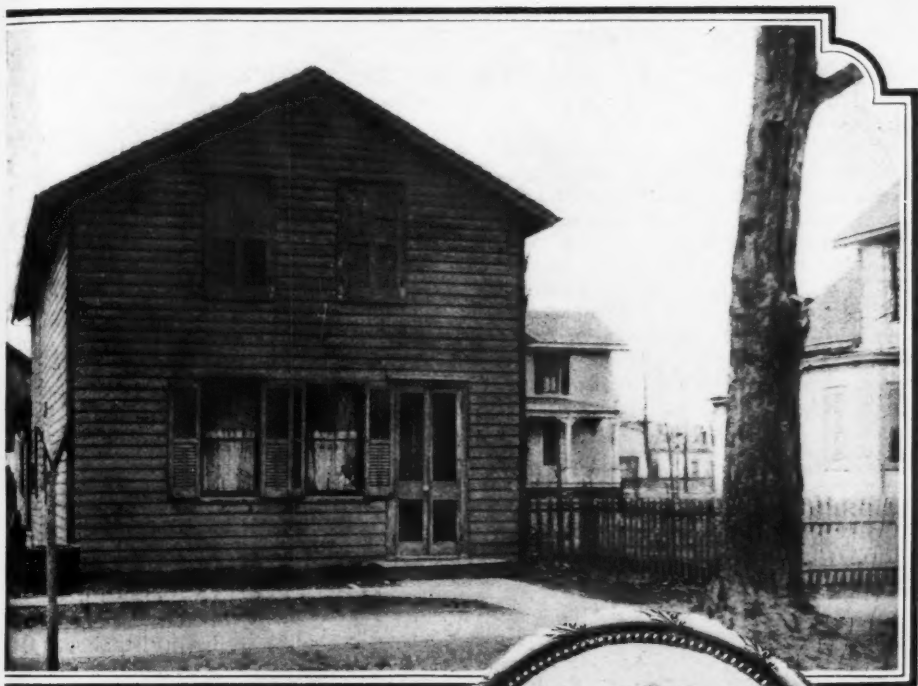
Charles Frohman, at the age of fourteen



House in  
Charles

## Boyhood's Ambitions

ONE evening, toward the close of the 'Sixties, a plump, rosy-cheeked lad in his ninth year stood enthralled in the gallery of old Niblo's Garden down on lower Broadway in New York. Far below him on the stage, "The Black Crook" unfolded itself in fascinating glitter and feminine loveliness. Deaf to his brother's entreaties to leave, and risking a parental scolding and worse, the boy sat transfixed until the final curtain. When



Lawrence Street, Sandusky, Ohio, in which Frohman was born, June 17, 1860

he reached home, he remained undisturbed amid the uproar that his absence had caused. His face beamed; his eyes shone. All he could say was:

"I have seen a play. It's wonderful!"

The boy was Charles Frohman, and such was his first actual experience within the walls of a real theater.

To write of the beginnings of his life is to become almost immediately the historian of some phase of amusement. He came from a family in which the love of mimic art was as innate as the desire for sustenance.

About his parents was the glamour of a romance as tender as any he disclosed to delighted audiences in the world of make-believe. Henry Frohman, his father, was an idealist and dreamer. Born on the pleasant countryside that encircles the town of Darmstadt, in Germany, he grew up amid an appreciation of the best in German literature. He was a buoyant and imagina-



Barbara  
Frohman,  
mother of  
Charles

tive boy who preferred reading plays to poring over tiresome schoolbooks.

One day he went for a walk in the woods. He passed a young girl who appealed to

## The Life of Charles Frohman

him strangely. Their eyes met; they paused a moment, irresistibly drawn to each other. Then they went their separate ways. He inquired her name, and found that she was Barbara Strauss. He sought an introduction, but before it could be brought about, he left home to make his fortune in the New World.

He was eighteen when he set foot in New York city, in 1845. He had mastered no trade; he was practically without friends, so he took to the task which so many of his coreligionists had found profitable. He invested his modest financial nest-egg in a supply of dry goods and notions, and, shouldering a pack, started up the Hudson valley to peddle his wares.

New York was his headquarters. Here he replenished his stocks and made his home. He made friends quickly. With them he often went to the German theater. On one of these occasions he heard of a family named Strauss that had just arrived from Germany. They had been shipwrecked, had endured many trials, and had lost everything but their lives.

"Have they a daughter named Barbara?" asked Frohman.

"Yes," was the reply.

Henry Frohman's heart gave a leap. There came back to his mind the picture of that day in the German woods.

"Where do they come from?" he continued eagerly.

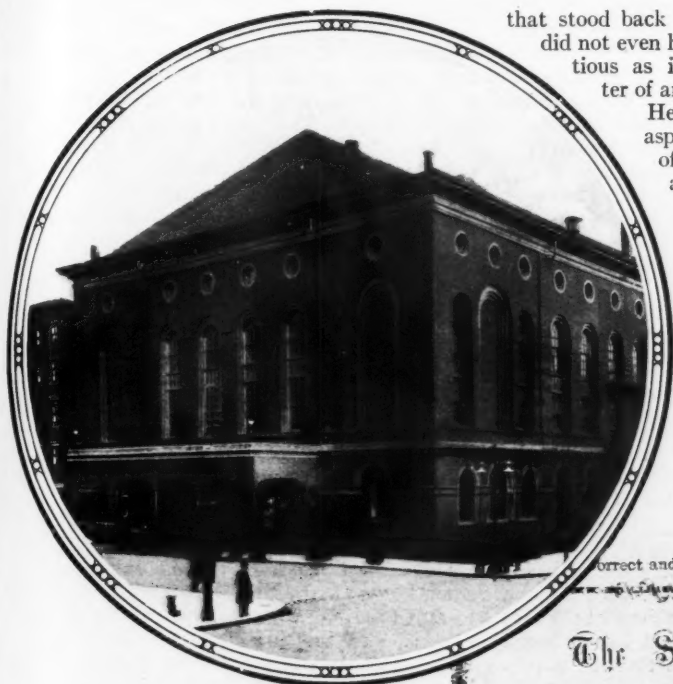
On being told that it was Darmstadt, he cried, "I must meet her!" He gave his friend no peace until that end had been brought about. He found her the same lovely girl who had thrilled him at first sight; he wooed her with ardor, and they were betrothed.

Henry yearned for a stable business that would enable him to marry. Meanwhile, his affairs had grown. The pedler's pack expanded to the proportions of a wagon-load. Then, as always, the great West held a lure for the youthful. In some indescribable way he got the idea that Kentucky was the Promised Land of Business. Telling his *fiancée* that he would send for her as soon as he was settled, he set out.



Charles Frohman (left) and his brother Gustave, when the latter showed him how he earned money by selling opera librettos at the Academy of Music





Academy of Music, Irving Place and  
Fourteenth Street, New York, long  
the home of grand opera

But Kentucky did not prove to be the Golden Country. He was advised to go to Ohio, and it was while driving across the country with his line of goods that he came upon Sandusky, and he remained there.

He found himself at once in a congenial place. There was a considerable German population; his ready wit and engaging manner made him welcome everywhere. The road lost its charm; he turned about for an occupation that was permanent. Having picked up a knowledge of cigar making, he established a small factory, which was successful from the start.

This fact assured, his first act was to send to New York for Miss Strauss, who joined him at once, and they were married.

The Frohmans settled in a little frame house in Lawrence Street

that stood back from the dusty road. It did not even have a porch. Unpretentious as it was, it became a center of artistic life.

Henry Frohman had always aspired to be an actor. One of the first things he did after settling in Sandusky was to organize an amateur theatrical company composed entirely of people of German birth or descent. The performances (in German) were given on a makeshift stage with improvised scenery. Frohman became the directing force in the production of Schiller's

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Libretto of Verdi's opera "The Masked Ball" which  
Charles Frohman saw his brother sell at  
the Academy of Music

## The Life of Charles Frohman

dramatic works and other classic German plays, comic as well as tragic.

Meanwhile, his business prospered. He began to build up trade in the adjoining country. With a load of samples strapped behind his buggy, he traveled about. He usually took one of his elder sons along. While he drove, the boy often held a prompt-book, and the father would rehearse his parts. He even mixed the drama with business. Frequently, after selling a bill of goods, he would be requested by a customer who knew of his acting ability to recite or declaim a speech from one of the well-known German plays.

### BIRTH OF CHARLES FROHMAN

It was on his return from one of these expeditions that Henry Frohman was greeted with the tidings that a third son had come to bear his name. Charles had made his first entrance on the stage of life. It was June 17, 1860.

Almost before he was able to walk, his wise and far-seeing mother, with a pride and responsibility that maintained the best traditions of the mothers in Israel, began to realize the restrictions and limitations of the Sandusky life.

"These boys of ours," she said to the husband, "have no future here. They must be educated in New York. Their careers lie there."

Strong-willed and resolute, she sent the two elder sons, one at a time, on to the great city to be educated and make their way. The eldest, Daniel, went first, soon followed by Gustave. In 1864, and largely due to her insistent urging, the remainder of the family packed up their belongings and, with the proceeds of the sale of the cigar factory, started on their journey to New York.

They first settled in one of the original tenement-houses of New York, on Rivington Street, subsequently moving to Eighth Street and Avenue D. Before long, they moved over to Third Street, while their fourth residence was almost within the shadow of some of the best known city theaters.

Henry Frohman, as was later developed in his son Charles, had a peculiar disregard of money-values. Generous to a fault, his resources were constantly at the call of the needy. His first business venture in New York—a small soap factory on East Broadway—failed. Later, he became part owner

of a distillery near Hoboken which was destroyed by fire. With the usual Frohman financial heedlessness, he had failed to renew all his insurance policies, and the result was that he was left with a small surplus. But adversity seemed to trickle from him like water. Serene and smiling, he emerged from his misfortune.

The only business he knew was the cigar business. With the assistance of a few friends, he was able to start a retail cigar store at what was then 708 Broadway. It was below Eighth Street, and, whether by accident or design, was located in the very heart of a district which gives the American stage some of its greatest memories.

To the North, and facing on Union Square, was the "Rialto" of the day, hedged in by the Academy of Music and the Union Square Theatre. Down Broadway, and beginning at Thirteenth Street with Wallack's Theatre, was the succession of more or less historic playhouses. At Eighth Street was the old New York Theatre; a few doors away was Lina Edwin's; ranging toward the south were the Olympic, Niblo's Garden, and the San Francisco Minstrel Hall. Farther down was the Broadway Theatre, while over on the Bowery, Tony Pastor held forth.

### BOYHOOD SURROUNDINGS

Thus, the little store stood in an atmosphere that thought, breathed, and talked of the theater. It became the rendezvous of many of the well-known theatrical figures of the period. The influence of the playhouses extended even to the shop next door, which happened to be the original bookstore founded by August Brentano. It was the only clearing-house for foreign theatrical papers in New York, and here came Augustin Daly, William Winter, Nym Crinkle, and all the other important critics to get the news of the foreign stage.

It was in an environment touching the theater at every point that Charles Frohman's boyhood was spent. He was an impulsive, erratic, restless child. His mother had great difficulty in keeping him at school. His whole instinct was for action.

Gustave, who had dabbled in the theatrical business almost before he was in his teens, naturally became his mentor. To Charles, Gustave was invested with a rare fascination because he had begun to sell books of the opera in the Academy of



The Worrell Sisters,  
Irene, Jennie, and  
Sophie (from left  
to right)

Music on Irving Place. Every night the chubby Charles saw him forge forth with a mysterious bundle and return with money jingling in his pocket. One night, before Gustave started out, the lad said to him,

"Gus, how can I make some money like you?"

"I'll show you some night, if you can slip away from mother," was the brother's reply.

Unrest immediately filled the heart of Charles. Gustave had no peace until he made good his promise. A week later, he stole away after supper with his little brother. They walked



New York Theatre, where, in 1869, Charles Frohman made his first and only appearance on the stage as a "super" in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold"

to the Academy where the Italian opera, "The Masked Ball," was to be sung. With wondering eyes and



beating heart, Charles saw Gustave hawk his books in the lobby and actually sell a few. Fearful of the maternal scolding that he knew was in store, Gustave hurried his

## The Life of Charles Frohman

brother home, even indulging in the unwonted luxury of riding on the street-car, where he found a five-dollar bill. The mother was up and awake, and immediately began to upbraid him for taking out his baby brother at night, whereupon Gustave quieted the outburst by permitting Charles to hand over the five-dollar bill as a peace offering. From that hour, life had a new meaning for Charles Frohman. He had seen his brother earn money in the theater; he wanted to go and do likewise. The opportunity was denied, and he chafed under the restraint.

### THEATRICAL ASSOCIATIONS

In the afternoon, when he was through with the school that he hated, the boy went down to his father's store and took his turn behind the counter. Irksome as was this work, it was not without a thrilling compensation, because into the shop came many of the theatrical personages of the time to buy their cigars. They included Tony Pastor, whose name was then a household word, McKee Rankin, J. K. Mortimer, a popular Augustin Daly leading man, and the comedians and character actors of the near-by theaters.

Here the magnetic personality of the boy asserted itself. More than one actor, on entering the shop, asked the question: "Where is Charley? I want him to wait on me."

In those days, much of the theatrical advertising was done by posters displayed in shop windows. To get these posters in the most conspicuous places, passes were given to the shopkeepers, a custom which still holds. The Frohman store had a large window, and it was constantly plastered with playbills, which meant that the family was abundantly supplied with free admission to most of the theaters in the district. The whole family shared in this dispensation, none more so than Henry Frohman himself, who could now gratify his desire for contact with the theater and its people to an almost unlimited extent. His greatest delight was to distribute these passes among his boys. They were offered as rewards for good conduct. Charles frequently accompanied his father to matinées at Tony Pastor's. Pastor and the elder Frohman were great pals. They called each other by their first names, and the famous old music-hall proprietor was a frequent visitor to the shop.

Charles became quite discriminating. He had his favorites, and would see them over and over again. When he was several years older, he went every Saturday night to the old Theatre Comique, where Harrigan and Hart were serving their apprenticeship for the career which made them the most famous Irish team of their time. The next morning at breakfast he would keep his family in roars of laughter with his imitations of what he had seen and heard. Curiously enough, Tony Hart later became the first star to be presented by Charles Frohman.

### THE FIRST THEATRICAL EARNING

All the while the boy's burning desire was to earn money in the theater. He nagged at Gustave to give him a chance. One day, Gustave saw some handsome souvenir books of "The Black Crook," which was then having its sensational run at Niblo's Garden. He found that he could buy them for thirty-three cents by the half-dozen; so he made a small investment, hoping to sell them for fifty cents in the lobby of the theater. That evening, he showed his new purchases to Charles.

Immediately the boy's eyes sparkled.

"Let me see if I can sell one of them!"

"All right," replied Gustave; "I will take you down to Niblo's to-night and give you a chance."

The boy could scarcely eat his supper, so eager was he to be off. Promptly at seven o'clock the two lads (Charles was only eight) took their stand in the lobby, but, despite their eager cries, each was only able to sell a single copy. Gustave consoled himself with the fact that the price was too high, while Charles, with an optimism that never forsook him, answered, "Well, we have each sold one anyhow, and that is something."

Charles's profit on this venture was precisely seventeen cents, which may be regarded as the first money he ever earned out of the theater.

But this night brought a sensation even greater. As the crowd in the lobby thinned out, the strains of the overture crashed out. Through the open door the little boy saw the curtain rise on a scene that to him represented the glitter and the glory of fairy-land. With their unsold books in their hands, the two boys gazed wistfully inside. Charles, always the aggressor, fixed the doorkeeper with one of his winning smiles, and he succumbed.





## The Life of Charles Frohman

of his first play. He had remained to the end.

This famous extravaganza—the boy's first love of the theater—always had great charm for young Charles, and it was never greater than when, several years after, he could see the beautiful and "velvet-voiced" Pauline Markham in the rôle of Stalacta.

That thrilling night at "The Black Crook," his daily contact with the actors who came into the store, his frequent visits to the neighboring playhouses fed the fire of his theatrical interest. The theater got into his very blood.

### FIRST AND ONLY STAGE APPEARANCE

A great event was impending. Almost within a stone's throw of the little cigar store was the old New York Theatre, which, after the fashion of that time, had undergone the evolution of many names, beginning with the Athenæum and continuing until it had come under the control of the three famous Worrell sisters, who tacked their name to it. Shortly after the New Year of 1860, they produced the extravaganza, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Charles had witnessed part of this piece. It kindled his memories of "The Black Crook," for it was full of sparkle and color. Charles and Gustave had made the acquaintance of Owen, the doorkeeper. One afternoon they walked over to the theater and stood in the lobby, listening to a rehearsal. Owen, who knew the boy's intense love of the theater, spoke up, saying: "We need an extra to-night. How would you like to go on?"

Both youngsters stood expectant. They loved each other dearly, yet here was one moment where self-interest must prevail. Charles fixed the doorkeeper with his hypnotic smile, and he was chosen.

He ate no supper, and was at the stage door long before seven. Rigged up as a page and in a faded costume, he carried a banner during the performance. His two elder brothers sat in the gallery. All they saw in the entire brilliant spectacle was the little Charles and his faded flag.

Charles got twenty-five cents for his evening's work, and brought it home with great pride. To his great consternation, he received a rebuke from his mother and the strong injunction never to appear on the stage again.

This was Charles Frohman's first and

only appearance on any stage. In the years to come, although he controlled and directed hundreds of productions, he never appeared in a single performance. Nor had he a desire to do so.

### THE FIRST CONTRACT

You will recall that, in one way or another, a great many passes for the theater found their way into the hands of the elder Frohman, who, in his great generosity of heart, frequently took many of the neighboring children along. He was the type of man who loved to bestow pleasure. But this made no difference with Charles. He was usually able to wring an extra pass from the bill-poster or some of the actors who frequented the store. Hence came about his first contract, and in this fashion: At that time, Gustave Frohman was a famous velocipedist. He was the first rider to keep a wheel stationary while mounted on it, and he won prizes for doing so. He had purchased his velocipede with savings out of the theatrical earnings, and his bicycle and his riding became a source of great envy to Charles, who asked him one night if he would teach him how to ride.

"Yes," replied Gustave; "I'll teach you if you will make a contract with me to provide five dollars' worth of passes in return."

"Good!" said Charles, and the deal was closed. Gustave kept his word, and down in Washington Place, in front of the residence of old "Commodore" Vanderbilt, Charles learned to ride. He kept his part of the contract, too, and delivered five dollars' worth of passes ahead of schedule time.

One of Gustave's cycling companions was the son of George Vandenhoff, the famous reader. Through him, he met the father, who engaged him to post his placards for his series of readings from Dickens. Charles accompanied Gustave on these expeditions, and got his first contract for theatrical advertising. Frequently he held the ladder while Gustave climbed up to hang a placard. Charles often employed his arts to induce an obdurate shopkeeper to permit a placard in his window. These cards were not as attractive as those of the regular theatrical attractions, and it took much persuasion to land them. Charles also sat in the box-office of Association Hall, where the Vandenhoff readings were

given and where Gustave sold tickets, and here he got his introduction to the finance of the theater.

Those were the picturesque and care-free days. The boy was growing up in an atmosphere that



band effects that he used in after years to such good advantage.

A picturesque friendship of those early days was with the clock-painter, Washburn, perhaps the foremost worker of that kind in this country. He painted the faces of all the clocks that hung in front of the jewelers' shops in the big city. He always painted the time at 8:17½ o'clock, and this particular moment has been used for all clock-painting ever since.

Charles watched Washburn at work. One reason for his interest was that it dealt with gilt. The old painter took such a fancy to the lad that he wanted him to become a clock-painter and succeed him. But this seemed too slow for the future magnate.

#### THE DIP INTO MINSTRELSY

Now came the first business contact of a Frohman with the theater, and here you encounter an example of that team-work among the Frohman brothers by which one invariably assisted the other whenever opportunity arose. Frequently they created this opportunity themselves. To Gustave came the distinction of being the first in the business, and also the privilege of bringing both of his brothers into the profession.

It was the high tide of minstrelsy in this country. Dozens of minstrel companies, ranging from bands of real negroes recruited in the South to aggregations of white men who blacked their faces, traveled about the land. The minstrel was the direct product of the slave-time singer and entertainer. His fame was recognized the world over. The best audiences at home and royalty abroad paid tribute to his talents. Out of the minstrel ranks of those days emerged some of the best known of our modern stars—men like Francis Wilson, Nat Goodwin, Henry E. Dixey, Montgomery and Stone, and William H. Crane.

One of the most famous organizations of the time was Charles Callender's Original Georgia Minstrels, hailing from Macon, Georgia, composed of negroes and headed by the famous Billy Kersands. Ahead of this show was a mulatto advance agent, Charles Hicks. He did very well in the North, but when he got down South, he faced the inevitable hostility to doing business with a negro. Callender needed some one to replace him. A man whom Gustave

Frohman had once befriended, knowing of his intense desire to enter the profession, recommended him for the position, and he got it. All was excitement in the Frohman family. At last the fortunes of one member were definitely committed to the theater, and although it was a negro-minstrel show, it meant a definite connection with public entertainment. No one, not even Gustave himself, felt the enthusiasm so keenly as little Charles, then twelve years old. He buzzed about the fortunate brother.

"Do you think you can get me a job as programmer with your show?" he asked.

"No," answered the new advance agent; "don't start in the business until you can be an agent or manager."

On August 2, 1872, Gustave Frohman started to Buffalo to go ahead of the Callender Minstrels. Charles followed his brother's career with eager interest, and he longed for the time when he would have some connection with the business.

Life now lagged more than ever for Charles. His father urged him to prepare for the law.

"No," he said; "I won't be a lawyer. I want to deal with lots of people."

Charles frequently referred to Tony Pastor. "He's a big man," he would often say. "I would like to do what he is doing."

#### AN AMBITIOUS MOTTO

A seething but unformed aspiration seemed to stir his youthful breast. Once he heard his eldest brother recite some stanzas of Alexander Pope in which the following line occurs:

The whole, the boundless continent is ours.

This impressed the lad immensely. It became his favorite motto; he wrote it in his sister's autograph album; he spouted it on every occasion; you find it in his first scrap-book, framed in round, boyish hand.

Now the singular thing about this sentiment is that he never quoted it correctly. It was a lifelong failing. His version—and it was strangely prophetic of his coming career—was: "The whole, the boundless earth is *mine*."

Meanwhile, Daniel Frohman had gone from the *Tribune* to work in the office of the New York *Graphic* down in Park Row near Church Street. It was the aristocrat of newspapers,—the first illustrated daily ever published in the world. With the

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1874.

## HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE

CHAS. CALLENDER..... PROPRIETOR  
GUSTAVE FROHMAN..... MANAGER

THIS EVENING

### Callender's Original Georgia Minstrels!

PROGRAMME—Part First.

OVERTURE..... CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS  
On our Journey Home..... Jim Grace  
Out of Work..... A. A. Lane  
Der's a Meta' Here To-night..... P. Devenar  
I Long to see the Dear Old Home..... Richard Little  
Cicely Jefferson..... Billy Wilson  
Old Aunt Jeany..... Wm. Kersands  
Dear Old Home I love so well..... A. Cor  
Concluding with a characteristic PLANTATION JUBILEE SCENE.

PART SECOND.

### BANJO SOLO AND SONG

DICK LITTLE

### ALABASTER MOF

TERPSICHOEAN ECCENTRICITIES,  
KERSANDS, DEVONAR & SMITH.

### The Hen Conver

ORIGINAL BARNYARD SCENES—ABC

### KERSANDS THE CO'

In his Humorous Vocal Burles

THE COMIC SKETCH, ENT  
S DAF

Program  
of Gustave  
Frohman's sum-  
mer season at Hooley's  
Opera House, Brook-  
lyn, 1874, when  
Charles Frohman,  
fourteen years  
old, was ticket-  
seller at night,  
while work-  
ing by day in  
the office of *The  
Daily Graphic*

usual family team-work,  
Daniel got Charles a position  
with him in 1874. He was put in  
the circulation department at a salary  
of ten dollars a week, his first regular  
wage. It was a position with which person-  
ality had much to do, for one of the boy's  
chief tasks was to select a high type of news-  
boy equipped to sell a five-cent daily. His  
genial manner won the boys to him, and  
they became his loyal coworkers.

With amazing facility he mastered his  
task. Among other things, he had to count  
newspapers. It was before the machine  
enumerator, and it had to be done by hand.

Charles developed such extraordinary swift-  
ness that patrons in the office often stopped  
to watch him work. In throwing papers  
over the counter, he had to be accurate and  
positive, and here came the first manifesta-  
tion of his dogged determination. He never  
lost his cunning in counting papers, and  
sometimes, when he was rich and famous,  
he would take a bundle of newspapers to  
help a boy in the street, and run through  
them with all his old skill and speed.

Though his fingers were in the newspapers,  
his heart yearned for the theater. This  
ambition was heightened by the fact that  
his brother Daniel, having heeded the  
advice of Gustave, joined the Callen-  
der Minstrels as advance agent,  
while Gustave remained  
"back with the show."

Slowly but surely the  
theater was an-  
nexing the  
Frohman

boys,  
and  
in the  
summer  
of 1874  
Charles  
was drawn  
into its



Charles  
Callender,  
proprietor of  
the Original  
Georgia Minstrels

charmed circle in a picturesque fashion.  
It was the custom for minstrel companies

and other theatrical combinations to rent theaters outright during the dull summer months. The playhouses were glad to get the rental, and the organizations could remain intact during what would otherwise be a period of disorganization and loss. Gustave, therefore, took Hooley's Opera House in Brooklyn, and on a memorable morning in July, Charles was electrified to receive the following letter from him:

You can begin your theatrical career in the box-office of Hooley's Theatre in Brooklyn. Take a ferry and look at the theatre. Hooley is going to rent it to us for the summer. Your work will begin as ticket-seller. You will have to sell 25-, 50-, and 75-cent tickets, and they will all be hard tickets, that is, no reserved seats. Get some paste-board slips or a pack of cards and practice handling them. Your success will lie in the swiftness with which you can hand them out. With these rehearsals you will be able to do your work well and look like a professional.

Charles immediately bought a pack of the thickest playing-cards he could find and began to practice with them. Soon he became an expert shuffler. Often he used his father's cigar-counter for a make-believe box-office sill, and across it he handed out the pasteboards to imaginary patrons. A dozen times he went over to Brooklyn and gazed with eager expectancy at the theater.

He wrote Gustave almost immediately, "I will be ready when the time comes."

#### THE BOX-OFFICE AT LAST

That great moment arrived the second Monday in August, 1874. Charles could scarcely contain his impatience. So well had the publicity work for the performance been done by the new advance agent that when the boy (he was just fourteen) raised the window of the box-office at seven o'clock, there was a long line waiting to buy tickets. The final word of injunction from Gustave was,

"Remember, Charley, you must be careful because you will be personally responsible for any shortage in cash when you balance up."

The house was sold out. When Gustave asked him after the count-up if he were short, the eager-faced lad replied,

"I am not short—I am fifty cents *over*!"

"Then you can keep that as a reward for your good work," said Gustave.

Callender was on hand the opening night. He watched the boy in the box-office with

an amused and lively interest. When he was through selling tickets, he stepped up to him with a smile on his face and said:

"Young fellow, I like your looks and your ways. You and I will be doing business some day."

During this engagement, and with the customary spirit of family cooperation, Gustave said to Charles,

"You can give your sister Rachel all the pennies that come in at the Wednesday matinée." In this engagement very little was expected in the way of receipts at a mid-week matinée.

But Gustave did not reckon with Charles. With an almost uncanny sense of exploitation which afterward enabled him to attract millions of theatergoers, the boy kept the brass band playing outside the theater half an hour longer than usual. This drew many children, and they paid their way in pennies. The receipts, therefore, were unexpectedly large. When sister Rachel came over that day, her beaming brother filled her bag with coppers.

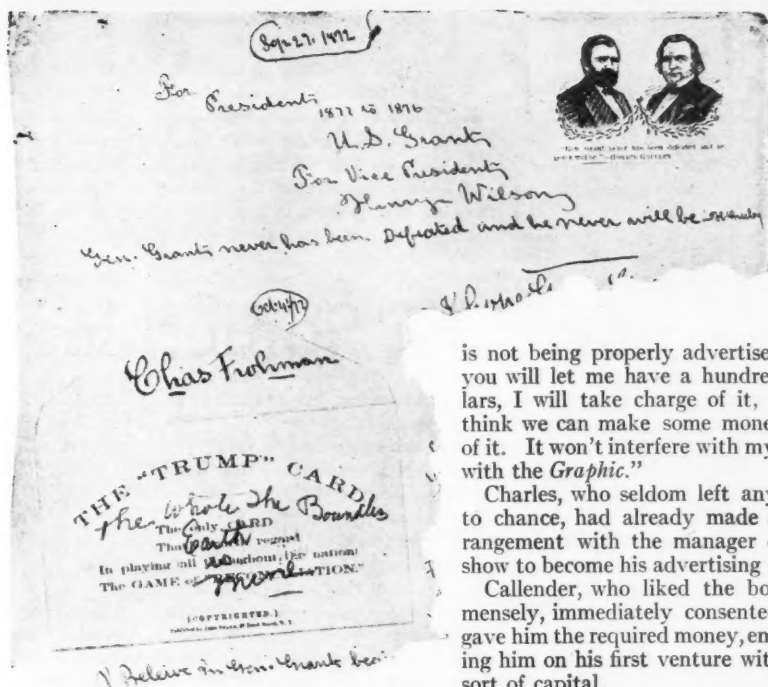
The August of 1874 was a strenuous one for Charles Frohman. By day he worked in the *Graphic* office, only getting off for the matinées; at night he was in the box-office at Hooley's, in Brooklyn, his smiling face beaming like a moon through the window. He was in his element at last and supremely happy. When the short season ended, Callender's Minstrels resumed their performances on the road, and Charles went back to the routine of his daily work in the office of the *Graphic*.

#### A YOUTHFUL MANAGER

He was developing fast. Daily he became more efficient. The following year he was put in charge of a branch office established by the newspaper in Philadelphia. Now came his second business contact with the theater. Callender's Minstrels played an engagement at Woods' Museum, and Daniel came on ahead to bill the show. Charles immediately offered his services. His advice about the location of favorite "stands" was of great service in getting posters displayed to the best advantage. It was the initial expression of what later amounted to a positive genius in the art of well-directed bill-board posting.

While prowling around Philadelphia in search of amusement novelty—a desire that remained with him all his life—Charles





Fragment from Charles Frohman's juvenile scrap-book in which he has written on an envelope the motto of his budding ambition: "The whole, the boundless earth is mine"

encountered a unique form of public entertainment which had considerable vogue. It was Pepper's Ghost Show, and was being shown in a small hall in Chestnut Street.

The Ghost Show was an illusion. The actors seemed to be on the stage. In reality they were under the stage, and their reflection was sent up by mirrors. This enabled them (in the sight of the audience) to appear and disappear in the most extraordinary fashion. People apparently walked through each other, had their heads cut off, were shown with daggers in their breasts. The whole effect was weird and thrilling.

This show impressed Charles greatly, as the unusual invariably did. It gave him an idea. When Charles Callender joined his minstrel show at Philadelphia, he went to him with this proposition:

"I believe," he said, with great earnestness, "that there is money in the Ghost Show. The trouble with it now is that it

is not being properly advertised. If you will let me have a hundred dollars, I will take charge of it, and I think we can make some money out of it. It won't interfere with my work with the *Graphic*."

Charles, who seldom left anything to chance, had already made an arrangement with the manager of the show to become his advertising agent.

Callender, who liked the boy immensely, immediately consented and gave him the required money, embarking him on his first venture with any sort of capital.

Unfortunately the show failed. Charles maintained that the Philadelphians lacked imagination, but, with his usual optimism, he was certain that it would succeed on the road. When he approached Callender again and offered to take it out, the minstrel magnate slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"All right, my boy. If you say so, I believe you. You can take the show out and I'll back you."

Charles counseled with Gustave, who continued as his theatrical monitor. Eagerly he said:

"I've got a great chance. Callender is going to back me on the road with the Ghost Show."

"No," said Gustave firmly; "your time has not come. Wait, as I told you before, until you can go out ahead of a show as agent."

Bitter as was the ordeal, Charles took his brother's advice, and the Ghost Show was abandoned to its fate. But the time was not far off when the theater was to claim him for its own.

In next month's instalment will come the picturesque story of **Charles Frohman's** first experiences on the road as advance agent. He had a grilling baptism. In a dozen amusing and intimate incidents you get glimpses of the character and genius of the man who was in after years to rule his realm.



# “Part Panther or Something”

Penrod Stages a  
“Movie” Show

The delightful comedy that grows so naturally out of the chance encounter of Penrod's little old dog Duke and a tramp cat would be impossible of construction except by the free and fanciful mind of boyhood.

Cosmopolitan readers have their wishes and hopes in regard to their magazine friends, and one of the most often expressed of these is that Penrod will never grow up. What he and his chums, in their ardor and enthusiasm, do in this story is indescribably funny, but there are performances equally entertaining to come.

By Booth Tarkington

*Author of "The In-Or-In," "The Reward of Merit," and other Penrod stories*

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

ON a fair Saturday afternoon in early November, Penrod Schofield's little old dog Duke returned to the ways of his youth and had trouble with a strange cat on the back porch. This indiscretion, so uncharacteristic, was due to the agitation of a surprised moment, for Duke's experience had inclined him to a peaceful pessimism, and he had no ambition for hazardous undertakings of any sort. He was given to musing but not to avoidable action, and he seemed habitually to hope for something which he was pretty sure would not happen. Even in his sleep, this gave him an air of wistfulness.

Thus, being asleep in a nook behind the metal refuse-can, when the strange cat ventured to ascend the steps of the porch, his appearance was so unwarlike that the cat felt encouraged to extend its field of reconnaissance—for the cook had been careless,

and the back-bone of a three-pound white-fish lay at the foot of the refuse-can.

This cat was, for a cat, almost needlessly tall, powerful, independent, and masculine. Once, long ago, he had been a roly-poly pepper-and-salt kitten; he had a home in those days, and a name, "Gipsy," which he abundantly justified. He was precocious in dissipation. Long before his adolescence, his lack of domesticity was ominous, and he had formed bad companionships. Meanwhile, he grew so rangy, and developed such length and power of leg and such traits of character, that the father of the little girl who owned him was almost convincing when he declared that the young cat was half bronco and half Malaypirate—though, in the light of Gipsy's later career, this seems bitterly unfair to even the lowest orders of broncos and Malay pirates.

No; Gipsy was not the pet for a little girl. The rosy hearthstone and sheltered

rug were too circumspect for him. Surrounded by the comforts of middle-class respectability, and profoundly oppressed, even in his youth, by the Puritan ideals of the household, he sometimes experienced a sense of suffocation. He wanted free air and he wanted free life; he wanted the lights, the lights and the music. He abandoned the *bourgeoisie* irrevocably. He went forth in a May twilight, carrying the evening, beefsteak with him, and joined the underworld.

His extraordinary size, his daring, and his utter lack of sympathy soon made him the leader—and, at the same time, the terror—of all the loose-lived cats in a wide neighborhood. He contracted no friendships and had no confidants. He seldom slept in the same place twice in succession, and though he was wanted by the police, he was not found. In appearance he did not lack distinction of an ominous sort; the slow, rhythmic, perfectly controlled mechanism of his tail, as he impressively walked abroad, was incomparably sinister. This stately and dangerous walk of his, his long, vibrant whiskers, his scars, his yellow eye, so ice-cold, so fire-hot, haughty as the eye of Satan, gave him the deadly air of a mousquetaire duelist. His soul was in that walk and in that eye; it could be read—the soul of a bravo of fortune, living on his wits and his valor, asking no favors and granting no quarter. Intolerant, proud, sullen, yet watchful and constantly planning, believing in slaughter as in a religion, and confident that art, science, poetry, and the good of the world were happily advanced thereby, Gipsy had become, though technically not a wildcat, undoubtedly the most untamed cat at large in the civilized world. Such, in brief, was the terrifying creature which now elongated its neck, and, over the top step of the porch, bent a calculating scrutiny upon the wistful and slumberous Duke.

The scrutiny was searching but not prolonged. Gipsy muttered contemptuously to himself, "Oh, sheol; I'm not afraid o' that!" And he approached the fish-bone, his padded feet making no noise upon the boards. It was a desirable fish-bone, large, with a considerable portion of the fish's tail still attached to one end of it.

It was about a foot from Duke's nose, and the little dog's dreams began to be troubled by his olfactory nerve. This

faithful sentinel, on guard even while Duke slept, signaled that alarms and excursions by parties unknown were taking place, and suggested that attention might well be paid. Duke opened one drowsy eye. What that eye beheld was monstrous.

Here was a strange experience—the horrific vision in the midst of things so accustomed. Sunshine fell sweetly upon porch and back yard; yonder was the familiar stable, and from its interior came the busy hum of a carpenter shop, established that morning by Duke's young master, Penrod, in association with Samuel Williams, and one Herman, colored. Here, close by, were the quiet refuse-can, and the wonted brooms and mops leaning against the latticed wall at the end of the porch, and there, by the foot of the steps, was the stone slab of the cistern, with the iron cover displaced and lying beside the round opening, where the carpenters had left it, not half an hour ago, after lowering a stick of wood into the water, "to season it." All about Duke were these usual and reassuring environs of his daily life, and yet it was his fate to behold, right in the midst of them, and in ghastly juxtaposition to his face, a thing of nightmare and lunacy.

Gipsy had seized the fish-bone by the middle. Out from one side of his head, and mingling with his whiskers, projected the long spiked spine of the big fish; down from the other side of that ferocious head dangled the fish's tail, and, from above the remarkable effect thus produced, shot the intolerable glare of two yellow eyes. To the gaze of Duke, still blurred by slumber, this monstrosity was all of one piece—the bone seemed a living part of it. What he saw was like those interesting insect-faces which the magnifying glass reveals to the great M. Fabre. It was impossible for Duke to maintain the philosophic calm of M. Fabre, however; there was no magnifying glass between him and this spined and spiky face. Indeed, Duke was not in a position to think the matter over quietly. If he had been able to do that, he would have said to himself: "We have here an animal of most peculiar and unattractive appearance, though, upon examination, it seems to be only a cat stealing a fish-bone. Nevertheless, as the thief is large beyond all my recollection of cats and has an unpleasant stare, I will leave this spot at once."

## "Part Panther or Something"

On the contrary, Duke was so electrified by his horrid awakening that he completely lost his presence of mind. In the very instant of his first eye's opening, the other eye and his mouth behaved similarly, the latter loosing upon the quiet air one shriek of mental agony before he scrambled to his feet and gave further employment to his voice in a frenzy of profanity. At the same time the subterranean diapason of a demoniac bass viol was heard; it rose to a wail, and fell and rose again till it screamed like a steam siren. It was Gipsy's war-cry, and, at the sound of it, Duke became a frothing maniac. He made a convulsive frontal attack upon the hobgoblin—and the massacre began.

Never releasing the fish-bone for an instant, Gipsy laid back his ears in a chilling way, beginning to shrink into himself like a concertina but rising amidships so high that he appeared to be giving an imitation of that peaceful beast, the dromedary. Such was not his purpose, however, for, after attaining his greatest possible altitude, he partially sat down and elevated his right arm after the manner of a semaphore. This semaphore arm remained rigid for a second, threatening; then it vibrated with inconceivable rapidity, feinting. But it was the treacherous left that did the work. Seemingly this left gave Duke three lightning little pats upon the right ear, but the change in his voice indicated that these were no love-taps. He yelled "help!" and "bloody murder!"

Never did such a shattering uproar, all vocal, break out upon a peaceful afternoon. Gipsy possessed a vocabulary for cat-swearng certainly second to none out of Italy, and probably equal to the best there, while Duke remembered and uttered things he had not thought of for years.

The hum of the carpenter shop ceased, and Sam Williams appeared in the stable doorway. He stared insanely.

"My gorry!" he shouted. "Duke's havin' a fight with the biggest cat you ever saw in your life! C'mon!"

His feet were already in motion toward the battle-field, with Penrod and Herman hurrying in his wake. Onward they sped, and Duke was encouraged by the sight

and sound of these reenforcements to increase his own outrageous clamors and to press home his attack. But he was ill-advised. This time it was the right arm of the semaphore that dipped—and Duke's honest nose was but too conscious of what happened in consequence.

A lump of dirt struck the refuse-can with violence, and Gipsy beheld the advance of overwhelming forces. They rushed upon him from two directions, cutting off the steps of the porch. Undaunted, the formidable cat raked Duke's nose again, somewhat more lingeringly, as Gipsy was aware that this must be the last time if he was to save his fish-bone. He had no fears for himself, because he was inclined to think that, unhampered, he could whip anything on earth, and if matters did get too warm for



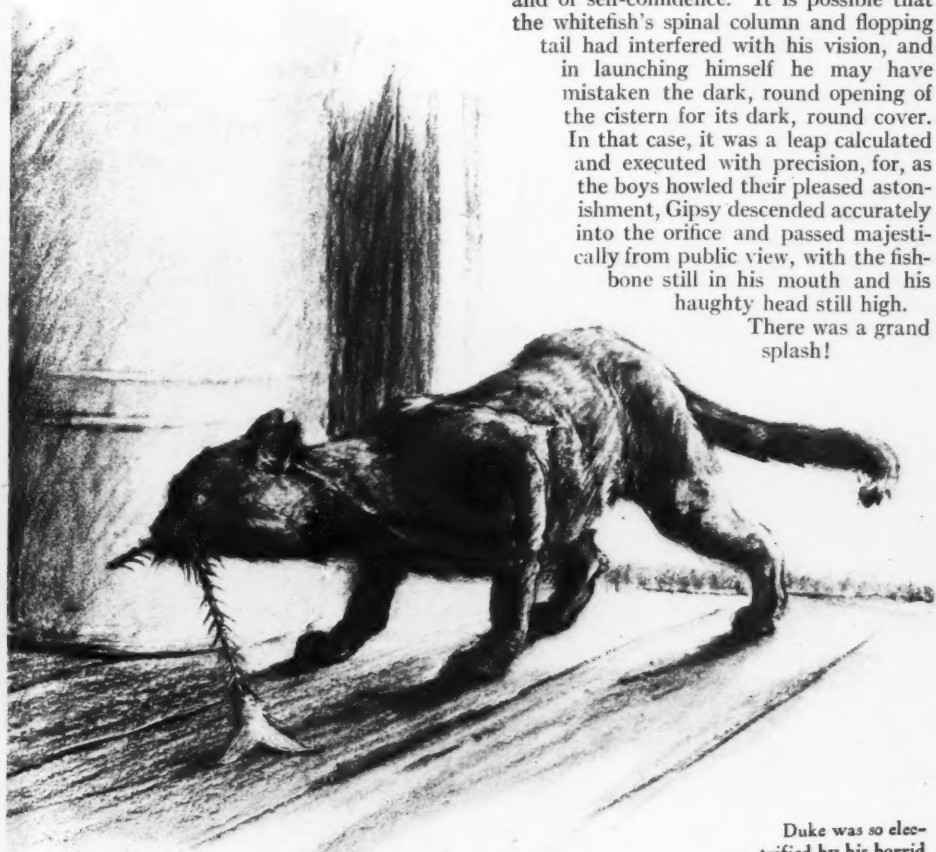
him, he saw nothing to prevent his leaving at any time.

But, though he could laugh in the face of so unequal an antagonist as Duke, Gipsy felt that he was never at his best or able to do himself full justice unless he could perform that feline operation inaccurately known as "spitting." To his notion, this was an absolute essential to combat; but, as all cats of the slightest pretensions to technique perfectly understand, it can neither be well done nor produce the best effects unless the mouth be opened to its utmost capacity so as to expose the beginnings of the alimentary canal,

down which—at least that is the intention of the threat—the opposing party will soon be passing. And Gipsy could not open his mouth at all without relinquishing his fish-bone.

Therefore, he decided to leave the field to his enemies and to carry the fish-bone elsewhere. He took two giant leaps. The first landed him upon the edge of the porch; there, without an instant's pause, he gathered his fur-sheathed muscles, concentrated himself into one big steel spring, and launched himself superbly into space. He made a stirring picture, however brief, as he left the solid porch behind him and sailed upward on an ascending curve into the sunlit air. His head was proudly up; he was the incarnation of menacing power and of self-confidence. It is possible that the whitefish's spinal column and flopping tail had interfered with his vision, and in launching himself he may have mistaken the dark, round opening of the cistern for its dark, round cover. In that case, it was a leap calculated and executed with precision, for, as the boys howled their pleased astonishment, Gipsy descended accurately into the orifice and passed majestically from public view, with the fish-bone still in his mouth and his haughty head still high.

There was a grand splash!



Duke was so electrified by his horrid awakening that he completely lost his presence of mind



## "Part Panther or Something"

Then Duke, hastening to place himself upon the stone slab, raged at his enemy in safety; and presently the indomitable Gipsy could be heard from the darkness below, turning on his bass siren, threatening the water which enveloped him, returning Duke's profanity with interest, and cursing the general universe.

"You hush!" Penrod stormed, rushing at Duke. "You go 'way from here! You Duke!"

And Duke, after prostrating himself, decided that it would be a relief to obey and to consider his responsibilities in this matter at an end. He withdrew beyond a corner of the house, thinking deeply.

"Why'n't you let him bark at the ole cat?" Sam Williams inquired, sympathizing with the oppressed. "I guess you'd want to bark if a cat had been treatin' you the way this one did Duke."

"Well, we got to get this cat out o' here, haven't we?" Penrod demanded crossly.

"What fer?" asked Herman. "Mighty mean cat! If it was me, I let 'at ole cat drown."

"My goodness!" Penrod cried. "What you want to let it drown for? Anyways, we got to use this water in our house, haven't we? You don't s'pose people like to use water that's got a cat drowned in it, do you? It gets pumped up into the tank in the attic and goes all over the house, and I bet you wouldn't want to see your father and mother usin' water a cat was drowned in. I guess I don't want my father and moth——"

"Well, how *can* we get it out?" Sam asked, cutting short this virtuous oration. "It's swimmin' around down there," he continued, peering into the cistern, "and kind of roaring, and it must of dropped its fish-bone, 'cause it's spittin' just awful. I guess maybe it's mad 'cause it fell in there."

"I don't know how it's goin' to be got out," said Penrod, "but I know it's *got* to be got out, and that's all there is to it! I'm not goin' to have my father and mother——"

"Well, once," said Sam, "once when a kitten fell down *our* cistern, papa took a pair of his trousers, and he held 'em by the end of one leg, and let 'em hang down through the hole till the end of the other leg was in the water, and the kitten went and clawed hold of it, and he pulled it right up, easy as anything. Well, that's the way to do now, 'cause if a kitten could keep hold of a pair of trousers, I guess this ole cat could. It's the biggest cat I ever saw! All you got to do is to go and ast your mother for a pair of your father's trousers, and we'll have this ole cat out o' there in no time."

Penrod glanced toward the house perplexedly.


"She ain't home, and I'd be afraid to——"

"Well, take your own, then," Sam suggested briskly.

"You take 'em off in the stable, and wait in there, and I and Herman'll get the cat out."

Penrod had no enthusiasm for this plan, but he affected to consider it.

"Well, I don't know 'bout that," he said, and then, after gazing attentively into the cistern and making some eye-measurements of his knickerbockers,



Streaming and inconceivably gaunt, the ravening Gipsy appeared

he shook his head. "They'd be too short. They wouldn't be *near* long enough!"

"Then neither would mine," said Sam promptly.

"Herman's would," said Penrod.

"No, suh!" Herman had recently been promoted to long trousers, and he expressed a strong disinclination to fall in with Penrod's idea. "My mammy sit up late nights sewin' on 'ese britches fer me, makin' 'em outen of a pair o' pappy's, an' they mighty good britches. Ain' goin' have no wet cat climbin' up 'em! No, suh!"

Both boys began to walk toward him argumentatively, while he moved slowly backward, shaking his head and denying them.

"I don't keer how much you talk!" he said. "Mammy give my *ole* britches to Verman, an' 'ese here ones on'y britches I got now, an' I'm go' to keep 'em on me—not take 'em off an' let ole wet cat splash all over 'em. My mammy, she sewed 'em fer *me*, I reckon—din' sew 'em fer no cat!"

"Oh, *please*, come on, Herman!" Penrod begged pathetically. "You don't want to see the poor cat drown, do you?"

"Mighty mean cat!" said Herman. "Bet' let 'at ole pussy-cat 'lone whur it is."

"Why, it'll only take a minute," Sam urged. "You just wait inside the stable and you'll have 'em back on again before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"I ain't got no use to say no Jack Roberson," said Herman. "An' I ain' go' to han' over my britches fer *no* cat!"

"Listen here, Herman," Penrod began pleadingly: "You can watch us every minute through the crack in the stable door, can't you?"

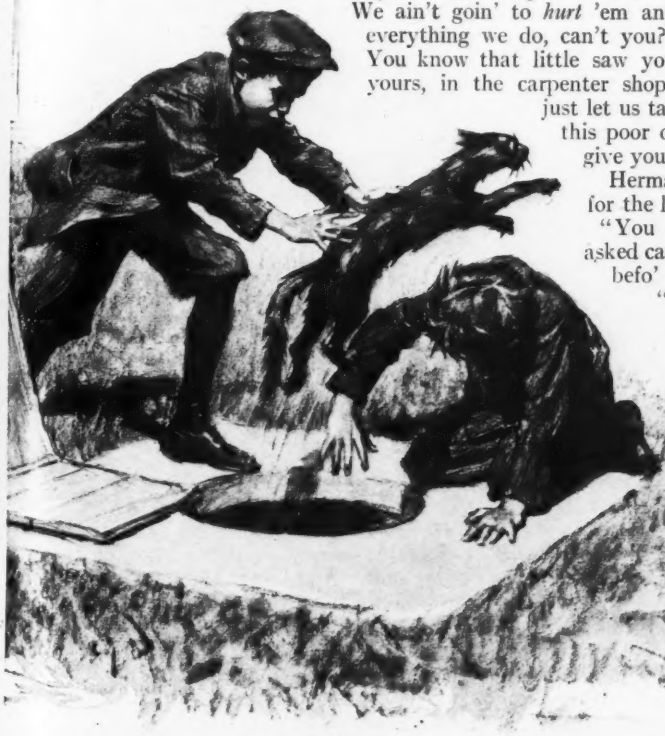
We ain't goin' to *hurt* 'em any, are we? You can see everything we do, can't you? Look at here, Herman: You know that little saw you said you wished it was yours, in the carpenter shop? Well, honest, if you'll just let us take your trousers till we get this poor ole cat out the cistern, I'll give you that little saw."

Herman was shaken; he yearned for the little saw.

"You gimme her to keep?" he asked cautiously. "You gimme her befo' I han' over my britches?"

"You'll see!" Penrod ran

into the stable, came back with the little saw, and placed it in Herman's hand. Herman could resist no longer, and two minutes later he stood in the necessary negligée within the shelter of the stable door, and watched, through the crack, the lowering of the surrendered



## "Part Panther or Something"

garment into the cistern. His gaze was anxious, and surely nothing could have been more natural, since the removal had exposed Herman's brown legs, and, although the weather was far from inclement, November is never quite the month for people to be out of doors entirely without leg-covering. Therefore, he marked with impatience that Sam and Penrod, after lowering the trousers part-way to the water, had withdrawn them and fallen into an argument.

"Name o' goo'ness!" Herman shouted. "I ain't got no time fer you all do so much talkin'. If you go' git 'at cat out, why'n't you *git* him?"

"Wait just a minute," Penrod called, and he came running to the stable, seized upon a large wooden box, which the carpenters had fitted with a lid and leather hinges, and returned with it clumsily to the cistern. "There!" he said. "That'll do to put it in. It won't get out o' that, I bet you!"

"Well, I'd like to know what you want to keep it for," Sam said peevishly, and, with the suggestion of a sneer, he added, "I s'pose you think somebody'll pay about a hundred dollars reward, or give us a medal or something, on account of a cat!"

"I don't, either!" Penrod protested hotly. "I know what I'm doin', I tell you."

"Well, what on earth —"

"I'll tell you some day, won't I?" Penrod cried. "I got my reasons for wantin' to keep this cat, and I'm goin' to keep it. *You* don't haf to ke —"

"Well, all right," said Sam shortly. "Anyways, it'll be dead if you don't hurry."

"It won't, either," Penrod returned, kneeling and peering down upon the dark water. "Listen to him! He's growlin' and spittin' away like anything. It takes a mighty fine blooded cat to be as fierce as that. I bet you most cats would 'a' given up and drowned long ago. The water's awful cold, and I expect he was perty surprised when he lit in it."

"Herman's makin' a fuss again," said Sam. "We better get the ole cat out o' there if we're goin' to."

"Well, this is the way we'll do," Penrod said authoritatively: "I'll let you hold the trousers, Sam. You lay down and keep hold of one leg, and let the other one hang down till its end is in the water. Then you

kind of swish it around till it's somewheres where the cat can grab hold of it, and soon as he does, you pull it up, and be mighty careful so it don't fall off. Then I'll ketch hold of it and stick it in the box and slam the lid down."

Rather pleased to be assigned to the trousers, Sam accordingly extended himself at full length upon the slab and proceeded to carry out Penrod's instructions. Meanwhile, Penrod, peering from above, inquired anxiously for information concerning this work of rescue.

"Can you see it, Sam? Why don't it ketch hold? What's it doin' now, Sam?"

"It's spittin' at Herman's trousers," said Sam. "My gracious, but it's a fierce cat! If it's mad all the time like this, you better not ever try to pet it much. Now it's kind o' sniffin' at the trousers. It acks to me as if it was goin' to ketch hold. Yes, it's stuck one claw in 'em— *Owl!*" Sam uttered a blood-curdling shriek and jerked convulsively. The next instant, streaming and inconceivably gaunt, the ravening Gipsy appeared with a final bound upon Sam's shoulder. It was not in Gipsy's character to be drawn up peaceably; he had ascended the trousers and Sam's arm without assistance and in his own way. Simultaneously—for this was a notable case of everything happening at once—there was a muffled, soggy splash, and the unfortunate Herman, smit with prophecy in his seclusion, uttered a dismal yell. Penrod laid hands upon Gipsy, and, after a struggle suggestive of sailors landing a man-eating shark, succeeded in getting him into the box, and sat upon the lid thereof.

Sam had leaped to his feet, empty-handed and vociferous.

"Ow, ow, *ouch!*" he shouted, as he rubbed his suffering arm and shoulder. Then, exasperated by Herman's lamentations, he called angrily: "Oh, what *I* care for your ole britches? I guess if you'd 'a' had a cat climb up *you*, you'd 'a' dropped 'em a hunderd times over!"

However, upon excruciating entreaty, he consented to explore the surface of the water with a clothes-prop, but reported that the luckless trousers had disappeared in the depths, Herman having forgotten to remove some "fishin' sinkers" from his pockets before making the fated loan.

Penrod was soothing a lacerated wrist in his mouth.

"That's a mighty fine blooded cat," he remarked. "I expect it'd got away from pretty near anybody, 'specially if they didn't know much about cats. Listen to him, in the box, Sam. I bet you never heard a cat growl as loud as that in your life. I shouldn't wonder it was part panther or something."

Sam began to feel more interest and less resentment.

"I tell you what we can do, Penrod," he said: "Let's take it in the stable and make the box into a cage. We can take off the hinges, and slide back the lid a little at a time, and nail some o' those laths over the front for bars."

"That's just exactly what I was goin' to say!" Penrod exclaimed. "I already thought o' that, Sam. Yessir, we'll make it just like a reg'lar circus-cage, and our good ole cat can look out from between the bars and growl. It'll come in pretty handy if we ever decide to have another show. Anyways, we'll have her in there, good and tight, where we can watch she don't get away. I got a mighty good reason to keep this cat, Sam. You'll see."

"Well, why don't you—" Sam was interrupted by a vehement appeal from the stable. "Oh, we're comin'!" he shouted. "We got to bring our cat in its cage, haven't we?"

"Listen, Herman," Penrod called absent-mindedly: "Bring us some bricks, or something awful heavy to put on the lid of our cage, so we can carry it without our good ole cat pushin' the lid open."

Herman explained with vehemence that it would not be right for him to leave the stable upon any errand until just restorations had been made. He spoke inimically of the cat, which had been the occasion of his loss, and he earnestly requested that operations with the clothes-prop be resumed in the cistern. Sam and Penrod declined, on the ground that this was absolutely proven to be of no avail, and Sam went to look for bricks.

These two boys were not unfeeling. They sympathized with Herman, but they regarded the trousers as a loss about which there was no use in making so much outcry. To them, it was part of an episode which ought to be closed. They had done their best, and Sam had not intended to drop the trousers; that was something which no one could have helped, and therefore no one

was to be blamed. What they were now interested in was the construction of a circus-cage for their good ole cat

"It's goin' to be a cage just exactly like circus-cages, Herman," Penrod said, as he and Sam set the box down on the stable floor. "You can help us nail the bars and—"

"I ain' studyin' 'bout no bars!" Herman interrupted fiercely. "What good you reckon nailin' bars go' do me if mammy holler fer me? You white boys sutn'y show me bad day. I try treat people nice, 'n'en they go th'ow my britches down cistern!"

"I did not!" Sam protested. "That ole cat just kicked 'em out o' my hand with its hind feet while its front ones were stickin' in my arm. I bet you'd of—"

"Blame it on cat!" Herman sneered. "'At's nice! Jes' looky here minute: Who'd I len' 'em britches to? D' I len' 'em britches to this here cat? No, suh; you know I didn't! You know well's any man I len' 'em britches to you—an' you tuck an' th'owed 'em down cistern!"

"Oh, please hush up about your old britches!" Penrod said plaintively. "I got to think how we're goin' to fix our cage up right, and you make so much noise I can't get my mind on it. Anyways, didn't I give you that little saw?"

"Li'l saw!" cried Herman, unmollified. "Yes; an' this here li'l saw go' do me lot o' good when I got to go home!"

"Why, it's only across the alley to your house, Herman!" said Sam. "That ain't anything at all to step over there, and you've got your little saw."

"Aw right! You jes' take off you' clo'es an' step 'cross the alley," said Herman bitterly. "I give you li'l saw to carry!"

Penrod had begun to work upon the cage.

"Now listen here, Herman," he said: "If you'll quit talkin' so much, and kind of get settled down or something, and help us fix a good cage for our panther, well, when mamma comes home about five o'clock, I'll go and tell her there's a poor boy got his britches burned up in a fire, and how he's waitin' out in the stable for some, and I'll tell her I promised him. Well, she'll give me a pair I wore for summer; honest she will, and you can put 'em on as quick as anything."

"There, Herman," said Sam; "now you're all right again!"

## "Part Panther or Something"

"Who all right?" Herman complained. "I like feel sump'm' roun' my laigs befo' no five o'clock!"

"Well, you're sure to get 'em then," Penrod promised. "It ain't winter yet, Herman. Come on and help saw these laths for the bars, Herman, and Sam and I'll nail 'em on. It ain't long till five o'clock, Herman, and then you'll just feel fine!"

Herman was not convinced, but he found himself at a disadvantage in the argument. The question at issue seemed a vital one to him—and yet his two opponents evidently considered it of minor importance. Obviously, they felt that the promise for five o'clock had settled the whole matter conclusively, but to Herman this did not appear to be the fact. However, he helplessly suffered himself to be cajoled back into carpentry, though he was extremely ill at ease and talked a great deal of his misfortune. He shivered and grumbled, and, by his passionate urgings, compelled Penrod to go into the house so many times to see what time it was by the kitchen clock that both his companions almost lost patience with him.

"There!" said Penrod, returning from performing this errand for the fourth time. "It's twenty minutes after three, and I'm not goin' in to look at that ole clock again if I hat to die for it! I never heard anybody make such a fuss in my life, and I'm gettin' tired of it. Must think we want to be all night fixin' this cage for our panther! If you ask me to go and see what time it is again, Herman, I'm a-goin' to take back about askin' mamma at five o'clock, and then where'll you be?"

"Well, it seem like mighty long aft'noon to me," Herman sighed. "I jes' like to know what time it is gettin' to be now!"

"Look out!" Penrod warned him. "You heard what I was just tellin' you about how I'd take back—"

"Nemmine," Herman said hurriedly. "I wasn't astin' you. I jes' sayin' sump'm' kind o' to myse'lf like."

"Well, then, hurry up and get those laths sawed. We want to fix a perty strong cage for this panther. It's gettin' fiercer every minute."

The completed cage, with Gipsy behind the bars, framed a spectacle sufficiently thrilling and pantherlike. Gipsy raved, "spat," struck virulently at taunting fingers, turned on his wailing siren for minutes

at a time, and he gave his imitation of a dromedary almost continuously. These phenomena could be intensified in picturesqueness, the boys discovered, by rocking the cage a little, tapping it with a hammer, or raking the bars with a stick. Altogether, Gipsy was having a lively afternoon.

There came a vigorous rapping on the alley door of the stable, and Verman, the younger brother of Herman, was admitted.

"Yay, Verman!" cried Sam Williams. "Come and look at our good ole panther!"

Another curiosity, however, claimed Verman's attention. His eyes opened wide, and he pointed at Herman's legs.

"Wha' ma' oo?" Verman was, unfortunately, tongue-tied. "Mammy hay oo hip ap hoe-woob."

"Mammy tell me git 'at stove-wood?" Herman interpreted resentfully. "How'm I go' git 'at stove-wood when my britches down bottom 'at cistern, I like you answer me, please? You shet 'at do' behime you!"

Verman complied, and again pointing to his brother's legs, requested to be enlightened.

"Ain' I tole you once they down bottom 'at cistern?" Herman shouted, much exasperated. "You wan' know how come so, you ast Sam Williams. He say this here cat tuck an' th'owed 'em down there!"

Sam, who was busy rocking the cage, remained cheerfully absorbed in that occupation.

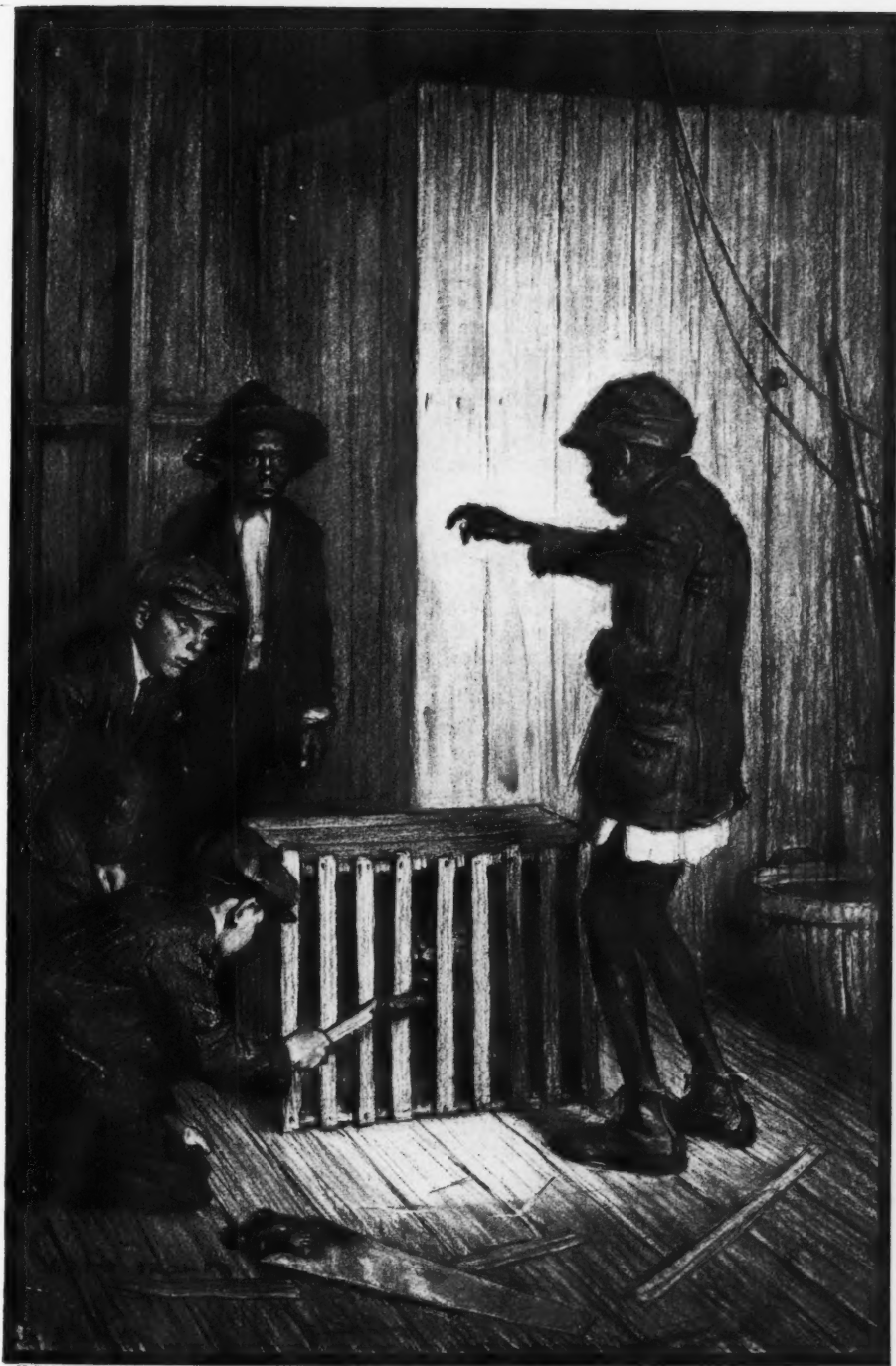
"Come look at our good ole panther, Verman," he called. "I'll get this circus-cage rockin' right good, an' then—"

"Wait a minute," said Penrod; "I got something I got to think about. Quit rockin' it! I guess I got a right to think about something without havin' to go deaf, haven't I?"

Having obtained the quiet so plaintively requested, he knit his brow and gazed intently upon Verman, then upon Herman, then upon Gipsy. Evidently his idea was fermenting. He broke the silence with a shout.

"I know, Sam! I know what we'll do now! I just thought of it, and it's goin' to be something I bet there aren't any other boys in this town could do, because where would they get any good ole panther like we got, and Herman and Verman? And they'd haf to have a dog, too—and we got our good ole Dukie, I guess. I bet we have





DRAWN BY NORTH BRAME

"How'm I go' git 'at stove-wood when my britches down bottom 'at cistern. I like you answer me, please?"

## "Part Panther or Something"

the greatest ole time this afternoon we ever had in our lives!"

His enthusiasm roused the warm interest of Sam and Verman, though Herman, remaining cold and suspicious, asked for details.

"An' I like to hear if it's sump'm," he concluded, "what's go' git me my britches back outen 'at cistern!"

"Well, it ain't exactly that," said Penrod. "It's different from that. What I'm thinkin' about, well, for us to have it the way it ought to be, so's you and Verman would look like natives—well, Verman ought to take off his britches, too."

"Mo!" said Verman, shaking his head violently. "Mo!"

"Well, wait a minute, can't you?" Sam Williams said. "Give Penrod a chance to say what he wants to, first, can't you? Go on, Penrod."

"Well, you know, Sam," said Penrod, turning to this sympathetic auditor; "you remember that movin'-pitcher show we went to, 'Fortygraphing Wild Animals in the Jungle.' Well, Herman wouldn't have to do a thing more to look like those natives we saw that the man called the 'beaters.' They were dressed just about like the way he is now, and if Verman——"

"Mo!" said Verman.

"Oh, wait a minute, Verman!" Sam entreated. "Go on, Penrod."

"Well, we can make a mighty good jungle up in the loft," Penrod continued eagerly. "We can take that ole dead tree that's out in the alley and some branches, and I bet we could have the best jungle you ever saw. And then we'd fix up a kind of place in there for our panther, only, of course, we'd haf to keep him in the cage so's he wouldn't run away, but we'd pretend he was loose. And then you remember how they did with that calf? Well, we'd have Duke for the tied-up calf for the panther to come out and jump on, so they could fortygraph him. Herman can be the chief beater, and we'll let Verman be the other beaters, and I'll——"

"Yay!" shouted Sam Williams. "I'll be the fortygraph man!"

"No," said Penrod; "you be the one with the gun that guards the fortygraph man, because I'm the fortygraph man already. You can fix up a mighty good gun with this carpenter shop, Sam. We'll make spears for our good ole beaters, too, and I'm goin'

to make me a camera out o' that little starch-box and a bakin'-powder can that's goin' to be a mighty good ole camera. We can do lots more things——"

"Yay!" Sam cried. "Let's get started!" He paused. "Wait a minute, Penrod. Verman says he won't——"

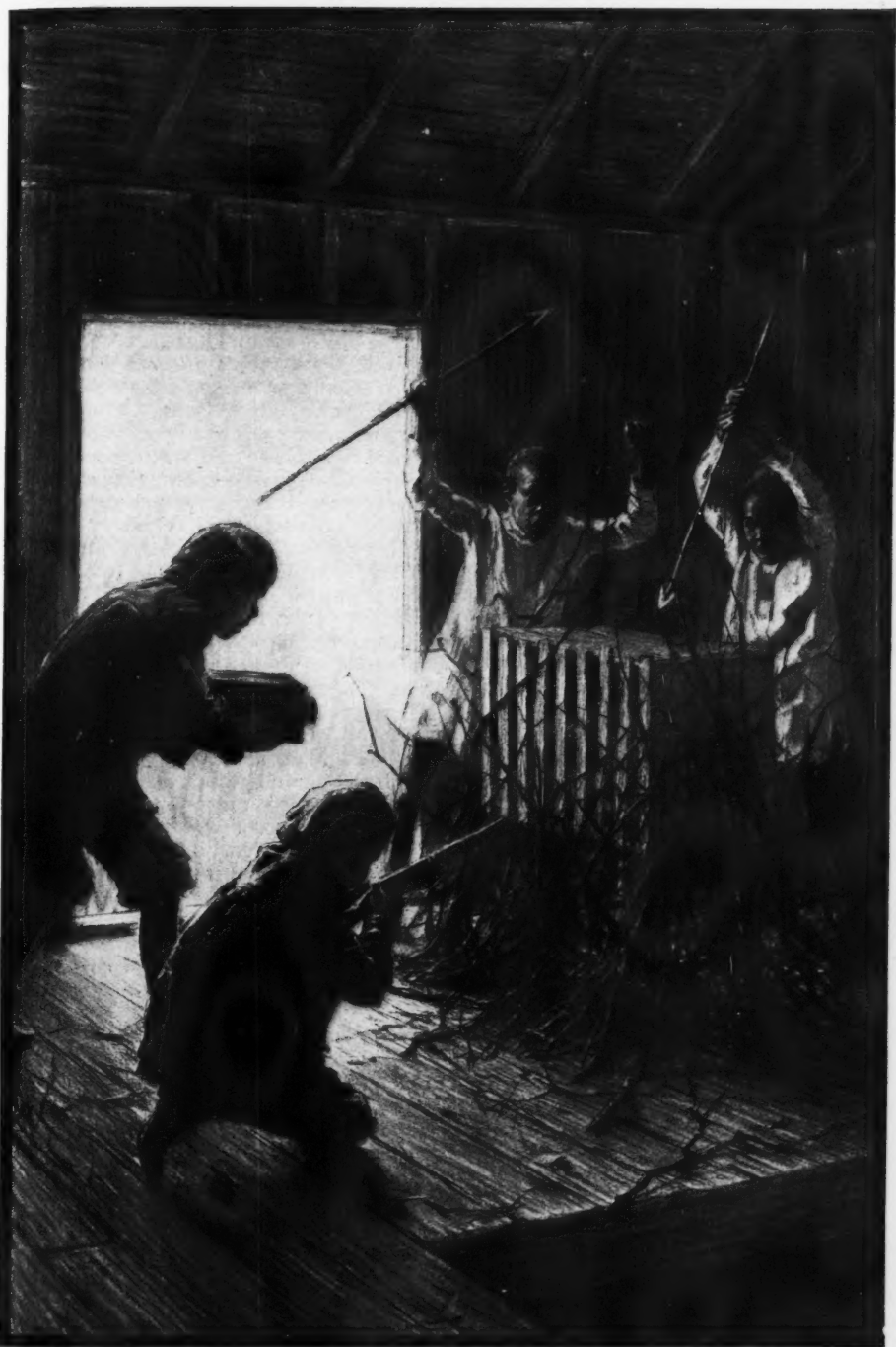
"Well, he's got to!" said Penrod.

"I momp!" Verman insisted, almost distinctly.

They began to argue with him, but, for a time, Verman remained firm. They upheld the value of dramatic consistency, declaring that a beater dressed so completely as he was "wouldn't look like anything at all." He would "spoil the whole bizness," they said, and they praised Herman for the faithful accuracy of his costume. They also insisted that the garment in question was much too large for Verman, anyway, having been so recently worn by Herman and turned over to Verman with insufficient alteration, and they expressed surprise that "anybody with any sense" should make such a point of clinging to a misfit.

Herman sided against his brother in this controversy, perhaps because a certain loneliness, of which he was conscious, might be assuaged by the company of another trouserless person—or it may be that his motive was more somber. Possibly he remembered that Verman's trousers were his own former property and might fit him in case the promise for five o'clock turned out badly. At all events, Verman finally yielded under great pressure, and consented to appear in the proper costume of the multitude of beaters it now became his duty to personify.

Shouting, the boys dispersed to begin the preparation of their jungle scene. Sam and Penrod went for branches and the dead tree, while Herman and Verman carried the panther in his cage to the loft, where the first thing that Verman did was to hang his trousers on a nail in a conspicuous and accessible spot near the doorway. And with the arrival of Penrod and Sam, panting and dragging no inconsiderable thicket after them, the colored brethren began to take a livelier interest in things. Indeed, when Penrod, a little later, placed in their hands two spears, pointed with tin, their good spirits were entirely restored, and they even began to take a pride in being properly unclothed beaters.



DIAMOND BY SOUTH BROOM

"Bing! Bing!" shouted Sam, leveling his gun at the cage, while Herman and Verman hammered upon it, and Gipsy cursed boys, the world, and the day he was born

## "Part Panther or Something"

Sam's gun and Penrod's camera were entirely satisfactory, especially the latter. The camera was so attractive, in fact, that the hunter and the chief beater and all the other beaters immediately resigned and insisted upon being photographers. Each had to be given a "turn" before the jungle project could be resumed.

"Now, for goodness' sakes," said Penrod, taking the camera from Verman the last, "I hope you're done, so we can get started doin' something like we ought to! We got to have Duke for a tied-up calf. We'll have to bring him and tie him out here in front the jungle, and then the panther'll come out and jump on him. Wait and I'll go bring him."

Departing upon this errand, Penrod found Duke enjoying the declining rays of the sun in the front yard.

"Hyuh, Duke!" called his master, in an indulgent tone. "Come on, good ole Dukie! Come along!" And Duke rose conscientiously and followed him. "I got him, men!" Penrod called from the stairway. "I got our good ole calf all ready to be tied up. Here he is!" And he appeared in the doorway with the unsuspecting little dog beside him.

Gipsy, who had been silent for some moments, instantly raised his banshee battlecry, and Duke yelped in horror. Penrod made every effort to hold him, but Duke was not to be detained. Unnatural strength and activity came to him in his delirium, and, for the second or two that the struggle lasted, his movements were too rapid for the eyes of the spectators to follow—merely a whirl and blur in the air could be seen. Then followed a sound of violent scrambling—and Penrod sprawled alone at the top of the stairs.

"Well, whyn't you come and help me?" he demanded indignantly. "I couldn't get him back now if I was to try a million years!"

"What we goin' to do about it?" Sam asked. Penrod rose and dusted his knees.

"We got to get along without any tied-up calf—that's certain! But, I got to take those fortygraphs *some* way or other!"

"Me an' Verman aw ready begin 'at beatin'," Herman suggested. "You tole us we the beaters."

"Well, wait a minute," said Penrod, whose feeling for realism in drama was always alert. "I want to get a mighty good

pitcher o' that ole panther this time." As he spoke, he threw open the wide door intended for the delivery of hay into the loft from the alley below. "Now, bring the cage over here by this door so's I can get a better light; it's gettin' kind of dark over where the jungle is. We'll pretend there isn't any cage there, and soon as I get him fortygraphed, I'll holler, 'Shoot, men!' Then you must shoot, Sam—and Herman, you and Verman must hammer on the cage with your spears, and holler: 'Hoo! Hoo!' and pretend you're spearin' him."

"Well, we aw ready?" said Herman. "Hoo! Hoo!"

"Wait a minute," Penrod interposed, frowningly surveying the cage. "I got to squat too much to get my camera fixed right." He assumed various solemn poses, to be interpreted as those of a photographer studying his subject. "No," he said, finally; "it won't take good that way."

"My goo'ness!" Herman exclaimed. "When we goin' begin 'at beatin'?"

"Here!" Apparently Penrod had solved a weighty problem. "Bring that busted ole kitchen chair, and set the panther up on it. There! *That's* the ticket! This way, it'll make a mighty good pitcher!" He turned to Sam importantly. "Well, Jim, is the chief and all his beaters here?"

"Yes, Bill; all here," Sam responded, with an air of loyalty.

"Well, then, I guess we're ready," said Penrod, in his deepest voice. "Beat, men."

Herman and Verman were anxious to beat. They set up the loudest uproar of which they were capable. "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" they bellowed, flailing the branches with their spears and stamping heavily upon the floor. Sam, carried away by the *elan* of the performance, was unable to resist joining them. "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" he shouted. "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" And as the dust rose from the floor to their stamping, the three of them produced such a din and hoo-hooing as could be made by nothing on earth except boys.

"Back, men!" Penrod called, raising his voice to the utmost. "Back for your lives. The *pa-a-anther!* Now I'm takin' his pitcher. Click, click! Shoot, men; shoot!"

"Bing! Bing!" shouted Sam, leveling his gun at the cage, while Herman and Verman hammered upon it, and Gipsy cursed boys, the world, and the day he was born. "Bing! Bing! Bing!"

"You missed him!" screamed Penrod. "Give me that gun!" And snatching it from Sam's unwilling hand, he leveled it at the cage.

"BING!" he roared.

Simultaneously there was the sound of another report, but this was an actual one and may best be symbolized by the statement that it was a whack. The recipient was Herman, and, outrageously surprised and pained, he turned to find himself face to face with a heavily-built colored woman who had recently ascended the stairs and approached the preoccupied hunters from the rear. In her hand was a lath, and, even as Herman turned, it was again wielded, this time upon Verman.

"Mammy!"

"Yes; you bettuh holler, 'Mammy!'" she panted. "My goo'ness, if yo' pappy don' lam you to-night! Ain' you got no mo' sense 'an to let white boys 'suade you play you Affikin heathums? Whah you britches?"

"Yonnuh Verman's," quavered Herman.

"Whah y'own?"

Even in this crisis, Herman would not implicate a comrade. Choking, he answered bravely,

"At ole cat tuck an' th'owed 'em down cistern!"

Whack!

Exasperated almost beyond endurance, she lifted the lath again. But unfortunately, in order to obtain a better field of action, she moved backward a little, coming in contact with the bars of the cage, a circumstance which she overlooked. More unfortunately still, the longing of the captive to express his feelings was such that he would have welcomed the opportunity to attack an elephant. He had been striking and scratching at inanimate things and at boys out of reach for the past hour, but here at last was his opportunity. He made the most of it.

"I learn you tell me cat th'owed—ooooh!"

The colored woman leaped into the air

like an athlete, and, turning with a swift-ness astounding in one of her weight, beheld the semaphoric arm of Gipsy again extended between the bars and hopefully reaching for her. Beside herself, she lifted her right foot briskly from the ground, and allowed the sole of her shoe to come in contact with Gipsy's cage.

The cage moved from the tottering chair beneath it. It passed through the yawning hay-door and fell resoundingly to the alley below, where—as Penrod and Sam, with cries of dismay, rushed to the door and looked down—it burst asunder and disgorged a large, bruised, and chastened cat. Gipsy paused and bent one strange look upon the broken box. Then he shook his head and departed up the alley, the two boys watching him till he was out of sight.

Before they turned, a harrowing procession issued from the carriage-house doors beneath them. Herman came first, hurriedly completing a temporary security in Verman's trousers. Verman followed, after a little reluctance, which departed coincidentally with a sharp, fleshly sound and some inspiring words from the rear. He crossed the alley hastily, and his mammy stalked behind, using constant eloquence and a frequent lath. They went into the small house across the way and closed the door.

Then Sam turned to Penrod.

"Penrod," he said thoughtfully, "was it on account of fortygraphing in the jungle you wanted to keep that cat?"

"No; that was a mighty fine blooded cat. We'd of made some money."

Sam jeered.

"You mean when we'd sell tickets to look at it in its cage?"

Penrod shook his head, and if Gipsy could have overheard and understood his reply, that atrabilious spirit, almost broken by the events of the day, might have considered this last blow the most overwhelming of all.

"No," said Penrod; "when she had kittens."

The next *Penrod* story will be *The Heart of Marjorie Jones*.

Edna Ferber's next Emma McChesney story,  
*An Etude for Emma*,  
will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He was quite purple, and incoherent in his speech.

(The Twin Sisters)

# The Twin Sisters

A PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

By Justus Miles Forman

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

**SYNOPSIS**—An accidental meeting on the Lake of Como, in the summer of 1913, brings Charters Wayne, of New York, face to face with his wife who separated from him twelve years before and is now known as Mrs. Martin-Wayne. Wayne, a man of much social charm but, as he expresses it, a "lightweight," had not measured up to the ideals of his wife's serious mind, and hence the rupture of the marriage bond. There are twin daughters—Diana, who is with her father, and Alice, who is with her mother. Diana, brought up in New York under the chaperonage of an old family friend, Vera Morris, Marchesa del Monte Bruno, is a typical American girl of the period—frank, straightforward, energetic, fond of sport, and perhaps a little unconventional. Alice has spent the twelve years with her mother in Europe, mostly in Italy, and shows the effects of the restraint put upon girlhood by Continental custom and tradition.

Upon Wayne's suggestion and invitation, a family dinner-party is arranged at Cadenabbia. The Martin-Waynes bring with them Lord Henry Borrold, a younger but middle-aged son of the Duke of Cheswick, who had known the Waynes in America before the split, and who is now in love with Alice. Diana has an ardent admirer, an Italian count, Gianlodovico Pola, who is also of the party. During the meal, an index of Alice's real nature comes out in the unintentional exposure of a piece of petty deceit she has practised on Lord Henry by appropriating to herself an incident in her sister's early life with which he was connected. Before the Martin-Waynes return to Bellagio, the mother tells Diana that she has had a talk with her husband and it may not be twelve years before they meet again. Later in the evening, Diana accepts an invitation from Pola for a turn in his fast motor-boat. He proposes marriage, and the girl rejects the offer. Pola then orders the engineer to head for a distant point on the lake. Diana, in a sharp voice, asks what this means. He tells her that it means the end of the world, and that it will do her no good to scream, for there is no one near to hear.

**D**IANA stared at Pola in a kind of paralysis of amazement. He was behaving, she thought, exactly like somebody in a preposterous dream. Such things only happened in dreams and plays and books of melodrama. Then she heard the explosions of the motor run up suddenly in frequency until they were like a kind of purr, and she heard the wash of water under the boat's bow. She cried out to the engineer,

"Stop, I tell you; stop at once!" and turned to run aft toward the engine-pit, but Conte Pola caught her and threw his arms about her and held her fast.

He was talking, talking endlessly—a kind of fierce pleading intermingled with a sound like sobs, but his words conveyed no sense to her.

She had got both her hands up between them against the man's breast, and she was pushing with all her might.

It seemed to her that they struggled there, rocking back and forth, for a quite prodigious length of time. At first, she was so startled and dismayed that she was quite ineffective, and Pola held her easily; but, moment by moment, she began to realize what all this meant to her—that she was

actually and literally fighting for her life, and she steadied down.

She began to realize that she was as strong as the man was, that they were on equal terms, and, with that, a half-savage glow of pride and excitement and exultation shot all through her like a tingling charge from an electric battery. She felt the joy of physical combat and thrilled with it from head to foot. She had a shameless wish that it might go on for a long time. But it didn't.

The trouble was with Conte Pola. He struggled desperately, but without courage and without conviction. He could talk boldly enough about the end of the world; he could even try to bring it about, but he didn't really believe in it. His arms, under that steady pressure, shifted an inch, and he was lost. Diana slipped her strong little hands up to his throat, drew him toward her, and suddenly bent him back. He had to let go or permit his spine to be broken in two, so he let go.

As he fell, the girl turned without a word and ran aft toward the engine-pit. The little battle had, after all, been but a matter of a few seconds, and the motor-boat had gone only a short way. The engineer had left two wine-bottles and a large piece of black bread out on the cushioned

## The Twin Sisters

seats alongside his cockpit. Diana caught up one of the bottles and hurled it with all her strength down into the exposed machinery at her feet.

There was a single, loud, rending crash, an outraged shriek from the engineer, and the boat was still. Diana looked astern, and the *barca* whose bows they had crossed was not more than thirty yards away. She hailed it, calling for assistance, and the men in the *barca* answered and turned their craft toward the crippled launch.

Gian'vico Pola came stumbling aft, but the girl held out her hand to check him. The engineer was burrowing like a squirrel in his smashed machinery.

"If you come any nearer," she said, "or if you try to touch me, I will jump overboard. I mean that. So stay where you are. You've failed. Now abide by your failure!"

"For God's sake, Diana!" he cried, stretching out his arms to her. "For God's sake, listen to me!"

But she turned her back and began talking to the men in the approaching *barca*.

"Please be so good as to take me off and land me at Lenno. There has been an accident to our machinery. No; these two *signori* will stay on board to make repairs."

The men in the *barca*, market-people evidently, for their craft was laden with vegetables, were very polite and eager to be of service. They offered to tow the motorboat in to the landing, but Diana said that wouldn't be necessary, and so they took her aboard and pushed off.

She looked back when they had gone a little way, and Conte Pola stood upright in the stern of his boat—she saw him quite plainly in the moonlight—his head bent, his arms hanging beside him, watching her. And over the widening space of water there came, shrill and distinct, the despairing blasphemies of the engineer on his knees before his wrecked motor.

The *barca* landed her alongside the little Hotel Regina where she had been, once or twice, with her father, for tea. She found the manager at the door, explained that she had come ashore from a disabled motorboat, and asked if she could obtain a carriage to take her the two miles to Cadenabbia.

There would be, it appeared, some delay in getting a carriage—perhaps an hour—

but a gentleman from Como who was dining in the garden with his family had a motorcar waiting in the road above. The manager went away to inquire if it could be borrowed, and the car's owner presently appeared, a short, pleasant Milanese with a gray beard, who professed himself delighted at the opportunity of serving the lady, and himself conducted her, without removing the table-napkin from about his neck, up to the road to instruct the waiting chauffeur.

So, by this fortunate accident, Diana stepped out of a stranger's motor-car in front of the Bellevue not more than half an hour after she had gone on board Gianlovico Pola's boat. Her father was there in the road, waiting and a little inclined to be cross.

"I looked about for you," he complained, "and you weren't to be found. Young Pola's boat was gone and, by Jove, I began to think you'd gone with it! Whose car is that, and what, may I ask, are you doing in it?"

Diana had been having ten minutes of sharp reaction and something like hysteria alone in that car between Lenno and Cadenabbia. She found, on standing, that her knees were not quite as steady as they might be, and she gave a little shaking laugh.

"Please give this chauffeur ten lire!" she said, "and then come up to my sitting-room. I've been having the very devil of a time, and I want to tell you about it."

So they went up-stairs, and Diana sat down on her feet in a comfortable chair and laughed rather wildly, and afterward shivered a little, and told her father all about it.

As the narrative progressed, Charters Wayne, walking up and down the room but stopping occasionally to stare, began to make noises exactly like a very old, rusty boiler when some one has tried to get steam up in it and it hisses and gurgles and clanks and groans and begins to burst, but changes its mind and doesn't, and generally goes on like anything—until, near the end, he was quite purple, and incoherent in his speech, and wanted to get the hotel launch out and dash down to the Bay of Lenno, and, with his own hands, hold that damned young Italian dancing-master under the waters of the Lake of Como until he was jolly well drowned.

But Diana, with some scorn, said he should do no such silly thing.

"The poor little maniac is being properly punished, I assure you. In the first place, he tried to do a pretty big thing, for kidnapping young women and carrying them off to a lonely house and compromising them so that they've got to marry you (or you think they have)—that's no joke, we must admit. Well, he failed. He didn't get what he wanted. In the second place, he was shamefully beaten by a woman in a physical fight. In the third place, he had his motorboat pretty well wrecked. And, in the fourth place, he won't dare come to New York next winter, which he wants very much to do." She shook her head. "Oh, I'm not thinking about Gian'vico Pola any more. He's out of it. He just made a bad mistake. He saw a kind of vision of himself as a medieval prince carrying off a neighboring princess to his tower. He thought it would be a fine and desperate thing to do—a gigantic gamble with fate—defying the whole world for the woman he wanted—all that kind of thing. He just wasn't big enough. Perhaps somebody would have done it, and, if he thought best, killed us both the next day. But not Vico Pola. So I don't mind any more about it. What I'm rather shivering about is—me."

"What's wrong with *you*?" her father growled, with his purple face turning anxious.

She got up for some obscure reason and went and clung to him.

"Well, you know—it's a rather shameful thing to confess—you know, when he went for me and tried to hold me, and we had that catch-as-catch-can fight in his boat, I wasn't terrified and disgusted and desperate, as any decent woman would have been. I was, after the first moment, delighted. I was furiously excited and happy. I've never been anything like so happy in all my life. I think I must have gone quite mad. I remember wishing that Vico Pola might have been somebody about twenty times more worth fighting with, and then I should have fought twenty times harder, and killed him if I could, and if he beat me I should have taken the consequences and been overjoyed. For about a minute, you see, I was an absolute savage—a primeval savage. I wanted to bite and scream and sing—and that's a horrid thing to have found in yourself, isn't it? I'm frightfully sick about it. It turns me quite cold all over."

Her father patted her shoulder and laughed a little.

"That blackguard got you angry, thoroughly angry, for the first time in your life—that's all. People always feel savage when they have to fight for an important stake."

"Do they?" she asked, looking up. "Was it only that? Oh dear; it feels a great deal more, and I'm rather sick and terrified. Do you know, I wish my mother were here. It's the first time I've ever really wanted my mother. I want her to cry on, and no one else will quite do."

Wayne put his hands in his pockets and began to look very distressed and sorrowful and weebegone until Diana saw his face and laughed.

"I know," he said miserably; "I know. It's beastly hard luck, and no mistake, your having no mother all these years. God knows I've regretted it!"

"I've had Vera Monte Bruno," she said smiling.

"Yes; thank God! But that's not quite—not exactly the same thing. Not even Vera." And she nodded.

"Not even Vera. Well—oh, by the way, what did she mean—what did my mother mean by saying that you and she had been having a serious talk and that it mightn't be twelve years before we met again?" She turned abruptly with a rather frightened air. "She's not coming back to you?"

"Oh, no," Wayne said hastily; "no—nothing like that at all. But it appears she has wanted for a long time to have a winter in New York. We talked it over and decided that there was no particular reason she shouldn't come there. She'll live at one of those quiet hotels, I should think. And it is possible—just possible—that she'll let Alice come to us for a bit now and then. You'd be glad of that, I take it—having Alice with you?"

Diana said, "Yes," after a little pause, and her father looked at her in some surprise.

"You don't sound exactly overjoyed."

"I know," she said. "I was thinking of something—too long a story to go into. I shall be glad, though, even if I didn't sound so. After all, we're sisters, Alice and I—twin sisters. We ought to be together, and if we can be next winter I, for one, shall be very glad indeed. It will be splendid." She turned to one of the windows, which

## The Twin Sisters

gave on a little balcony, and stood there a moment looking out over the moonlit lake. "It occurs to me to wonder," she said presently, "if twins are supposed to be alike inside as well as outside. Do you happen to know?"

"Not I!" declared her father, shaking his head. "You'll have to go to one of those scientific Johnnies for that. I gather you're thinking of yourself and Alice?"

"Yes; we're physically very alike, except in color. I wonder if we're alike mentally, too."

"Well," Wayne said, "you're very likely to find out before next winter is over. That's all I can say." And as his daughter seemed to be buried rather deep in thought and a little gloomy about it, he kissed her presently on one ear and went off saying he hoped she would put that damned Italian out of her head for good and all and go to bed.

Diana promised absently that she would. But whether the damned Italian was definitely *congediè* or not, she failed at once to keep the other half of her promise, for she went out on her little balcony and leaned upon the rail there and stood for a long time gazing upon that great silver path of moonlight that barred the inky lake.

## V

WHEN Charters Wayne relinquished single blessedness, somewhat more than twenty years before the time of this story, it used to be said, by unkind people, that Angela van Torp had taken him, against his inclination, away from Vera Morris, who was the great beauty of that day in New York, and had married him before he knew what he was about.

There may have been more exaggeration than truth in this, for Miss van Torp was not popular and Vera Morris was, and the betting, as it were, had been all the other way. But it is certain that the engagement was sudden, unexpected, and brief, and that the happy young gentleman wore throughout it an air of slight and rather pathetic bewilderment.

Vera Morris was not present at the wedding. She had gone abroad with her mother and she remained there, in London and Paris and Rome, for six years without once returning to the land of her birth. And when she did come back, it was in

widow's weeds, for she had married a Roman, the Marchese del Monte Bruno, a middle-aged man of great charm and gentleness and understanding, an invalid who lived only a few months after their marriage.

The *marchesa* was still a young woman when she returned to New York—only five and twenty, and she had lost none of her beauty. It might really have been expected that, after a decent interval, she would marry again, but she didn't. She quietly took up her old life in the house in Thirty-sixth Street, at first with her mother, and after that good lady's death, alone.

She entertained and she went out. She had a large circle of friends who thought her the most beautiful and the most charming creature alive, and a small circle of intimates who thought her a saint. There must have been, first and last, a good many men who dreamed their dreams and cherished their faint hopes of her, but no one of them, so far as was generally known, got any encouragement whatever, or thought himself ill used, or went away with bitterness in his heart.

And so, in time, she came to occupy a truly unique position in the social life of New York, this solitary, beautiful, and rather brilliant woman whom everyone loved and revered, to whom quantities of people brought their problems and their troubles, and about whom there was never the slightest breath of gossip or criticism. She stood apart from other people. She became a kind of tradition while she yet lived.

The close intimacy which she brought about between herself and young Diana Wayne must have seemed to her, in its early stages at least, a somewhat difficult thing to manage. She must have known that there was great danger of its reviving an old story and subjecting her to the kind of gossip which she detested and which she had hitherto so successfully avoided. It was a risk, without doubt, and she must have wanted the friendship of that motherless girl very much indeed to be willing to run the risk.

In any case, she ran it, and Diana, from the time she was fourteen or fifteen, was as much in the house in Thirty-sixth Street as she was in her own home, and regarded Vera Monte Bruno as infallibly good and wise—a kind of sublimated mother and sister and



confidential friend, all combined in one delightful person.

They were together, in Thirty-sixth Street, on the afternoon of Diana's arrival back in New York—the last day of October. Vera Monte Bruno had been at Newport until mid-September, then, for a few weeks at a house she had in the Berkshire Hills, and was looking very brown and strong and well.

Diana said so, and the elder woman held her out at arm's length for examination.

"You're not what I should call wan yourself, my dear. You look vigorous enough to fight for your life if you had to."

And at that the girl frowned and laughed together.

"Well, I had to, once, early in the summer. The most absurd thing—I'll tell you about it later. Do you know—did it ever occur to you, Vera, that you and I look very much alike? We might be——"

"Mother and daughter?"

"No; the idea! Sisters. Come and look!"

They turned to a near-by glass, standing side by side, and there certainly was something in what Diana had said. They were both dark and tall and straight, and the general contour of their faces was not unlike. At the detail, the resemblance stopped, for their features were quite different.

Diana's nose, for example, was of the classical Greek type and the *marchesa's* was Roman. Diana's eyes were dark brown and the elder woman's were slate-colored. Also, the girl had a great deal of red in her cheeks, but Vera Monte Bruno's skin was of an even pallor except where it had been burned brown by the sun and wind. Perhaps it was something extraphysical that made the two seem so much more alike than they actually were—or, if not altogether extraphysical, a thing very difficult to express in physical terms.

The elder woman seemed to be trying to get it into words.

"I think it's because we're, in a way, the same kind of creature. We're very alike *inside*, if you see what I mean. I'm an old woman and you're a mere infant, but we're—well, spiritual sisters. Only that sounds rather silly. We think alike about a great many things. And we're both very straightforward and honest and direct and rather generous and hate lies and unfairness and—

old-fashioned women." She broke off with a sudden laugh. "I seem to be recommending myself rather highly, don't I?"

"Well, you're recommending me, too," Diana said soberly; "so I can't complain. Besides, it's all quite true. Only you haven't told all the truth. It's you who have made me all those things—if I really am. It's you who made me hate cowardice and furtive ways and being a cat and all that kind of thing. There was a man on that yacht of the Morleighs' who was very much irritated about me. He said if women were going to begin to be honest and straightforward and fair, just like decent men, he'd have to unlearn all he knew about how to behave to them (which was rather a lot) and begin again from the beginning, and he was too old for that. And the disgusting part of it was that, although he pretended to be laughing, he was half serious. And so would most men be. They really prefer the Angora type. And yet, they like *you*, you know. Like you? I should think they did! They adore you—all kinds and degrees and colors and ages."

The *marchesa* shook her head.

"Me? Oh, in a way, I'm an exception to the rules. I'm a kind of institution, not exactly a woman. They know I'm out of the running—not in the matrimonial market." She looked at the young girl thoughtfully. "You are, though. Have I made a mistake with you, I wonder? Have I taught you to be too decent and honest and aboveboard? Have I made you the sort that men are afraid of?"

Diana smiled across at her.

"Though not wishing to seem boastful," she said, with a kind of burlesqued humility, "I must tell you that there have been certain brave souls who seemed to want me, despite my horrid ways. Four different hearts and hands have I been forced to decline during the summer. Four! And one of them with some violence. So, despite my uncomfortable qualities, it looks as if I might escape dying an old maid—that is, if there are more where the four came from." She turned away and began to move about the room, touching things here and there, without any apparent motive.

It was a bright and beautiful room. But then, the whole house was very beautiful, even for New York, where, within the last two decades, so many handsome houses in the French or Italian styles have sprung up.

## The Twin Sisters

The *marchesa*, after her mother's death, had had the entire interior remodeled and had filled the place with Italian furniture and hangings and pictures, mostly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, though the tapestries and many of the pictures were of a much earlier era. The room that Diana was prowling aimlessly about was an up-stairs room that faced the east and gave upon Park Avenue, for the house was a corner house. It was not quite indiscreet enough in aspect to be called a "boudoir," but only Vera's very intimate women friends were ever admitted there. And it was furnished in that fashion known as Venetian Empire, with a really splendid Longhi let into the chimney-breast over the mantel, and walls paneled with blackened old mirrors, and a ceiling-decoration of clouds and *putti* broken up by modeled plaster moldings.

"As a matter of fact," Diana said, "there is another man who has followed me to New York. Rather a nice one, I think." She went to one of the windows and stood there a moment between the curtains, looking out. "Oh dear; I've encouraged an organ-grinder, and now he's going to play! I dare say he's been told that this is an Italian house, you know. Or he may be a beau of Concetta's who has followed her from Rome, just like my beau. Only mine followed me from Paris, instead— Where's my purse? Oh, yes, in my muff. May I open your window a moment, Vera? Having led a man on, one must do *something* about him, I suppose—even if it's only a quarter of a dollar. And here's a lira in with the other money. Do you think my musical friend would like a lira, too, to remind him of home, or will he think I'm trying to pass counterfeit on him—if that's the word?"

She threw out the lira after the quarter of a dollar and began presently to laugh.

"The duck! He's delighted. He's kissing his hand to me. I suppose some one will change the lira for him, don't you? Or else he'll send it over to Napoli to bring his family out on."

"Stop chattering," said Vera Monte Bruno from the *chaise longue*, whither she had retired, "and come and talk about your new beau, as you're dying to do. Who is he, and what does he look like, and do you think you're going to marry him? Sit down."

But Diana seemed not to want to sit

down. She went once more across to one of the windows and stood there, looking out.

"Oh, yes, my beau! Well—he's rather nice, I think. He's *different*, anyhow—I mean he's not a bit like the other men one knows. It would be"—she broke into a little smothered laugh—"it would be easy to make him sound very ridiculous by caricaturing him just a little bit. You see, he is one of those men who used to abound in the fiction written by women—one of those big young men from the West who wear odd frock coats and soft black hats, and talk about 'God's country,' and are always walking in the street with their hat in their hand instead of on their head, and forever opening windows when they're indoors. And I think they'd like to call you 'little woman.'"

"Oh dear me!" said Vera Monte Bruno.

"Yes, yes; I know—it sounds rather trying. But you see—he's *nice*. He's rather like all that, but he's nice—and simple and good and strong. He's very handsome, too. At least I fancy most people would think so.

"We met him in Venice after father and I had joined the Morleighs' yacht. He came on board one day with a letter to Jack Morleigh from some Englishman, a pal of Jack's whom he had known out in Wyoming. I *think* it's Wyoming. I must say he looked a little odd, for he had dressed himself up in that dreadful frock coat and soft hat to make a kind of visit of ceremony. We others laughed when we saw him, but Jack liked him from the beginning. Jack said it was a great comfort to find that there are still *men* in the world. And he certainly is that, Mr. Quintus P. Brown. He certainly is a man."

"I beg your pardon," said Vera Monte Bruno, in a slightly shocked tone; "I can't have heard you. What did you call your friend?"

"Mr. Quintus P. Brown. Oh, yes; you may laugh! But you won't laugh when you see him. He's not by any means to be despised just because he has a comic name. You see, he was looking for his sister who had run away with a dreadful person she'd somehow met when she was at school here in New York—a Pole called Zamoyski. Of course the Pole behaved badly after the marriage, and the girl wrote to her brother to say she was miserable, and then she wrote again to say she wasn't—she seems to be



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He said, "Thank God for the sight of you again!" And Vera answered, "Why, for that matter, I was thanking God, too, Jim, in my quiet way"

rather a weak sister, doesn't she?—and then she stopped writing altogether. So Quintus P. went to Paris to have it out with the Pole, but the two had disappeared; and when we encountered him in Venice, he had been for six weeks pursuing them about Europe on one clue or another—the clues chiefly furnished by a rascally courier he had picked up in Paris, a man who claimed to have known Zamoyski.

"Jack Morleigh had this creature, the courier, before him on the deck of the yacht and very soon found out that he was an absolute rogue. Poor Quintus Brown was rather pathetic about it. He's a shrewd man, I'm sure, on his own ground, but Europe had so cowed him that he had simply been led by the nose by this wretch of a courier, and when he realized how he'd been led, he almost wept with rage and mortification. I began to like him, then and there—he was so boyish and ashamed and angry, and so grateful to Jack Morleigh.

"Well, we saw him pretty constantly for two or three days, and then we sailed and he went on, I believe, to Vienna. I thought of course I was done with him forever—that he'd be just the rather pleasant memory of a big, nice young man—a young man like a high wind. I'd almost, but not quite, forgotten him altogether when father and I ran upon him two months later in Paris, as we were on our way to Deauville. He was still looking for his sister, and still very much cowed and bewildered by Europe, where people spoke such absurd languages that he didn't know a word of. He clung to us like a lost child, and we took him on to Deauville. And again, later, he looked us up in London, and finally crossed to New York on our ship."

Diana came and stood beside the *chaise longue* where her hostess was lying, and looked down at her rather earnestly.

"I think what attracted me in that man was chiefly the contrast he made to all the others who were about him. I think I was thoroughly fed up with the whole overcivilized, supersophisticated crew. This splendid, great boy came like a breath of fresh air from his own plains and mountains. Jack Morleigh was right about him. He was a man.

"For example, you'll remember that I wrote to you about Alice's Lord Henry Borrold. They got engaged, by the way,

later on—that is, half engaged. My mother wouldn't consent to a real engagement with an early marriage. She said Alice was too young and hadn't known enough men to be sure of her mind. So she sent her here to New York with father and me to see something of society. And in the spring, if she hasn't changed her mind, she's to be allowed to announce the engagement and, I suppose, get married in June. Well, we found Lord Henry at Deauville. No; mother and Alice weren't there. They were somewhere in Brittany. I had disliked him when I met him at Como. At Deauville, I detested him. You should have seen him with Quintus Brown!"

"I know Lord Henry Borrold," Vera said, "and I like him. At least, I'm quite sure I should if I ever saw more of him. He has brains."

"Why doesn't he use them, then?" Diana asked impatiently. "He's the dried-up mummy of a man. He's a precious, finicking prig. He's the kind of creature all wholesome Britons hate—an Englishman spoiled for his own country by living abroad. Father says Florence and Rome used to be full of just such British expatriates as that—exquisite souls, who swooned at the very thought of a hard day's hunting, and had to be revived by the scent of magnolia, or the sound of some language that wasn't their own—though I must confess father wasn't speaking directly of Lord Henry. He liked the man better than I did."

"I wonder," said Vera Monte Bruno, "I wonder just what poor Henry Borrold did to you to get himself so thoroughly hated—oh, oh, yes, of course—he didn't like Quintus P. Brown! Well, my dear, probably Quintus P. didn't like *him*. So it seems as if there wasn't much to choose between them."

Diana laughed and shook her head.

"Well, he did rather sniff at my ewe lamb. At least, he wasn't what you'd call cordial. Perhaps that is why I'm a little bitter. But I didn't like him in the very beginning. He seemed to me such a waster of brains and money and position—all the opportunities, and nothing done with them. Quintus P. had no shoes when he was a boy. But he was in Congress at thirty-four. There is a difference, isn't there? But you'll have a chance to judge for yourself presently, because we're going to Groene Wegje on



Thursday for a week, and you've got to come. Never mind what engagements you may have made; you're coming to us. There'll be just father and Alice and I and Lord Henry, who came on another steamer that arrived yesterday. Wasn't that English of him—to take another ship? And Mr. Quintus P. Brown."

That brought them, that mention of Alice, to a matter which they may both have been half consciously dodging. In any case, now that it was out, Vera Monte Bruno acknowledged it at once.

"It will be—very exciting to see Alice—as it must have been to you. You know, I've never seen her at all—not even before—not even as a child. I shall want to discover how much she is like you." Then, after a moment's hesitation, she asked: "And your mother? You wrote that there was some question of her coming to New York this winter. Does she still mean to come?"

Diana said she didn't know.

"I think so. I think she means to come, later on. She's in Florence now."

The girl, moved by some obscure impulse, came and sat down on the edge of the *chaise longue* where Vera Monte Bruno was, and kissed the elder woman and pressed close to her, holding her fast.

"You know—when we met by that extraordinary accident on the lake, last summer, I was immensely excited and thrilled. One would be, of course—one's own mother! And I found myself, rather against my own will, liking her, even though I saw that she didn't like me very much—didn't, I mean, like the kind of person I was. And when I heard there was a chance of her coming here, I was delighted. But, long afterward, when I'd thought more about it, I began to be afraid. And I'm still afraid. She's not a bit like us, Vera—oh, not a bit! She and Alice on one side, and father and I on the other, have grown so far apart. Shan't we just get ourselves into a dreadful hopelessness if we try to grow together again?"

"What does your father think—if it's fair to ask?" the *marchesa* inquired presently, in a low voice, and Diana didn't know.

"We've been a little shy about discussing it. I don't know why we should have been; but it's so. I think he's not quite clear in his own mind." She turned her face away. "We were all going on so happily, Vera;

and now they come, mother and Alice, looking into the windows, like—like Enoch Ardens."

The elder woman was silent for a little while, with averted face. But, at the end of that, she turned and kissed Diana Wayne with a kind of tender violence and got to her feet.

"We have been happy, my dear, haven't we? But about this party at Groene Wegje—I'm not just quite sure—There were two or three things I had promised to do next week-end. Perhaps—"

Diana uttered a sudden exclamation and crossed the room and took her friend by the shoulders. The elder woman would not at first raise her eyes, but at last she had to, and Diana saw that they were dark and shadowy—veiled with something she couldn't penetrate.

"Tell me what you mean by that!" the girl demanded.

And, after a moment Vera said:

"I can't. You know quite well I can't. I'm just wondering if it would be altogether wise for me to go to Groene Wegje. No; don't say anything. There's nothing to say. I shall have to think it over and telephone to you later. I'll let you know before night—I promise." And that was all that could be got out of her.

They talked for a little while longer—gossip about their friends and about what had gone on during the Waynes' absence, and presently Diana went away. She was depressed. Something misty and uncomfortable had got into the air. She knew well enough what it was—or she would have known if she had permitted herself to face it fairly; but she shut her eyes as tight as she could and tried to pretend that it was not mist in the air at all but only a little cloud across the sun that would be gone presently, and that then, when the cloud had passed, everything would be again exactly where it had been before—and everybody happy and free from care.

It was a poor pretense, but she did her best with it, and kissed Vera Monte Bruno very hard and ran down-stairs in a great hurry, for she remembered that she had half a dozen things to do on her way home.

She went round the corner to signal to her brougham which had elected to wait in Park Avenue instead of before the door of the house, and as it drew up, she caught





He really was, as she had said to Vera Monte Bruno, extremely handsome. And he was strong, too. They were plain to see. It surrounded him like a kind of aura

sight of her father approaching from the south where, she imagined, he had been to look in at his favorite club. She thought he looked a little embarrassed at the encounter, which was certainly very silly of him, since she had always known he saw a good deal of Vera. But perhaps the air before *his* eyes, too, had grown misty. Perhaps she wasn't the only one to be uncomfortable and depressed.

She waited only to say:

"Vera's at home. I've just left her. Be

sure and make her promise to come to Groene Wegje, won't you? She's a bit wabbly."

And then she popped into her brougham and was off.

Mr. Charters Wayne was so preoccupied that he didn't even look after her.

He was led at once to the upper room that Diana had just quitted and found his hostess sitting huddled into the corner of her *chaise longue* looking at the floor. She got up to meet him and held out one hand,



determination and power that had lifted him out of poverty and sent him to Washington at thirty-four. He was distinctly a young man to be reckoned with.

but Wayne wanted the other as well, and, after a moment, she gave it him. His face was flushed.

He said,

"Thank God for the sight of you again!" And Vera answered,

"Why, for that matter, I was thanking God, too, Jim, in my quiet way."

He had long ago dropped that first name, but she always used it, and he liked her to.

"I've been away half a lifetime," he said,

with a kind of sudden indignation, and she laughed a little.

"Five months and eighteen days, if you want the figures. Nearly half a year. And yes, half a year is a pretty long time for elderly people like us."

He shook his head as if he were still overcome by that fit of indignation and by incredulity, too.

"The extraordinary thing is that I should have gone at all. I didn't really want to go, and I needn't have gone. Do you know,

## The Twin Sisters

it seems to me that all my life I have been doing things—important things—that I didn't want to do and had no real need to do. I suppose that means I'm a weakling."

She smiled on him a smile of affection, but turned sober again.

"Oh, I think that is true of us all—more or less. So few of the principal things in our lives get done directly—because we wanted to do them and went straight at it. The principal things seem to happen to us. It's only the little ones we go and do. Diana has just been here, bless her! And I hear you've brought Alice for a visit."

"Yes," Wayne said, a little heavily, "yes; Alice is here."

The *marquesa* loosed her hands from his grasp and went and sat down once more, but Wayne remained where he was, frowning across at the window.

"That, too, you know," he said, at last, "that, too, rather happened to me. At least—oh, I suppose I must have asked for her. One has impulses. I didn't look ahead."

He crossed the room and stood beside the *chaise longue*. He was a handsome man, and when he was in one of his moods of regret or indecision, he looked very boyish and perplexed and helpless.

"I wish it could be undone," he said. And he used the very words his daughter had used a quarter of an hour before. He said, "We were all going on so happily."

Something very like irritation showed for an instant in Vera's face, then broke, and she smiled and shook her head. It was no good being annoyed or exasperated at the vacillation of Charters Wayne—no more good than being angry at a child because it wasn't a grown-up. He was made like that. His weakness was a part of him. It was never a mean weakness. It was not cowardly. He just hadn't as stiff a spine as some people have. Vera patted his arm as he stood there beside her and smiled up into his perplexed face.

"Go and sit down, Jim—and light a cigarette and tell me about Diana's new beau."

## VI

A LARGE, sprawling, hideous structure sat on the top of a hill above the Hudson River. If you looked with some care, you might distinguish the original square country house built out of native stone by a Dutch

governor; but successive generations had so added to the old Dutchman's rather modest beginning that it was almost lost in a wild confusion of wings and ells and towers and red-brick verandas with Gothic wooden tops. The final result was a horror to look at but a great comfort to inhabit. The place had come to Charters Wayne through his mother.

Diana took Mr. Quintus Brown out on the morning after his arrival to show him what there was to see. She hated to catch herself criticising petty external details in people, but she could not help thinking that her friend made a rather odd figure in the country.

Instead of the loose, comfortable tweeds and the thick boots that men usually wear on such occasions, young Mr. Brown was dressed in a double-breasted jacket and trousers of the shiny black "diagonal" of which frock and morning coats used to be made. A black string-tie drooped from his low collar, and on his feet he wore patent-leather shoes with surprising and mysterious bumps at the toes, and very wide silk laces—shoes like large, shiny beetles of a hitherto unknown family.

He really was, as she had said to Vera Monte Bruno, extremely handsome. And he was strong, too. The determination and power that had lifted him out of poverty and sent him to Washington at thirty-four were plain to see. It surrounded him like a kind of aura. He was distinctly a young man to be reckoned with.

"Of course," Diana said, "the one thing we really are proud of here is our view. The house is a kind of labyrinth gone mad with walnut furniture, and the estate is small. My grandmother sold off a lot of the land just before she died, so that we only have about a hundred acres. A hundred acres isn't much in your part of the world, is it?"

The Westerner laughed.

"Well, no—no, it isn't. We deal mostly in thousands out there. We like elbow-room and plenty of air to breathe."

"Oh, air!" She was a very little piqued by that. "I didn't mention the air. One takes it so for granted. Of course we think there's plenty of air in the Hudson valley."

Brown filled his big lungs with it and held it for a bit, but in the end shook his head.

"It smells," he said, still laughing gently, "too crowded. It is not what I call open

air. Now, in God's country"—Diana laughed at that familiar designation—"in any corner of God's country, there are mountains, too, but they're fifty miles away—fifty miles of open plain with only grass and sage on it; and the wind blows down out of the blue sky, and it smells of the blue sky and of nothing else."

"That's where your ranch is?"

"Yes; that's the Square C. Ranch."

"But," she objected, "you can't have lived there always."

Brown nodded.

"Oh, I didn't say I'd always breathed good air. I said there was good air where I belong *now*. I was born in Silver City, and when I was six years old I used to go into the bars there and make political speeches that a drunkard called 'Frizzy' Sam Cole, who was dying of consumption, taught me. It made the men laugh, and they'd throw me quarters. You see, I entered politics early."

Diana made a sound of pity, but the man laughed.

"Oh, it wasn't such a bad training. The boys who laughed and threw quarters to me in the Silver City bars, back in 'Eighty-five or -six, listened to me without laughing twenty-five years later, and sent me to Congress with one of the biggest pluralities ever known in the state."

"That's splendid!" the girl cried. "Oh, but that's splendid!" She made the motion of clapping her hands. "You're right, you know, when you call that West of yours 'God's country.' I don't wonder you're proud of your home; but I hope you're very, very proud of yourself, too. You've a better right to be than any one else I know."

That was pretty strong, and she meant it to be, for she was very much in earnest; but she began to be afraid that Brown would be embarrassed, and so hurried on.

"Where was your sister when you were making political speeches at the age of six? Oh, I suppose she hadn't been born then."

The man shook his head.

"No; Vicky hadn't been born then. She is nearly ten years younger than I. You see, my father was a miner—most of the men were in those days—and my mother and I didn't see much of him. He was always following some gold-rush—and following it too late. He wasn't a shrewd man, or clever, and he had no luck. He never

turned but one good trick in his life, and he died before he knew it was good. He had traded a claim in the Black Rock gold fields after working it a bit without success for a lot of land some hundreds of miles away in the White Horse valley—land that nobody wanted in those days. But after my father had died, my mother's brother, who had land in the White Horse valley, too, decided to move there and raise cattle, and my mother went with him."

"And so," Diana said, "so you began to breathe pure air."

That made him laugh.

"Yes; I rode herd and branded calves and breathed good air for a long time. But I didn't quite forget how to make speeches. And so they sent me to Washington, where the air isn't so good."

"You liked it, though," she prompted. "You liked being in Congress."

He seemed to her to square his shoulders a little.

"Oh, it's a grown man's job. Yes; I liked it. I liked fighting for the boys at home against those Eastern fellows—the old men, in the open-faced coats, that thought you weren't fit to speak to if you didn't belong to the Metropolitan Club. I made 'em sit up, now and then. I think they'll remember me when I come back."

Diana wanted to know when that would be, but she didn't quite like to ask. Instead, she led the way down from the veranda and around the house.

"Perhaps you'd like to see the stables? Horses are rather in your line, I should think."

They passed the tennis-court and a corner of the gardens, and came to the long, low stable-structure, which was out of sight of the house behind a little ridge. There was a little group gathered before the doors: Charters Wayne and Alice and Lord Henry Borrold and a stout, pleasant, fair, middle-aged young man called Marlowe—Mr. Tommy Marlowe, who had ridden over from his own place, Crossways, a matter of two miles or so. Wayne had his pockets full of apples, which he was feeding to the horses as they were led out, one by one, by the stable-boys for his inspection.

"We can offer you a very decent mount," Diana said to Brown, after he and the neighbors had been introduced, "that is, if you've brought down your riding-things. That gray who was last out is well up to



your weight, and so is a roan that you haven't seen. There is also a kind of demon you might use up some of your superfluous energy upon, if you ever felt like it. It's a dreadful brute, a perfect fiend, and everybody wishes it would die. It's the kind of horse you'd like to sell to your worst enemy, if you could."

She spoke to the head groom.

"Have you had that Blackstone out?"

And the man said:

"I wasn't meaning to 'ave 'im out, miss. 'E's been very nasty for the last day or two. 'E savaged one of the lads only yesterday at 'is morning canter."

"Fetch him out!" Wayne said. "Let's have a look at the brute. If he misbehaves again, I shall have him shot. The boys are afraid to go into his box."

They waited a bit, heard presently a sinister snorting and trampling of hoofs, and the *enfant gâté* of the stable shot out of the door, dragging two grooms beside it. It was an enormous gelding of a very dark chestnut color with white points—an Irish horse bred from a famous strain of hunters. Wayne had bought it on the reputation of its family, and then discarded it because of its vile temper.

The animal made a vicious snap at one of the grooms, tried to rear once or twice, and then stood still, its forefeet spread and its eyes rolling.

"That's a pleasant-looking pet to have about the place," Wayne observed bitterly—"regular governess pony. A child could handle him." He turned to Quintus Brown. "What would you do with the scoundrel?"

"Well," said the Westerner, watching the big chestnut, "I think I'd ride him first—give him a lesson in manners, and then I'd put him to work hauling a cart. He's not a right-down bad horse; he's just a play-actor."

"Ride him? Me?" Charters Wayne shook his head with great decision. "I wouldn't ride that horse if he was the last horse living of a vanished race. I wouldn't ride him to escape a deluge. Why he'd—he'd roll over on me. He'd bite my legs off at the knees. He'd do anything—that beast! And if you don't believe me, try him yourself." But Diana interfered there.

"Stop it! We didn't ask Mr. Brown down here to get him eaten by wild animals. Besides, he's not dressed for riding."

"Oh, I don't need short pants to ride that horse," Brown said, laughing, and he turned to the head groom. "Saddle him up, will you? Spoon-curb, if you've got one."

A scarp of rock, part of the ridge that hid the stables from the house, rose to a height of five or six feet, not far away, and Brown advised the others to mount to a safe place on top of it, "in case this play-actor takes to rampaging round."

From their bank they heard him commenting sadly on the spurs that were offered him.

"Those things wouldn't make a puppy dog turn his head. Now, where I come from, I have spurs that stick in—that's what spurs are for."

The horse had stood perfectly still while it was saddled and bridled.

"Play-acting," Brown said. "That's a stage-horse. He's waiting for his cue." And it stood still even when the man, pulling his soft black hat down over his eyes, scrambled into the saddle and the grooms leaped away.

Then it reared very slowly, straight up, pawing the air like a dog to keep its balance. Alice Wayne screamed, but Brown laughed and sat still.

And then that Irish hunter set in with a kind of patient ferocity to perform all the outrageous wickednesses of an experienced Western "outlaw." It pitched; it bucked; it leaped into the air, and came down with stiff, spread legs; it reached round and tried to bite its rider's legs; it tried to scrape him off against the wall of the stable.

"I wish he'd stop!" Diana cried, under her breath. And she caught at her father's arm. "Tell him to stop! I hate it."

But before Wayne could speak the maddened animal bolted down a road that led round the end of the stable buildings and descended a little way to the paddock, open that day, by chance, and empty. And there, below them, they saw the rest of that battle fought out between the man and the beast, up and down the long, flat, grassy space, up and down, the horse galloping and plunging, the man's right arm holding the whip rising and falling like the arm of a mechanical toy. Once the hunter stumbled and fell, and Alice Wayne screamed again, but it was up again in a moment, the man still in the saddle, his right arm still rising and falling with monotonous regularity.

The next instalment of *The Twin Sisters* will appear in the October issue.





# Carmelita

What do you think is most needed to make this a better world to live in—more laws, and more opportunity to make laws that will force people do what is right? Some earnest thinkers hold, on the contrary, that we must try to develop from within ourselves a finer and more workable sense of responsibility toward ourselves and others, and with this accomplished, the need for laws and rules of conduct will become less and less. This very human story, by the author of "Shadows of Flames," describes how a noble and devoted woman, in a most difficult situation, helps a man to realize and assume responsibility for his actions in the past, and in this recognition we think you will agree that we have the best possible solution of one of those self-created problems in life, out

of which we too often try to find an easy and irresponsible way.

Carmelita lay quite still on his breast for an instant. It was as if a knife had pierced her to the core

By Amélie Rives  
(Princess Troubetzkoy)

Illustrated by George Gibbs

THE year that Timothy Dane left college, he was seized by a keen desire to travel in California. He saw the land as one long, lovely seashore, of brilliant greens subdued by a mauve mist, and through this mist there gleamed curving lines of foam, and far beyond, like the huge portals of a sunset, he imagined the Golden Gate.

Old Mr. Dane was pleased with his son's

desire to travel in his native country rather than in Europe. He was very American, and he wished Timothy to be very American, too.

The boy had shown a tendency to scribble verse when he was a lad, and this tendency had much disturbed the old banker. Timothy's mother, on the other hand, had been secretly pleased, and she still treasured many of his callow lyrics.

She was a fragile, tender-hearted woman and a confirmed invalid. She knew that Timothy did not want to be a banker like his father, but she had never told his father this, and neither had Timothy. His nature was sweet, docile, and affectionate, and he concealed jealously the romantic vein that was its basis.

On the day that he left college, his father doubled the already generous allowance that he gave him, and when Timothy spoke to him of wishing to travel in California, the old man said:

"Very well, my boy; I always intended that you should have a year to look about before getting into harness. But you shall take Marston with you. Your mother will be more satisfied if she knows that Marston is looking after you."

James Marston was his father's valet and factotum. Timothy would have much preferred going to California alone, for Marston was a decidedly grim, austere man of forty, with little, hard, bright eyes that saw everything. It almost spoiled the boy's vision of California to think of having James Marston there with him.

However, his kindly nature wouldn't let him raise objections to the only condition his father had made, so, on a chill, light-blue morning in April, he set off from New York for San Francisco, accompanied by Marston.

Timothy saw San Francisco thoroughly, attended by Marston and a private detective that Marston had procured. But he determined to escape from Marston and the smug detective and see something of California by himself.

The next morning he said to Marston:

"I am going to Monterey for a few days. You need not come with me, but you can forward letters to the Garden Hotel there."

"Very good, sir," replied Marston imperturbably, but his hard little eyes looked disagreeably intelligent and disapproving.

Timothy exulted like a runaway slave when he found himself alone in the gardens of Monterey. He had never imagined such trees and flowers and vines. The ivy leaves were bigger than his two hands put together. The apple blossoms looked large as roses. The Wellingtonias resembled dark towers. He ran among them toward the sound of surf, and broke through upon

a beach where the Pacific beat itself in thunder to sheets of pearl-white smoke. In the fields near by he saw buttercups the size of tulips, and when he gathered some, he found that they were pressed into hexagons by their vigorous crowding.

What must be the life in the human beings of this land, he thought, when the flowers and trees are so passionately eager? He felt that walking was too dull and slow a means to see more of this glorious land. He wanted to rush, to fly over it, to devour it with all his senses.

So he hired a horse and set forth at random.

He rode until he and the horse were tired, then drew rein in a village to buy food for both. There was a circus going on just outside the village. He could see the huge, white fungus of the main tent from where he stood and hear gusty blares of music. He thought it would be rather jolly to go to a wandering California circus, so he stabled his horse and went off whistling to the tent. Big posters on the adobe walls along the street told him that "the world famous, the unparalleled bareback rider, Carmelita" would be seen that day in her "unique and perilous fire-dance on her snow-white Arabian." He thought the name, "Carmelita," the prettiest he had ever heard, and felt eager to see her skipping with slim feet on the haunches of her white horse. If she should not prove as pretty as her name, he felt that he would be bored and leave the circus tent.

A few moments after he had entered, however, Carmelita, on her white horse, came mincing into the ring. She was not dressed in the usual white gauze and spangles, but in full skirts of scarlet, and her slender, firm legs were cased in purple tights. He thought she looked just like another of the big flowers of California, a huge fuchsia, lightly clinging to the horse's creamy back. She rode close by him and he saw that she was very young—not more than seventeen, he guessed—that the powder looked silvery on her golden skin, and that her little painted mouth was very cross. Her black eyebrows darting upward at the temples and this cross little mouth made her face look something like the cross little face in a pansy. And as this thought came to him, he laughed softly, and Carmelita turned her head and saw him

laughing. She frowned angrily at first, but Timothy kept on smiling, and suddenly she, too, smiled over her dusky, powdered shoulder as she rode on. This smile changed her whole face, till she was no longer like a pansy but just a young girl, with the most bewitching, narrow black eyes that Timothy had ever imagined.

The next time she came around the ring, her horse was cantering, and she standing on one purple silk tiptoe, but Timothy watched eagerly to see if she would look at him again, and again she looked at him, and again she smiled, and this smile narrowed her black eyes more bewitchingly than ever.

He found himself holding his breath when she leaped through circles of fire, and when she began to dance on the horse's slippery back, whirling lighted torches in the air about her, he felt like crying out for fear that her filmy red skirts would catch fire. He grew pale with the strain of it; but now Carmelita had no time to smile at him or to notice how her famous fire-dance affected him. Her black eyes, narrower and intenser than ever, were fixed on the whirling torches, and he saw the glisten of sweat on her low forehead as her horse patiently cantered round and round.

However, before she rode from the ring, amid wild "Bravas!" she smiled at him once more.

After the circus was over, Timothy made the acquaintance of the ringmaster and his wife, who was the "leading trapeze-lady." He said that he wanted to tell them what a fine show he thought it, and also to ask them and Miss Carmelita Vasquez to supper that evening. The ringmaster and his wife took a fancy to him at once—he was so frank and pleasant-looking—and, besides, money is a strong magnet and they thought that the young man looked as though he had plenty of money. So all three supped with him at the best inn in the village, and Timothy learned Carmelita's short story. She was an orphan. Her mother had been a tight-rope dancer from Los Angeles and her father a Mexican lion-tamer. They had died within a short time of each other, when Carmelita was only four. Circus people are kindly folk as a rule. The little girl had passed from hand to hand with different shows. She had

been only six months with this one; but she had "made good," as the ringmaster put it.

Carmelita sat next to Timothy, and toward the end of supper, after she had drunk a glass or two of wine, she slipped her little hand in his, and glanced up sideways at him as she did so, narrowing her eyes in that charming way that he loved. Timothy reddened with pleasure as he felt the elastic little fingers curl about his, and the ringmaster and his wife exchanged glances. Carmelita was not exactly a little light o' love, but she had had one or two "affairs," and when her admirers gave her money, she was very generous with it. They were thinking that the young Easterner would probably lavish money on Carmelita if he fell in love with her, and that that would mean many more suppers and nice things for them all. For circus people are apt to be amoral as well as kindly.

As for Carmelita, she was thinking: "Blue eyes are the most beautiful of all. How can he seem so pleased with my black eyes, when he must know girls with blue eyes like his own?"

They ate a philopena together, and if she caught him, she was to have the blue stone in his scarf-pin, and if he caught her it was to be a kiss. The giggling trapeze-lady had suggested this, and Timothy had blushed again, but breathlessly he had managed to utter boldly,

"Yes; a kiss!"

Carmelita had pretended to frown, but, at the same time, she had given him the sweetest glance out of her sidelong eyes. And so began a wonderful time for Timothy. The spring in California is like a trumpet-call to love when the gods and the world were young. Within twenty-four hours he was so madly in love with the young girl that he had arranged to follow the circus from town to town along the coast. He wrote to Marston telling him that he was going traveling for some weeks, alone, and to forward his mail to certain places at certain dates.

This made Marston very suspicious and displeased. He decided that, after a fortnight, he would arrive at one of these towns in person with Timothy's mail.

And Carmelita, too, was in love. She was so much more in love than she had ever been before that, at times, she had the strangest



desire to weep. Her lovers had always gone away after a while, and it seemed to her that if Timothy went away she would die or kill herself. She tried to bind him to her so closely with every native art and sweetness in her power that the boy, too, felt, sometimes, as if only tears would relieve the anguish of rapture in his heart. And before he realized what was coming, without meaning to do so, he became her lover. To Carmelita, this was the fulfilling of the law of love, but to Timothy it seemed as if he had broken the most sacred law of all.

It was on a lovely Sunday in May that he told her this. They were alone under an old cedar near the seashore, and he took her close into his arms, and leaned his cheek down on her fragrant hair, and said:

"Carmelita darling, this is beautiful, but it is all wrong. You must be my wife."

Carmelita lay quite still on his breast for an instant. It was as if a knife had pierced her to the core. She grew pale as the dead, and her heart seemed to stop.

"Why don't you answer me, darling?" said Timothy, and then exclaimed with alarm, as she drew away

from him and he saw that her little face was convulsed and streaming with tears.

"What is it—what is it, my sweetheart, my dear love?" he kept saying, but Carmelita dragged her hands away from his and turned away her face. And though her whole form shook with sobs, she would not let him touch her to comfort her. At last, moved by his desperate pleading, she stammered very low:

"I'm not good enough—I haven't been a good girl. Your—your wife must be good."

This was a great thing that the poor child did in telling him that she had not

been a good girl. But, then, she really loved him, and real love is capable of rousing greatness even in a little circus rider. When Timothy heard her say that, he went white, then red, and he snatched her back into his arms and told her that she was never, never to say such things to him again.

"But I must say it, my heart's treasure," said Carmelita faintly, "because it is true."

It took many days and much eager love to persuade Carmelita that she could be Timothy's wife without committing a mortal sin against him. He did persuade her at last, though, and they exchanged rings.

"My mother gave me this ring that I give you," said Timothy, as he put it on her slim, gold-olive hand. And at this, Carmelita wept almost as bitterly as on that Sunday by the seashore.

"She will never forgive me," she sobbed. "She will never, never let me be your wife."

It was the next day that he went back to his hotel from visiting Carmelita and found Marston waiting for him. Timothy was very angry.

He said,

"What do you mean by disobeying my orders, and prowling after me like this?"

"I beg pardon, sir," replied Marston, unmoved; "but it was your father's orders that I was to be near you. I'm sorry to have offended you, but I felt that I must follow Mr. Dane's orders first, sir."

Timothy was still so angry that he felt it would be better to say nothing more just then; besides, he was afraid that Marston might get suspicious if he showed too much feeling.

He could not imagine that Marston knew about his affair with Carmelita already, and had written to his father telling him of it. But such was the fact. The astute servant, suspicious by nature, had gone to Monterey, first of all, and had there made inquiries of other servants and people in the village where the circus had been performing. He had found them ready to tell him all they knew about the young "swell's" infatuation for the pretty bareback rider. So Marston wrote to Mr. Dane, and a few days after he had rejoined Timothy there came a telegram from New York.

It said:

Your mother ill. Wishes to see you. Return immediately.

Timothy's heart felt dragged in two by

his love for his mother and his love for Carmelita. The evening that he told her good-by, she clung to him without a word, but her eyes said: "I've lost you! I've lost you! You'll never come back to me—never, never!"

"Don't look at me like that, my darling love," pleaded the boy, in great distress. "A few weeks more—two months, at latest—and we'll be together for always."

But the pained, deep eyes of Carmelita kept on saying, "Never, never!"

This look in her eyes haunted him all the way across the continent. Whenever he dreamed of her, he saw her looking at him with that resigned, despairing look, and when he thought of her in waking her pained, deep eyes still turned that look on him.

He found that his mother was suffering from a bronchial cough. His father told him that she was more seriously ill than she appeared to be, that this cough threatened her lungs, and that she must go for a long sea-voyage, then to St. Moritz, and the following winter to Egypt. She had set her heart, his father said, on Timothy's taking this voyage with her.

Timothy's father watched him closely as he told him this. The boy grew very pale, parted his lips as if to speak; but he ended by saying only,

"Can I talk with my mother about it, sir?"

His father replied, "Yes," but that she must be in no way agitated.

"The least agitation might have serious results," he said, still keenly observing his son's pale face.

Then Timothy saw his mother alone. He had talked with her but a few moments when he knew that he must not confide his strange love story to her then.

He asked himself what was to be done. But there was nothing to be done except to go with her. He had no sooner met his father's cool, clear eyes than he felt how useless it would be to tell him about Carmelita without his mother's help in doing so.

He sat up late that night writing a long, long letter to his love, explaining everything, and asking her to be brave and patient—to wait for him and not to forget him. This letter, Marston managed to get hold of before Timothy woke next morning. He unsealed it cleverly, substituted some



blank sheets, and left it as though untouched. The real contents he took to Timothy's father. The old banker changed color when the valet explained what he had done; then, with a strange look on his face, he tore the unread letter into small pieces.

The next day came Carmelita's first letter to Timothy. It was addressed to "Mr. Timothy Dane." The elder Timothy Dane opened and read it. He was convinced that poor Carmelita was a mercenary little harlot, and he justified himself to himself in what he was about to do. The loving illiteracy of the little scrawl sickened him. He drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote:

TO MISS CARMELITA VASQUEZ:

Any further communications from you will be regarded as blackmail, and my lawyers will reply.

And he signed it with the name that was his own, "Timothy Dane." And as his handwriting was very much like his son's, he did not have to humiliate himself further by an imitation. That afternoon, Mr. Dane sent for Timothy to come to his study, and, when the door was closed, he told the boy what Marston had written to him from California. It was a painful scene, for though Timothy was very quiet and behaved respectfully, he was cut to the quick that his father should have employed a valet to spy upon him. Also, he felt that he would not give up Carmelita for twenty fathers. It finally came to this: that Mr. Dane required from him a year of silence toward the girl. At the end of that time, he said, if Timothy still felt as he did now, he would consent to consider the matter. If Timothy refused to do this, his allowance was to be withdrawn and he would not be allowed to remain in the house. This would, of course, oblige his father to tell everything to his mother.

Timothy felt it almost craven to accept these conditions; yet, again, what could he do? His mother was alarmingly ill. The shock might kill her. He agreed, at last, to do what his father required.

"But I must write and explain to Carmelita, father," he said.

"Yes; you may write," replied his father, "but you must write what I dictate."

At this, Timothy almost rebelled, but a moment's thought showed him that he was helpless. Besides, that long and loving

letter had just been posted, and Carmelita would understand and trust him. He said in this second message:

I am writing at my father's dictation. There must be no further communication for a year. My first letter explains everything.

Mr. Dane had a pang of natural feeling for his son as he reflected that that "first letter" had contained. He surmised correctly that the circus girl would probably tear up this second letter unread.

When Carmelita received that first letter, she gave a sharp scream of wounded love and rage. Then she read it again, to be sure she had not gone mad and imagined the dreadful words. Then, all her passionate nature aflame, she spat upon it and trampled it underfoot. For days she was like a wild thing. She did not seem at times to know what she was doing. Once in the fire-dance, she whirled the torches so recklessly that she set fire to her red skirt. And, all blazing, she began to laugh and dance more wildly than ever, till one of the clowns dragged her from her horse and rolled her in the sawdust of the ring. Her arms were badly scorched, but she did not seem to care.

"Lita looks to me like she's going off her chump," said the ringmaster to his wife. "Do you think she's taking dope?"

"She's been doped, but she ain't taking none," replied the woman. Then she added crossly: "You big mut, can't you see what's the matter with the kid? She's goin' to have a kid of her own."

As Mr. Dane had surmised, the second letter that she received from Timothy, Carmelita burned unopened.

As long as she could, before her child came, she went on riding bareback. She hated the thought of this child as she now hated Timothy, but the ringmaster and his wife were very kind to her. The woman promised to send her to a sister of hers in San Francisco later on. She was a seamstress, and Carmelita could sew for her keep.

Carmelita thought that she was going to hate her baby, but when she felt its little mouth at her breast, she loved it suddenly with a sort of frenzy. From that moment, her whole thought was of the child, and of what it was to become, and of how she could manage to take care of it. In six weeks she

was back with the circus again. Everyone was glad to see her, and the baby became a great pet. Then, one day, in vaulting through the hoops, she slipped and fell, and the horse trod on her. She was very ill, and they thought she would be lame for life. Kind as the circus people were, they had to leave her in a village with a purse of two hundred dollars, made up among the troupe. Carmelita felt that now the time had really come to kill herself and her baby. And it was at this time that Michael Brown, the foremost acrobat in the troupe, came back and asked her to marry him.

"You marry me, Lita," said he, "and you an' the kiddie'll never want for nothing as long as I'm out of the bone-yard. I've got a pile cached for rainy days. You think it over."

Carmelita thought and thought over it. The only love left in her was for her baby, and that love was an anguish at times, for her son was the very image of Timothy. But she and her baby would starve if she were ill much longer, and so at last she said "Yes" to Michael Brown.

He only lived four months after they were married, but during that time Carmelita got well again, and when he died she found that he had left her a thousand dollars in a savings-bank in San Francisco. This she put jealously aside for the education of her boy, whom she called Juan, after her father. When Michael was buried, she returned to the circus. Every penny that she could save went into the savings-bank to swell the thousand that Michael had left her. She might have gone on in this way indefinitely, but, one day, she came suddenly on little Juan, then four years old, in the tights and trunks of a tumbler. The chief acrobat was giving the baby his first lesson. Something tore at Carmelita's vitals. Her boy, her beautiful boy, a tumbler! A common circus jumping-jack! She snatched the boy up in a fury and rushed off with him. The next day she resigned her position in the troupe and went back to San Francisco.

From that time until Juan was nineteen, her life was one grim, dauntless struggle against odds. She tried everything, from clearstarching to training horses for the circus. And she succeeded at this. An old ranchman with a bit of land near Monterey went into the business with her. She made enough to have her

boy educated, and, in helping him with his studies, she also educated herself to a considerable degree.

Then the old ranchman failed, and Carmelita was without means again. Just at this time, however, a lady who had been very kind to her during all her struggles got Juan a position as clerk in the Palace Hotel. His salary was fifty dollars a month. This seemed riches to Carmelita, who had spent her youth in struggling for money. And the boy's pride and delight were boundless. He idolized his mother. If life could have made up to Carmelita for what she had suffered when Timothy left her, the love of her son would have been compensation. But nothing could quite compensate her. She felt hard as stone in many ways. Her laugh was hard; even her smile, except when Juan called it forth, was hard and defiant. Toil, too, had hardened her. But when she looked at Juan, she felt, as the ringmaster had said long ago, that she had "made good."

Still, her ambition for the boy craved much bigger things than a clerkship at the Palace Hotel. She wanted to see him a big man, rich, in politics, an ambassador, maybe—perhaps one day governor of California—even President—who knew?

Then, all at once, something quite wonderful happened. The lady who had got the clerkship for Juan had a rich friend from New York, a Mrs. Davis, who was spending the winter at the Palace Hotel. She was a widow of forty-two, made up of a queer mixture of sentimentality, shrewdness, and indolence. She took the greatest fancy to Juan, and suddenly sent for him and offered him the position of private secretary at one hundred dollars a month.

"Now this," thought Carmelita, "is the real beginning." And her heart felt bursting with love and pride.

She took out of the bank what little money she had left for the journey to New York, for she was to live now in New York, in order to be near Juan. And Juan, on his side, told Mrs. Davis that he must live with his mother. He could not let her live alone in a big, strange city like New York. Carmelita adored him for this decision, but said that she, too, must find work to do.

When Mrs. Davis learned of this, she said that she would get Carmelita a place

in one of the big dry-goods shops in New York, and, later on, help her to establish herself as a private dressmaker. She was really a very kind, impulsive woman, and Carmelita and her son set out for New York, feeling that their fortunes were made.

## II

It was a lovely April afternoon, and Timothy Dane was walking up Fifth Avenue to Sixty-first Street. He was now forty-three and president of the bank that had been his father's. But though forty-three and a bank president, the spring was in his blood and heart, as it had been in the gardens of Monterey, nineteen years before. The years had been courteous to Timothy. His thick, fair hair was the sort that does not show gray, and his eyes were still blue and bright. He still had his kindly, pleasant smile for the least occasion, and he had not grown fat. He walked fast and lightly, and in one hand he carried a nosegay of anemones. He had stopped in at a florist's and bought the anemones because they reminded him so much of Cynthia Buckley, and he was going to Sixty-first Street to call on Cynthia. It was her birthday, and he thought that the fresh, delicate anemones would be just the sort of birthday present that she would appreciate. But he had something else for her also. He glowed pleasantly when he thought of it. It lay in a long envelop against the left side of his chest, and was a letter from a friend high in office at Washington. It said that Timothy would be appointed ambassador to England.

He had spent the whole winter harassing himself as to whether he should ask Cynthia Buckley to marry him. It was not the quality or depth of his own love that he doubted or the fact that Cynthia would probably consent. It was the question of his age and hers that made him hesitate, for Cynthia was a beautiful and brilliant girl of twenty-two, and he was forty-three.

Still, he felt sure that he could make her happy if she cared for him, and certain things of late had made him reasonably sure that she did care for him. This morning had come the letter from Washington. That had decided him. Cynthia would make a most adorable ambassadress. He smiled drolly as he told himself, "I

have no right to stand in the way of Cynthia's being an ambassadress."

When he reached her home, the servant said that Miss Buckley expected him and would see him in her private sitting-room.

It was like entering the garden of Armida to go into Cynthia's sitting-room on her birthday. The walls and tables were almost hidden by flowers and flowering shrubs. But Timothy saw at a glance that no one had sent her anemones.

To one not in love, Cynthia would have seemed merely a very handsome, rather cold young woman. She was, indeed, like an anemone in coloring, with a long, oval face, finely curved, pale-pink lips, and wide gray eyes set with blond lashes.

She smiled charmingly when Timothy gave her the anemones and said,

"How like you to know that I would rather have this little bunch of anemones than any other flowers in the world!"

Then a swirl of impulse caught Timothy, and he took her hand with the anemones in it and said, in a rush,

"And you are like an anemone, and I would rather have you than all else in the world!"

Cynthia grew very pale. She thought:

"It has come. I don't want to do it, but I must. It is a very big match for me, and father is going to fail. I can't face the thought of poverty. Besides, this may help father."

When Timothy left the house, he had not been so happy since the days that he loved Carmelita. And this was a finer, higher joy. His ideals were purer; the hard years of experience had taught him what love may really mean. His feeling for Cynthia had worship in it. And he adored children. When he thought of the children that would be his and Cynthia's, his heart seemed to melt within him for tenderness.

Timothy had spent a very lonely manhood in some ways. The tragic ending of his love for Carmelita had embittered and changed him for a long time. When the year of waiting was over, his father had shown him proofs of Carmelita's marriage to Michael Brown. That was the end for Timothy. He had never really cared for a woman again until he met Cynthia Buckley. And in his thoughts Carmelita was the little wanton that his father had always considered her.

He reached his own house and went to



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When she began to dance on the horse's slippery back, whirling lighted torches in the air about her, he felt like crying out for fear that her filmy red skirts would catch fire

the library. He wanted to be alone with the memory of the sweet hour that he had just spent with Cynthia. He told the butler that he would dine at home at nine o'clock. He wanted as long a time unbroken as might be, in which to relive that hour with Cynthia. He was sunk in the loveliest reveries when a discreet knocking roused him. He sat up much vexed.

"What is it, Hartley?" he asked the butler rather sternly.

"A Mrs. Brown to see you, sir. I would not have disturbed you, but she says she has a message of the utmost importance."

"Does she seem in trouble?"

"She looks ill, sir. I think she is very anxious about something."

Timothy felt that he could not refuse to see a woman in trouble on this day of his own happiness.

"Show her up, Hartley," he said, with resignation. A few minutes later, the door opened again, and a small, thin woman dressed in black entered the room.

"Mrs. Brown," announced Hartley.

Timothy turned and met the narrow black eyes of Carmelita Vasquez looking at him stonily. She had changed more with the passing years than Timothy, but there was no mistake possible. This was Carmelita and not another woman who resembled her. A dread came over Timothy, and a wave of pain and repulsion. What had this woman come to him for? Why was she there, and why did she look at him with that hard, bitter implacableness? As if answering him, she came nearer, and said, in a low voice, as stony as her gaze,

"Your son has committed forgery, and I have come to tell you that you must save him."

Timothy thought her mad. Before he could speak, she answered his thought again.

"I am not crazy," she said, still in that low, level, stony voice. "I was dying, they told him, and he took money to save my life—forged a name to get it. He is your son as well as mine. You must save him."

Stupefied and at a loss, Timothy said:

"Won't you sit down? You look very ill."

"No; I will not sit down in this house."

Suddenly Timothy's wits came back.

"What do you mean by saying that your son is my son, too?" he asked haughtily, and, before she could answer, he added,

with harshness, "Have you come here, to my own house, to blackmail me?"

Fire came into the hard eyes. They burned on his like live coals.

"Once," said Carmelita, "you wrote me that word. Now you say it to me. You are a coward. I would like to kill you. But I need your help."

"I believe that you are mad," said Timothy. "I believe that, or I would not listen to you any longer. What is this story of your son? And if you need my help, what do you mean by accusing me of things that you know and I know are false?"

"You are false, but what I say is true," said Carmelita.

"Explain to me what you mean more clearly, please," Timothy said, after a pause. He felt that he must have patience with this demented creature in order to get her to leave quietly.

All at once, Carmelita came quite close to him. Her small, thin hand grasped the folds over her breast, till, in its tiny emaciation, it looked like an eager claw. Her eyes, drawn to slits in her white face, blazed with an ugly light. Her lips trembled, showing glimpses of her teeth.

"Explain," she said, with these passionately trembling lips. "Explain why you left me to bear your child in the sawdust of a circus—why you wrote me that my love was blackmail? Explain it to you—me? You ask *me* to explain it to you?"

Timothy put his hand up to his head. He felt that he, too, was becoming a little crazy.

"You won't believe me," he said helplessly; "but I don't understand a thing of what you are saying."

Then Carmelita began to laugh. She laughed very low, almost silently; but this laughter was worse than her words had been. She stopped as suddenly as she had begun, but she was now trembling so that she had to clutch at a table to steady herself. They stood staring at each other for a moment.

At last, Timothy said:

"Why did you marry Michael Brown? And why do you come here and tell me that your son is my son?"

Carmelita answered in her first stony voice:

"I married Michael Brown because my horse trod on me in the ring, and I and my baby would have starved unless I married



him. I tell you that my son is your son, because he is your son. And you have only to see him to know that he is your son."

Timothy could not take it in. Yet he felt that there was something tremendous in all this. It seemed as if a wall of huge stones was falling in upon him. And he felt, too, that the woman had come there to make use of him. But, again, he felt that what the woman was saying was not invention but truth. Yet he could not believe that her son was his son. And even if it were true, why had she played such a trick on him and deserted him?

He heard himself asking thickly:

"Why didn't you wait one year for me? Why didn't you write to me?"

"You are lying," said Carmelita calmly. "Why do you lie to me?"

"I am not lying. I wrote out my heart's core to you, and you never sent me a single word."

"You are lying," said Carmelita again, and there was a great disdain in her white face.

And Timothy said again:

"I am not lying. You know I am not lying. Why do you keep saying that I lie?"

Then he put up his hand to his head, as before, and cried,

"There is something all wrong here—there is some mistake somewhere!"

Carmelita stood looking at him for a moment; then a strange expression came into her face, and she drew nearer.

"Listen," she said: "These are the words you wrote to me nineteen years ago. These are the words that you sent me for my first love-letter." And she repeated to him slowly the words that his father had sent to her. Timothy could not believe it at first; then he would not believe it; then something stronger than he or his desire made him believe it.

He stood with his eyes closed and both hands over them.

"This is horrible!" he kept muttering. "This is horrible—horrible!"

Carmelita watched him, her face like ashes. After what seemed a long time, she said,

"Do you mean that some one played us an evil trick?"

Timothy answered,

"I don't know how it was, but I never wrote you those words."

Carmelita continued gazing at him for a time. Then she said, in a strange voice:

"There is no use being resurrected if one comes out of the grave an old woman. Perhaps it was all a mistake. But it's no matter now. All I care for is my son. You must save my son. The past is a pinch of dust. But my son must be saved."

Timothy said:

"I must sit down, even if you will not. All this is very awful, and it has come on me very suddenly."

She saw that he was trembling, but she could not feel sorry for him, only glad that she had moved him. He sank into a chair by the table and leaned his face in his hands. Carmelita stood erect, thin and stiff in her black gown, watching him.

At last, he said,

"Whose name has your son forged, and how do you expect me to save him if he has forged?"

"He has forged the name of his employer, Mrs. Robert Davis," answered Carmelita, "and you must save him. You are the president of the bank where Mrs. Davis deposits her money. You can save him, and you must."

"Why are you so sure that he has done this terrible thing? Has he confessed to you?"

A look of agony and shame swept her face, then she said, almost whispering,

"Yes."

This look of anguished shame and the whispering voice struck to Timothy's heart. He had never felt such pity for anyone as he felt for Carmelita now. But he was on his guard. Though he pitied her so keenly, he feared her. She did not seem in any way the girl that he had once loved. Before he could say anything, she went on, in another tone:

"He had much money—he could not have saved all that money. They told him he must take me South—to save my life. And he took me. He must have spent a thousand dollars on me—on me!" She struck her breast sharply with her clenched hands, and again a convulsion passed across her face. But she continued, in a hard, practical voice: "Mrs. Davis went abroad in January to spend six months. She left him in charge of all her affairs. Yesterday she came back unexpectedly. Then I knew—I knew by his face—by everything about him. And I made him

tell me. I coaxed it out of him—bit by bit. He did it to save me. Now I must save him. He meant to return it. There is more than a thousand dollars owing me. But I sew for the rich. Many rich people go to little dressmakers like me—and the rich are slow to pay. They make us wait six months—a year—two years—” She leaned forward against the chair to which she was holding, as though in physical pain, then straightened herself and went on: “He wanted to go away last night, but I wouldn’t let him. If he did that, it would all be known. I told him to wait. I told him I used to know you—that you would save him.” She came close to him again and said fiercely: “Do you hear? You must save him; you must promise me that you will save him.”

“I am sorrier for you than I can say,” replied Timothy, in a broken voice, “but it is impossible that I should promise you such a thing.”

“What!” cried Carmelita, and her eyes were terrible.

“I cannot promise you,” said Timothy more firmly, “because though I am president of the bank, I am answerable to the bank also. Even if I could persuade this woman to be lenient, I would be compounding a felony if your son has done this thing and I help him to escape.”

Carmelita looked at him with a fury of contempt and hatred.

“You have no entrails,” she said. “You are a wooden man. I despise you, but I must have your help. You must promise me before I leave this room.”

“I cannot—I cannot!” said Timothy, and he groaned as he said it.

“Very well, then; choose!” cried Carmelita. “Either you promise me or I go from here to the home of Miss Cynthia Buckley, and I tell her who I am and whose son my son is.”

Timothy sprang to his feet, and hatred was now in his look also.

“Are you threatening me?” he said.

“Yes,” replied Carmelita, and she smiled a little; “I am threatening you.”

“I will tell her myself, before you shall tell her,” said Timothy, and pain and anger half smothered his words.

“We can both tell her,” said Carmelita, still smiling.

Timothy looked into her cruel eyes, and all at once he felt beaten. He had loved

this woman better than life once, and now he felt that he was hating her. That was terrible enough, but to think of what might befall Cynthia was worst of all.

Carmelita waited, always watching him. At last, she said softly,

“Will you promise, or shall we tell Miss Buckley whose son my son is?”

Timothy turned his face away. It was gray and drawn, and he looked more than his age. Then, like a man who has taken a sudden resolution, he turned again to her.

“I will promise you this much,” he said: “I will see Mrs. Davis myself when she comes to the bank. I will find out all that she knows, and I will tell you what I have found out. And then”—he paused, and said slowly, looking down at the floor between them—“and then—I will see what I can do, in case your son is guilty.”

“That is a promise?” asked Carmelita.

“Yes; it is a promise.”

“On your word of honor?”

“On my word of honor.”

Carmelita gazed at him searchingly for a space, then she said abruptly,

“Do you believe in God?”

“Yes,” said Timothy, wondering at the strange woman.

“Then swear it in his name,” said Carmelita.

“I swear it in his name,” said Timothy.

Carmelita turned to go, then turned back again.

“If I thought you were fooling me—” she said threateningly; then, in answer to his look of indignation, she added, in a quiet voice: “But if you do try to cheat me, you know what to expect. My address is on this card. I shall be waiting.”

She laid the card on his writing-table and went quickly from the room.

The next morning, at eleven o’clock, Mrs. Davis came to the bank and asked to see Mr. Dane or the vice-president. As soon as she was alone with Timothy, she began to explain to him that she had not received two dividends which should have come the first of February. She named them, and Timothy said,

“But, Mrs. Davis, I am sure that we have cashed those checks.”

She became excited and asked to see the vouchers. Timothy explained to her that the vouchers had gone back to the company that issued the dividends. He asked her



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBE

Her eyes were lovely with gratitude. The face that gazed up at Timothy was the face of the Carmelita that he had known of old

why she wished to see them so particularly, and she told him about Juan Vasquez, and of how he must have forged her signature, as she had been abroad during February and March and no check had been sent there for her to sign.

Timothy controlled his expression by a great effort of will, and said that he would write to the company and see if they would send the vouchers for inspection. This would take three or four days. Mrs. Davis agreed to say nothing to anyone about the matter until the vouchers had been received and examined. She also promised to be very careful that young Vasquez should suspect nothing. Timothy sent word to Carmelita by special messenger exactly how matters stood. It was a typed note without signature. He felt that he could not be too careful. There was danger in Carmelita. He knew that she would stop at nothing to save her son.

Four days after this, the company, to which he had written, sent photographs of the vouchers. The originals they would not part with. As soon as Timothy had examined them carefully, he saw that there was no doubt about the forgery. Juan Vasquez had traced Mrs. Davis's signature on both and then signed his name underneath. His signature was well known at the bank. The check had been cashed as a matter of course. Each was for five hundred dollars.

When Mrs. Davis found her fears realized, her excitement suddenly subsided and she broke into tears. She was devoted to the boy, she told Timothy, and this was a cruel blow. She begged him to suppress the matter. She would willingly lose the money rather than have the boy sent to jail. And just as Carmelita had done, she begged Timothy to promise that he would save Juan Vasquez. Timothy told her, as he had told Carmelita, that he could not promise such a thing, but that he would see young Vasquez privately and hear what he had to say.

"Yes, yes," sobbed the kind-hearted woman; "give him a terrible fright. Scare him to death, Mr. Dane, but don't, don't have him put in jail!"

As soon as Mrs. Davis had gone, Timothy sent another message to Carmelita.

"Bring your son to my house this evening at six," this message ran. "I will do what is possible to help you."

These had been dreadful days for Timothy. He felt that he had to see Cynthia, yet it was a terrible strain for him to appear natural and happy when he was with her. She noticed his anxious, worn look, and he explained it by saying that he was passing through some very critical moments in his affairs.

Cynthia thought, "If he is going to lose his money, I cannot, cannot marry him." But Timothy thought that her grave, abstracted air was all because of his trouble, and he loved her more than ever.

Yet Carmelita's face and voice haunted him. He felt, when he thought of her, as one feels when one dreams of people that one loves and in the dream they are strange and cruelly different. Her hard, burning eyes left him no peace. And the thought of how his father had deceived them both and written those deadly words to her made him writhe in spirit. He was glad that his father was dead, and that this thing would never come up between them. But he would have given all he had to feel his mother's arms go round him.

At six o'clock that evening, Hartley came and said:

"Mrs. Brown and a young man are down-stairs, sir. She says they have an appointment with you."

"Ask Mrs. Brown to wait. Show the young man up here," said Timothy.

Then he sat waiting. He could not have told what it was that he felt as he sat waiting to see the boy.

The evening was chilly. There was a wood fire burning on the library hearth and a shaded lamp on the table. Timothy sat where his face would be in shadow, but where the light would fall on the boy as he stood in front of him. Then the door opened, and a lad of nineteen entered.

When Timothy lifted his eyes to the boy's face, it was as if he looked on his dead youth. It was as if he himself as he had been nineteen years ago stood there, white and haggard like a ghost, gazing fearfully back at him. Juan had his mother's dark hair, but in all else he was Timothy himself—Timothy as he had been when he became Carmelita's lover.

It is a wild, shuddering thing for a man who does not even know that he has a son, to see the son that he has begotten in his youth stand suddenly before him. And as Timothy sat silent, stunned by the heavy

pounding of his heart, these words kept beating in his brain: "A forger—a forger. My son—a forger." When he spoke at last, Juan felt that such an icy voice could only condemn him. He gave up hope, and drew himself erect to hear his sentence.

"You are Juan Vasquez?" was what Timothy said. He spoke like an automaton. The boy's lips moved and he formed the word "yes." He was cruelly white. His eyes looked as though he had not slept for weeks. They were heavy and swollen. A muscle near his mouth kept trembling. He stood quietly, looking at the man who was his father, but in whom he only saw his judge.

Timothy pushed forward the photographs of the forged vouchers.

"Do you recognize these?" he asked, still in that voice of ice.

"Yes," said Juan, aloud this time.

"Do you know what that means for you?" asked Timothy, and again Juan said, "Yes."

"It means seven years in prison," said Timothy. His voice changed suddenly, shook, and grew human.

"My boy," he said, "will you tell me why you did it?"

Then Juan began to tremble. He reached out his hand as his mother had done the other day, and caught hold of the table to steady himself.

"My mother—" he stammered, "my mother—" He controlled himself and went on. "They said she would die if she didn't go to some warm place. There was no money—not enough for that— I—"

He broke off, and, with sudden passion, his face flaming, he cried out,

"I would rather spend seventy years in jail than let her die!" He choked, recovered himself again. "You can do what you want to with me," he added.

Timothy was silent for some moments. He rose and went to the window. Still the moments passed in silence as he stood there looking out into the night. He turned suddenly and came up to the boy. Laying one hand on his shoulder, he said,

"Juan—if I were to overlook this terrible thing that you have done, will you go straight in future?"

The boy stared at him blindly; then his hands went up to his face. The forgiven thief may have sobbed on his cross like that. The man felt that he could not bear this sobbing. It was his own

flesh and blood that he felt agonizing under his hand. It was his son who wept so, because the father that he did not know had forgiven him.

"Christ," said Timothy in his heart, "Christ—forgive us all!"

He tried to speak some words of comfort, but his voice broke. He could not go on.

"All my life—all my life—" the boy was sobbing. "It will take all my life—to show you—" He wept on, wordless again.

Half an hour later, Timothy rang and asked to have Mrs. Brown sent up.

Carmelita came in and stood near the closed door, gazing at them. Her face was white and tragic. Out of it gazed her black eyes, defiant, imploring, threatening, questioning. Then Timothy put his hand again on the boy's shoulder.

"Juan has promised me—" he began.

A look as of light flashed into Carmelita's wan face. She took a step forward.

"You will—save him?"

"Mother—" faltered the boy.

He went toward her, but her eyes were on Timothy. She gazed an instant longer; then, like a wind, she rushed, fell at his feet, seized his hand, and before he could prevent her, held it to her lips, her breast. The blood was in her white face. Her eyes were lovely with gratitude. The face that gazed up at Timothy was the face of the Carmelita that he had known of old.

He lifted her, and, taking Juan by the hand, gave her her son again.

When they left him, he sank down, head on arms, feeling, with David, that all God's billows and waves had gone over him.

There was yearning in the very marrow of his bones toward his son. Yet he loved Cynthia. What was he to do? Was he to marry Cynthia and never see his son again? The boy's sweet, weak character showed in every line of his face. Was he to turn short and leave him to go his way alone? And how could he provide for him, as he felt that he must do, without running the risk of scandal? Again, he felt that he could not let Cynthia marry him without telling her the truth. How would she take the truth if he told her? Would she break with him—or would she understand? And again he saw Carmelita's transfigured face as she knelt at his feet, and he thought of the long, long years of loving drudgery that she had spent for her son—his son—



Here, indeed, was a divided duty. What to do? What to do?

At last he went to Cynthia and told her the whole story, only suppressing names and the character of Juan's crime. Cynthia did not interrupt him. She sat gravely attentive until he had finished; then she said,

"It does seem a pity, dear, that you felt you had to tell me this."

Something in her tone jarred on Timothy's sensitiveness.

"Are you vexed with me for telling you?" he asked, and added, before she could reply: "I had to tell you. I felt I owed it to you to tell you"—he grew very pale—"to—to let you decide," he ended.

"I don't see what decision there is for me to make," she answered rather coldly. "It is all a thing of the past, as I see it."

"You mean—that you will marry me just the same?" asked Timothy, still wincing at something in her voice.

"Why not?" said the girl, and she lifted her delicate eyebrows slightly.

Timothy caught her suddenly in his arms.

"You love me? You really love me, don't you?" he demanded, his voice choking.

She smiled at him, drawing herself a little from him.

"Of course, Don Quixote," she said lightly. "Do you think I'd marry you unless I loved you? But you're grinding my bracelet into my arm."

Timothy released her with a mechanical exclamation of self-reproach. Something in her words had struck him queerly. He heard them over and over. "*Do you think I'd marry you unless I loved you?*" He had never thought about it. He had taken it for granted. Now he was thinking of it; he was wondering about it. Would she marry him unless she loved him? And, all at once, he saw his son's face swollen with weeping, and the face of Carmelita as she crouched, looking up at him, with his hand against her breast. He gazed at Cynthia, who was moving the bracelet that his impetuous embrace had crushed into her arm. Her face struck him suddenly as sweetly chill and aloof. Did she really love him? Would she marry him without loving him—because he was very rich? The thought struck him like a bolt. And as it came to him, another thought came with it.

She herself gave him his chance.

"Why are you still looking so worried?"

she asked him. "I don't believe you've told me *all* that's troubling you."

Then Timothy gave way to a queer impulse.

"No," he said slowly; "I haven't told you all."

"Well?" she said, and her voice sounded rather anxious.

He said still more slowly, keeping his eyes on hers,

"I may lose all my fortune, Cynthia."

Her face went very white, and her eyes dropped from his. Timothy knew in that instant exactly why she was willing to marry him. He felt stunned. But a voice within him said, "It is better to know now than afterward." She recovered herself at once and talked very prettily to him. But Timothy was distraught, and only half conscious of what she said.

That night he wrote to her saying that until he felt sure that his affairs were safe, he thought it ungenerous to hold her to her promise. Her reply said that he was a "dear Don Quixote," but that it should be as he wished. She didn't want to add to his burden in any way.

Timothy smiled oddly when he read this answer. He felt very tired and rather callous. His worst bitterness had been in the moment when he realized that she did not love him. He was one of the men who do not want a woman unless she loves him.

He sat by the fire in his library late into the night. When day broke, all was clear before him. He was like a man who comes at last out of a thick wood and wonders why it took him so long to find his way.

That evening, he wrote to his friend in Washington, saying that, for very strong private reasons, he would not be able to accept the post of ambassador to England; then he went to the address that Carmelita had left him. She was sitting alone, sewing upon the skirt of a white-satin dress. The reflected light from the shining stuff gleamed up into her face. Her black eyes looked startled and anxious from shadows of weariness.

Timothy stood hesitating a moment; then he went and stood beside her.

"Carmelita," he said, speaking her name for the first time in nineteen years, "Carmelita, I've come to ask you to marry me. I want to help you to take care of"—he paused, then lifted her hand gently, with the needle and the shining satin in it—"to take care of—our son, Carmelita," he ended.

## *She Looked the Part- and Got it*

**M**AE HOPKINS was a show girl and was ever so ambitious to be an actress. But not until last spring were her ambitions considered seriously. Then there arrived in New York a farce called "She's In Again." The heroine was a show girl much like Miss Mae. She was given the part, played it cleverly, and is now even more ambitious than before.



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## *A Beauty with*

**B**EATRICE ALLEN is a beauty who is the youthful star and author of the made her début as a dancer on the New York dance craze last winter, and, after a further ex-lightly and gracefully onto the stage. Beauty these days, and already this favored young comedy star of the future.



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# Winged Feet

dancing this summer  
Chicago revue, "All  
Theater roof during  
perience at a fashion-  
and grace are an open  
woman is being consid-

with Joseph Santley,  
Over Town." She  
the height of the  
able cabaret, stepped  
sesame to fame in  
cred as a musical-





*Mlle.  
Becomes*



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## *Sugar Plum a Star*

IN the vital statistics of the Miller family it is recorded that Marilynn, aged seventeen, has four birthdays. First, the day she was born in Findlay, Ohio; second, the day she made her début as Mlle. Sugar Plum, aged four, in Dayton; third, the day she was sixteen and could snap her fingers defiantly at those societies that had for twelve years prevented her dancing publicly in New York, and, fourth, the day, last June, when, her year's novitiate as a Broadway celebrity being passed, she blossomed forth a full-fledged heroine and danseuse, a very important somebody, in fact, in "The Passing Show of 1915," at the Winter Garden. The Middle West that knew her as one of the Columbian Five in vaudeville is very proud of Miss Marilynn.



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# The Red, White, and Blue Girl



**K**AY LAURELL posed as the "Red, White, and Blue Girl" in the tableau which closed the riotous "Midnight Frolic" on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater. This unique entertainment began at midnight and ran an hour. Miss Laurell was in "The Follies—Edition of 1914," and she has now resumed her place among the famous beauties of the organization in 1915.

# The House of Death

It would take one quite beyond the limits of the imagination to conceive of a more subtle and heartless method of crime than that which is here so surprisingly revealed by the twentieth-century wizard, Craig Kennedy. Anyone who attempts to put knowledge gained through the study of modern science to dastardly ends might well feel secure if old-time processes of detection were the only ones available. But, fortunately, this has ceased to be the case. The great detective is no longer the sleuth. In this story, Craig introduces us to one of the most important subjects with which medicine is at present concerned, and shows us how to use a new and scientific means of crime-detection whose utility has recently been demonstrated by the expert criminologists of Germany and France.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Sleep-maker," "The Evil Eye," and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Will Foster

"YOU'VE heard of such things as cancer houses, I suppose, Professor Kennedy?"

It was early in the morning, and Craig's client, Myra Moreton, as she introduced herself, had been waiting at the laboratory door in a state of great agitation until we came up. Her beautiful face was pale and haggard with worry, and she was a pathetic figure as she stood there dressed in deep mourning.

"Well," she hurried on, as she dropped into a chair, "that is what they are calling that big house of ours at Norwood—a 'cancer house,' if there is such a thing."

Clearly, Myra Moreton was a victim of nervous prostration. She had asked the question with a hectic eagerness, yet had not waited for an answer.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you do not, you cannot know what it means to have something like this constantly hanging over you! Think of it—five of us have died in less than five years. It haunts me. Who next? That is all I can think about."

Her first agitation had been succeeded by a calmness of despair, almost of fatalism, which was worse for her than letting loose her pent-up emotions.

I had heard of cases of people in whom there was no record of hereditary predisposition to cancer, people apparently in perfect health, who had moved into houses where cancer patients had lived and died and had themselves developed the disease.

Though I had, of course, never even remotely experienced such a feeling as she described, I could well fancy what it must be to her.

Kennedy watched her sympathetically. "But why do you come to me?" he asked gently. "Don't you think a cancer specialist would be more likely to help you?"

"A specialist?" she repeated, with a peculiar hopelessness. "Professor Kennedy, five years ago, when my uncle Frank was attacked by cancer, father was so foolish as to persuade him to consult a specialist whose advertisement he saw in the papers, a Doctor Adam Loeb, on Forty-second Street, here in New York. Specialist! Oh, I'm worried sick every time I have a sore or anything like this one on my neck!"

She had worked herself from her unnatural calm almost into a state of hysterics as she displayed a little sore on her delicate white throat.

"That?" reassured Kennedy. "Oh, that may be nothing but a little boil! But this Doctor Loeb—he must be a quack. No doctor who advertises—"

"Perhaps," she interrupted. "That is what Doctor Goode, out at Norwood, tells me. But father has faith in him, even has him at the house sometimes. I cannot bear the sight of him. Since I first saw him, my uncle, his wife, another aunt, my cousin have died, and then, last week, my—my mother." Her voice broke, but with a great effort she managed to get herself

together. "Now I—I fear that my father may go next. Perhaps it will strike me—or my brother Lionel—who can tell? Think of it—the whole family wiped out by this terrible thing!"

"Who is this Doctor Loeb?" asked Kennedy, more for the purpose of aiding her in giving vent to her feelings than anything else.

"He is a New York doctor," she reiterated. "I believe he claims to have a sure cure for cancer by the use of radium and such means. My father has absolute confidence in him. In fact, they are quite friendly. So was Lionel—until lately."

"What happened to shake your brother's faith?" asked Craig.

"Nothing, I imagine, except that Lionel began thinking it over after some one told him about cancer houses. I wish you could see Lionel—he knows more about it than I do—or Doctor Goode. I think he has made some kind of test. He could tell you much better than I can all the strange history. But they don't agree—Lionel and Doctor Goode. Oh, it is more than I can stand! What shall I—"

She had fainted. In an instant I was at her side, helping Kennedy bring her around.

"There, there!" soothed Kennedy, several minutes later, as her deep eyes looked at him appealingly. "Perhaps, after all, there may be something I can do. If I should go out to Norwood—"

"Oh, will you?" she cried, overjoyed. "If you would—how could I ever thank you! I feel better. Please let me telephone Lionel that we are coming."

It was scarcely an hour before we were on the train, and, in the early forenoon, we were met by her brother at the station in a light car.

Through the beautiful streets of the quaint old Connecticut town we rode until, at last, we stopped before a great stone house which was the Moreton mansion.

It was a double house, a gloomy sort of place, surrounded by fir trees, damp, and suggestive of decay. I could not help feeling that if ever there were a house about which I could associate the story which Myra had poured forth, this was it.

Darius Moreton, her father, happened to be at home at lunch when we arrived. He was a man past middle age. Like his father and grandfather, he was a manu-

facturer of optical goods, and had expanded the business very well. And, like many successful business men, he was one of those who are very positive, with whom one cannot argue.

Myra introduced Kennedy as interested in the causes and treatment of cancer, and especially in the tracing of a definite case of "cancer house."

"No"—he shook his head grimly—"I'm afraid it is heredity. My friend Doctor Loeb is the only one who understands it. I have absolute confidence in him."

He said it in a way that seemed to discourage all argument. Kennedy did not antagonize him by disagreeing, but turned to Lionel, who was a rather interesting type of young man. Son of Darius Moreton by his first wife, Lionel had gone to the scientific school, as had his father, and, being graduated, had taken up the business of the Moreton family as a matter of course.

Myra seemed overcome by the journey to the city to see Kennedy, and, after a light luncheon, Lionel undertook to talk to us and show us through the house.

"This is a most unusual case," commented Craig thoughtfully, as Lionel went over the family history briefly. "If it can be authenticated that this is a cancer house, I am sure the medical profession will be deeply interested."

"Authenticated?" hastened Lionel. "Well, take the record: First, there was my uncle Frank, who was father's partner in the factory. He died just about five years ago, at the age of fifty-one. That same year, his wife, my aunt Julia, died. She was forty-eight. Then, my other aunt, Fanny, father's sister, died of cancer of the throat. She was rather older, fifty-four. Not quite two years afterward, my cousin George, son of uncle Frank, died. He was several years younger than I, twenty-nine. Finally, my stepmother died last week. She was forty-nine. So, I suppose we may be pardoned if, somehow, in spite of the fact, as you say, that many believe that the disease is not contagious, or infectious, or whatever you call it, we believe that it lurks in the house. Myra and I would get out to-morrow, only father insists that there's nothing in it, says it is all heredity."

We had come down the wide staircase into the library, where we rejoined Myra, who was resting on a *chaise longue*.



DRAWN BY WILL DOSTER

"No"—he shook his head grimly—"I'm afraid it is heredity. My friend Doctor Loeb is the only one who understands it. I have absolute confidence in him"



"I should like very much to have a talk with Doctor Goode," suggested Craig.

"By all means," agreed Myra. "I'll go over with you. It is only next door."

"Then I'll wait here," said Lionel, rather curtly, I thought. I fancied that there was a coolness that amounted to a latent hostility between Lionel and Doctor Goode, and I wondered about it.

Across the sparse lawn that struggled up under the deep shade of the trees stood a smaller, less pretentious house of a much more modern type. That was where Doctor Goode lived. We crossed with Myra through a break in the hedge between the houses. As we were about to pass between the two grounds, Kennedy's foot kicked something that seemed to have rolled down from some rubbish on the boundary-line of the two properties, piled up, evidently, waiting to be carted away.

Craig stooped casually and picked the object up. It was a queer little porcelain cone, V-shaped. He gave it a hasty look, then dropped it into his pocket.

Doctor Goode, into whose office Myra led us, was a youngish man, smooth shaven, the type of the new generation of doctors. He had come to Norwood several years before and had now a very fair practice.

"Miss Moreton tells me," began Kennedy, after we had been introduced, "that there is a theory that theirs is one of these so-called cancer houses."

"Yes," the doctor nodded; "I have heard that theory expressed—and others, too. Of course, I haven't had a chance to verify it. But I may say that, privately, I am hardly prepared to accept it yet as a case of cancer house." He was very guarded in his choice of words.

I was watching both the young doctor and Myra. She had entered his office in a way that suggested that she was something more than a patient. As I watched them, it did not take one of very keen perception to discover that they were on very intimate terms indeed. A glance at the solitaire on Myra's finger convinced me. They were engaged.

"You don't believe it, then?" asked Craig quickly. The young man hesitated and shrugged his shoulders.

"You have a theory of your own?" persisted Craig.

"I don't know whether I have or not," he replied non-committally.

"Is it that you think it possible to produce cancer artificially and purposely?"

Doctor Goode considered. I wondered whether he had any suspicions of which he might not speak because of professional ethics. Kennedy had fixed his eyes on him sharply, and the doctor seemed uneasy.

"I've heard of cases," he ventured finally, "where X-rays and radium have caused cancerous growths. You know several of the experimenters have lost their lives in that way—martyrs to science."

I could not help, somehow or other, thinking of Doctor Loeb. Did Doctor Goode refer indirectly to him? Loeb, certainly, was no martyr to science. He might be a charlatan. But was he a scientific villain?

"That may all be true," pursued Craig relentlessly, "but it is, after all, a question of fact, not of opinion."

Myra was looking at him eagerly now, and the doctor saw that she expected him to speak.

"I have long suspected something of the sort," he remarked, in a low, forced tone. "I've had samples of the blood of the Moretons examined. In fact, I have found that their blood affects the photographic plate through a layer of black paper. You know red blood-cells and serum have a distinct power of reducing photo-silver on plates when exposed to certain radiations. In other words, I have found that their blood is, apparently, radioactive."

Myra looked at him aghast. It was evidently the first time he had said anything about this new suspicion, even to her. Could it be that some one was using these new forces with devilish ingenuity?

"If that's the case, who would be the most likely person to do such a thing?" shot out Craig.

"I wouldn't like to say," Goode returned, dodging, though we were all thinking of Doctor Loeb.

"But the motive?" demanded Craig.

"Darius Moreton is very intimate with a certain person," he returned enigmatically. "It is even reported in town that he has left that person a large sum of money in his will, in payment for his services, if you call them so, to the family."

He had evidently not intended to say so much, and, although Craig tried in every way, he could not get the doctor to amplify what he had hinted at.

We returned to the Moreton house, Kennedy apparently much impressed by what Doctor Goode had said.

"If you will permit me," he asked, "I should like to have a few drops of blood from each of you."

"Goode tried that," remarked old Mr. Moreton. "I don't know that anything came of it. Still, I am not going to refuse."

Craig had already taken from his pocket a small case containing a hypodermic and some little glass tubes. There seemed to be no valid objection, and from each of them he drew off a small quantity of blood. As he worked, I thought I saw what he had in mind. Could there be, I wondered, an X-ray outfit or perhaps radium concealed about the living-rooms of the house? First of all, it was necessary to verify Doctor Goode's observations. We chatted awhile, then took leave of Myra Moreton.

"Keep up your courage," whispered Craig, with a look that told her that he had seen the conflict between loyalty to her father and to her lover.

Lionel drove us back to the station in the car. Nothing of importance was said until we had almost reached the station.

"I can see," he said finally, "that you don't feel sure that it is a cancer house."

Kennedy said nothing.

"Well," he pursued, "I don't know anything about it, of course. But I do know this much: Those doctors are making a good thing out of father and the rest of us." The car had pulled up. "I've got no use for Loeb," the young man went on. "Still, I'd rather not that we had trouble with him. I'll tell you," he added, in a burst of confidence, "he has a little girl who works for him, his secretary, Miss Golder. She comes from Norwood. I should hate to have anything happen to queer her. People used to think that Goode was engaged to her, before he took that office next to us and got ambitious. Father placed her with Doctor Loeb. If it's necessary to do anything with him, I hope she can be kept out of it."

"I'll try to do it," agreed Craig, as we shook hands and climbed on the train.

Kennedy's first move was to go downtown to the old building opposite the City Hall and visit the post-office inspectors.

"I've heard of the government's campaign against the medical quacks," he introduced, when we at last found the proper

inspector. "I wonder whether you know a Doctor Adam Loeb?"

"Loeb?" repeated Inspector O'Hanlon. "Of course we know Loeb—a very slippery customer, too, with just enough science at his command to make the case against him difficult."

"I suppose," went on O'Hanlon, "you know that we have great numbers of dishonest and fake radium-cure establishments. Usually they have neither radium nor knowledge. They promise a cure, but they can't even palliate the trouble. Loeb has some radium, I guess, but that's about all."

"I think I'd like to visit the doctor and his medical museum," ventured Kennedy, when O'Hanlon had finished.

"Very well," agreed O'Hanlon; "our cases against the quacks are just about completed. I've heard a great deal about you, Mr. Kennedy. I think I may trust you." The inspector paused. "To-morrow," he added, looking at us significantly, "we have planned a simultaneous raid on all of them in the city. However, there's no objection to your seeing Doctor Loeb, if you'll be careful to give him no hint that something is about to be pulled off."

"I'd like to see him in action before the raid," hastened Craig.

"Well, I think the best way, then, for you to get at him," advised the inspector, "would be to adopt the method my investigators use with these fakers. I mean for one or the other of you to pose as a prospective patient."

Craig glanced over at me whimsically.

"Oh," I said good-humoredly, "I'll be the goat, if that's what you're going to ask me." Craig laughed.

"Come in to-morrow," called the inspector, as we left; "I'd like to hear what happens."

We found Doctor Loeb established in a palatial suite of offices in an ultramodern office-building. Outside, was what he called his "medical museum." It was a gruesome collection of wax figures and colored charts. At the end of the room was a huge sign bearing his name and the words, "Positive Cure for Cancer without Cautery or the Knife."

There were no cappers or steerers about the place, though I had no doubt he had them working for him outside to bring in business. Instead, we were met by a very pretty, fluffy-haired girl, evidently the

doctor's secretary. She, I gathered, was the Miss Golder whom Lionel had mentioned.

Loeb's office was elaborately equipped. There were static machines, electric coils, high-frequency appliances, X-ray outfits, galvanic and faradic cabinets, electric-light reflectors of high power, light-bath cabinets, electric vibrators, high-pressure nebulizers and ozonizers—everything, as Craig expressed it later, to impress the patient that Loeb could cure any disease that flesh is heir to.

The doctor himself was a pompous man of middle age, with a very formidable beard and a deep voice that forbade contradiction.

"I've come to you on the recommendation of a patient of yours," began Craig, adding "not for myself, but for my friend here, who, I'm afraid, isn't very well."

The doctor eyed me through his spectacles. I began to feel shaky.

"Who recommended you?" he asked.

"My friend, Mr. Darius Moreton, of Norwood. I suppose you remember him?"

"Oh, very well, very well! A most peculiar case, that of the Moreton's. I have succeeded in prolonging their lives beyond what anyone else could have done. But I fear that they haven't all followed my treatment. You know, you must put yourself entirely in my hands, and there is a young doctor out there, I believe, whom they have also. That isn't fair to me. I wonder whether you are acquainted with my methods of treatment?"

Kennedy shook his head negatively.

"Miss Golder," the doctor called, as the fluffy-haired secretary responded quickly, "will you give these gentlemen some of my booklets on the Loeb Method."

Miss Golder took from a cabinet several handsomely printed pamphlets extolling the skill and success of Doctor Loeb.

As Miss Golder left the office, Doctor Loeb began a rapid examination of me, using an X-ray machine. I am sure that if I had not received a surreptitious encouraging nod from Craig now and then, I should have been ready to croak or cash in, according to whichever Doctor Loeb suggested—probably the latter, for I could not help thinking that a great deal of time was spent in mentally X-raying my pocket-book. When he had finished, the doctor shook his head gravely. Of course I was threat-

ened. But the thing was only incipient. Still, if it were not attended to immediately, it was only a question of a short time when I might be as badly off as the wax figures and charts outside showed. I had fortunately come just in time to be saved.

"I think that, with electrical treatment, we can get rid of that malignant growth in a month," he promised, fixing a price for the treatment which I thought was pretty high.

I paid him ten dollars on deposit, and we left the doctor's office. I was to return for a treatment in a couple of days.

We turned out of the entrance of the office-building just as scores of employees were hurrying home. As we reached the door, I felt Kennedy grasp my arm. I swung around. There, in an angle of the corridor, I caught sight of a familiar figure. Doctor Goode was standing, evidently waiting for some one to come out. He had not seen us.

Kennedy drew me on into the doorway of the building next door, from which we could observe everyone who went in and out of the sky-scraper in which Doctor Loeb had his offices.

"I wonder what he's down here for," scowled Kennedy.

"Perhaps he's doing some detective work of his own," I suggested.

"Lionel Moreton said that Miss Golder and he used to be intimate," ruminated Kennedy. "I wonder if he's waiting for her?"

We did not have long to wait. It was only a few minutes when Kennedy's surmise proved correct. Miss Golder and Doctor Goode came out and turned in the direction of the Grand Central Station. He was eagerly questioning her about something. What did it mean?

There was no use, and it was too risky to follow them. Kennedy turned, and we made our way up-town to the laboratory, where he plunged at once into an examination of the blood specimens he had taken from the Moretons and of the peculiar porcelain cone which he had picked up in the rubbish-pile between the two houses.

Having emptied the specimens of blood in several little shallow glass receptacles, which he covered with black paper and some very sensitive films, he turned his attention to the cone. I noted that he was very particular in his examination of it.

"That," he explained to me at length, as he worked, "is what is known as a Berkefeld filter, a little porous cup made of porcelain. The minute meshes of this filter catch and hold bacteria as if in the meshes of a microscopic sieve, just like an ordinary water-filter. It is so fine that it holds back even the tiny *Bacillus fluorescens liquefaciens*, which is used to test it. These bacilli measure only from a half to one or one-and-a-half micromillimeters in diameter. In other words, one hundred and thirty thousand germs of a half-micromillimeter would be necessary to make an inch."

"What has it been used for?" I ventured.

"I can't say yet," he returned, and I did not pursue the inquiry.

The next day was the one on which the post-office inspectors, the police, and others who had been cooperating had settled for the raid, not only on Doctor Loeb but on all medical quacks who were fleecing the credulous of the city out of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year by some of the most cruel swindles that have ever been devised.

For the time, Kennedy dropped his investigations, and we went down to O'Hanlon's office, where a thick batch of warrants, just signed, had been received.

Quickly O'Hanlon disposed his forces so that, in all parts of the town, they might swoop down at

once and gather in the medical harpies. Doctor Loeb's name stood first on the list of those whom O'Hanlon decided to handle himself.

"By the way," mentioned O'Hanlon, as we hurried up-town to be ready in time, "I had a letter from Darius Moreton this morning, threatening me with all kinds of trouble unless we let up on Doctor Loeb."

With the post-office inspector, we climbed



Miss Golder took from a cabinet several handsomely printed pamphlets extolling the skill and success of Doctor Loeb

into a patrol-wagon with a detail of police which was to make a general round-up of the places on Forty-second Street.

As the wagon backed up to the curb in front of the building in which was Loeb's office, the policemen hopped out and hurried into the building before a crowd could collect. Unceremoniously they rushed through the outer office, headed by O'Hanlon.

Quickly though the raid was executed, it could not be done without some warning commotion. As we entered the front door of the office, we could just catch a glimpse of a man retreating through a back door. Kennedy and I started after him, but we were too late. He had fled without even waiting for his hat, which lay on Miss Golder's desk, and had disappeared down a back stairway which had been left unguarded.

"Confound it!" muttered O'Hanlon, as we returned. "Who was that?"

"I don't know," replied Craig, picking up the hat, underneath which lay a package.

He opened the package. Inside were half a dozen Berkefeld filters, those peculiar porcelain cones such as we had found out at Norwood.

Quickly Craig ran his eye over the mass of papers on Miss Golder's desk. He picked up an appointment-book and turned the pages rapidly. There were several entries that seemed to interest him. I bent over. Among other names entered during the past few days I made out both "Moreton" and "Goode." I recalled the letter which O'Hanlon had received from Moreton. Had he or some one else got wind of the raids and tipped off Doctor Loeb?

Above the hubbub of the raid, I could hear O'Hanlon putting poor little Miss Golder through the third degree.

"Who was it that went out?" he shouted into her face. "You might as well tell. If you don't, it'll go hard with you." But, like all women who have been taken into these swindles, she was loyal to a fault.

"I don't know," she sobbed.

Nor could all of O'Hanlon's bulldozing get another admission out of her except that it was a stranger. She protested and wept. But she rode off in the patrol-wagon with the rest of the employees.

Who was she shielding? All we had was the secretary, a couple of cappers, and half a dozen patients, regular and prospective, who had been waiting in the office. We had a wagon-load of evidence, including letters

and circulars, apparatus of all kinds, medicines, and pills. But there was nothing more. Craig did not seem especially interested in this mass of stuff.

In fact, the only thing that seemed to interest him was the man who had disappeared. We had his hat and the filters. Craig picked up the hat and examined it.

"It's a soft hat, and consequently doesn't tell us very much about the shape of his head," he remarked; then his face brightened. "But he couldn't have left anything much better," he remarked complacently, as he went over to one of the little wall cabinets which the towel-service companies place over wash-basins in offices. He took from it a comb and brush and wrapped them up carefully. I looked at the hat, also. There was no name in it, not even the usual initials. What did Craig mean?

Other raids in various parts of the city proved far more successful than the one in which we had participated, and O'Hanlon soon forgot his chagrin in the reports that came piling in. As for ourselves, we had no further interest except in the disposition of this case, and Craig decided to go back to work again in the laboratory among his test-tubes, slides, and microscopes.

"I will leave you to follow the cases against the quacks, particularly Doctor Loeb and Miss Golder, Walter," he said. "By the way, you saw me take that hair-brush. In some way, you must get me a hair-brush from Doctor Goode. You'll have to take a trip out to Norwood. And while you are there, get brushes from Darius Moreton and Lionel. I don't know how you'll get Goode's, but Myra will help you with the others, I'm sure."

He turned to his work and was soon absorbed in some microscopical work, leaving me no chance to question him about his strange commission.

I was surprised to run into O'Hanlon himself on the train out to Norwood. The failure to get Doctor Loeb troubled him, and he had reasoned that if Darius Moreton had taken the trouble to write a letter about his friend, he might possibly know more of his whereabouts than he professed. We discussed the case nearly the whole length of the journey, agreeing to separate just before we reached the station.

It took me longer to carry out Kennedy's request than I had expected. I found Myra at home alone, very much excited.



"Some one called me up from New York this morning," she said, "and asked whether father and Lionel were at home. I thought they were at the factory, but when I called up, the foreman told me they hadn't been there. And Doctor Goode is out, too. Oh, Mr. Jameson, what does it all mean? Where have they gone?"

I was a poor one to comfort her, for I had no idea myself. Still, I did my best, and incidentally secured the brushes, though I must confess I had to commit a little second-story work to get into Doctor Goode's house.

It seemed heartless to leave the poor girl all alone, but I knew that Kennedy was waiting anxiously for me. I promised to make inquiries all over about her father, Lionel, and Goode, and, I think, the mere fact that some one showed an interest in her cheered her up, especially when I told her Kennedy was working hard on the case.

As I waited for the train that was to take me back to the city, the train from New York pulled in. Imagine my surprise when I saw Miss Golder step off nervously and hurry up the main street. I watched her, debating whether to let Kennedy wait and follow her, or not.

"Some one, they don't know who, bailed her out," I heard a voice whisper in my ear. I turned quickly. It was O'Hanlon. "She put up cash bail," he added, under his breath. "No one knows where she got it. I'm waiting until she turns that corner—then I'm going to shadow her. Perhaps she knows where Loeb is."

"If you get on the trail, will you wire me?" I asked. "Here's my train now."

O'Hanlon promised, and, as I swung on the step, I caught a last glimpse of him sauntering casually in the direction Miss Golder had taken.

I handed Kennedy the brushes, and he started me out again to keep in touch with the progress made in the cases of the quacks, particularly the search for Doctor Loeb.

It was after dinner, and I was preparing to follow the cases on into the night court, if necessary, when one of O'Hanlon's assistants hurried up to me.

"We've just had a wire from Mr. O'Hanlon," he cried excitedly, handing me a telegram. I read:

Loeb captured Norwood. Darius Moreton hiding him in vacant house outside town. Advise Kennedy.

I dashed for the nearest telephone and called up Craig.

"Fine, Walter," he shouted back; "I am ready. Meet me at the station and wire O'Hanlon to wait there for us."

We made the journey to Norwood, Craig carrying his evidence in the case in a little leather hand-satchel.

Already, out at the old house, O'Hanlon had gathered the Moreton family, Goode, who had turned up with the rest, Loeb, and Miss Golder. Myra Moreton was even more agitated than she had been when I left her during the afternoon. In fact, the secrecy maintained by both her family and Goode, to say nothing of the presence of Loeb in the house under arrest, had all but broken her down.

"I want you to look after Miss Moreton, Walter," he said, in a low tone, as we three stood in the hall. "And you, Miss Moreton, I want you to trust me when I tell you I am going to bring you safely out of this thing. Be a brave girl," he encouraged, taking her hand; "Mr. Jameson and I are here solely in your interest."

"I know it," she murmured, her lip trembling. "I will try."

A moment later we entered the Moreton library. Doctor Loeb was glaring impartially at everybody. Darius Moreton was indignant, Lionel supercilious, Doctor Goode silent.

Kennedy lost no time in getting down to the business that had brought him out to Norwood.

"Of course," he began, laying his leather case on the table and unlocking but not opening it, "references to cancer houses abound in medical literature, but I think I am safe in saying that nothing has been conclusively proved in favor either of the believers or the skeptics. At least, it may be said to be an open question, with the weight of opinion against it. Such physicians as Sir Thomas Oliver have said that the evidence in favor is too strong to be ignored. Others, equally brilliant, have shown why it should be ignored.

"In the absence of better proof, or, rather, in the presence of other facts, perhaps, in this case, it would be better to see whether there is not some other theory that may fit the facts better."

"Doctor Goode thought that the cancers might have been caused artificially by X-rays or radium," I ventured.

## The House of Death

Craig shook his head.

"I have taken a piece of filter-paper saturated with a solution of potassium iodide, starch-paste, and ferrosulphate, and laid it over a sample of blood, not four millimeters away. The whole I have kept in the dark.

"Now, we know that blood gives off peroxide of hydrogen. Peroxide of hydrogen is capable of attacking photographic plates. The paper can be permeated by a gas. No; that was not a case of photo-activity observed by Doctor Goode. It was the emission of gas from the blood that affected the plates."

"But suppose that is the case," objected Goode hastily. "There are the deaths from cancer. How do you explain them? It is not a cancer house, you say."

"Anyone may be pardoned for believing that cancer houses or even cancer districts exist," reiterated Craig. "Indeed, some observations seem to show it, as I have said, though the opponents of the theory claim to have found other causes. Here, as you hint, five people, living in close association, have died in five years."

He paused and drew from the satchel the little porcelain cone which he had picked up between the Moreton and Goode houses.

"I have here," he resumed, "what is known as a Berkefeld filter. Its meshes let through none of the germs that we can see with a microscope. It is bacteria-proof. Only something smaller than these things can pass through it, something that we cannot see, a clear, watery fluid. That something in this case is a filterable virus." Kennedy paused again, then went on: "Although the filterable viruses have only recently come to attention, it is known that they are of very diverse character. Here, we have opened up the world of the infinitely little—the universe that lies beyond the range of the microscope. The study of these tiny particles is now one of the greatest objects of scientific medicine.

"Are they living? It seems so, for a very little of the virus gives rise to growths from which many others start. It may, of course, be chemical, but it looks as if it were organic, since it resists cold, although not heat, and can be destroyed by phenol, toluol, and other antiseptics. Perhaps the virus may be visible, but not by any means yet known. Still, we do know that these things which no eye can

see may cause some of the commonest diseases."

Kennedy paused. As usual, he had his little audience following him breathlessly.

"In recent experiments with cancer in chickens," continued Craig, "tumor-material, ground fine and treated in various ways, has been filtered through these filters. Cancers have been caused by this agent which has passed through the filter.

"On the inside of the filter which I picked up back of this very house, near the boundary of Doctor Goode's, I have found the giant cells of cancer. On the outside was something which I have been able to develop into a virus—these micro-organisms that belong to the ultra-invisible. I do not pretend to know just how this bacteriological dwarf has been used. But I know enough to say that some one has, without doubt, been using some sort of filterable virus to induce cancer, just as the experimenters at the Rockefeller Institute have done with animals.

"Naturally, in the Moreton family, this person found a fertile soil. Perhaps he waited until he saw what looked like a favorable wound or traumatism. It is well known that cancer often can be traced to a wound. Perhaps he introduced this virus surreptitiously into a cut now and then. For experiments show that the virus is strikingly dependent for its action on the derangement of the tissues with which it is brought in contact.

"This person must have had a high percentage of failures in his attempts to inoculate the virus successfully. But, by persistence and taking advantage of every predisposition afforded by nature, he succeeded. At any rate, this person must have been intimately acquainted with the family, must have had some motive for seeking their deaths—for instance, the family fortune.

"It makes no difference whether the victims might have had cancer sooner or later, anyway. Even if that were so, this cold-blooded villain was at least hastening the development of, if not actually causing, the frightful and fatal disease."

Craig reached over and picked out from the satchel the hat which we had found at the office of the cancer quack.

"In the raid at Doctor Loeb's," he explained, changing his tone, "a man disappeared. I have here a soft hat which he left behind in his hurry to escape, as well as

some of the filters he was carrying." He turned the hat inside out. "You will see," Craig pointed out, "that on the felt of the inside there are numerous hairs."

I leaned forward breathlessly. I began to see the part I had played in building up his case.

"Human hair," Craig went on, "differs greatly. Under the microscope one may study the oval-shaped medulla, the long, pointed cortex, and the flat cuticle cells of an individual hair. The pigment in the cortex can be studied also.

"I have taken some of the hairs from the inside of this hat, examined, photographed, and measured them. I have compared them with a color-scale perfected by the late Alphonse Bertillon. In fact, in France quite a science has been built up about hair by the so-called pilologists. The German scientific criminologists have written exhaustive treatises on the hair, and astounding results in detection have been obtained by them.

"I have been able to secure samples of the hair of everyone in this case, and I have studied them also. These hairs in the hat which was left over the package of filters have furnished me with a slender but no less damning clue to a veritable monster."

One could have heard a pin drop, as if Kennedy were a judge pronouncing a death sentence.

"Doctor Loeb is guilty of being one of the most heartless of quacks, it is true," Kennedy's voice rang out tensely, as he



I noted that he was very particular in his examination of it. "That," he explained to me, as he worked,

"is what is known as Berkefeld filter"

faced us. "But the slow murders, one by one, bringing the family estate nearer and nearer—they were done by one who hoped to throw the blame on Doctor Loeb, by the man whose hair I have here—Lionel Moreton."

A new *Craig Kennedy* story, *The Demon Engine*, will appear in the October issue.

# THE LITTLE LADY OF THE BIG HOUSE

A STORY OF THREE PEOPLE IN A REAL WORLD

By Jack London

*Author of "The Valley of the Moon," "Smoke-Bellevue," "The Sea Wolf," etc.*

*Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy*

SYNOPSIS—Dick Forrest is the owner of a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-acre farm and ranch in the Sacramento valley, California, which, through his genius for organization and his scientific knowledge of agriculture and stock-raising, has become famous the country over for the quality of its products. His father died when he was thirteen, leaving him a fortune of twenty million dollars; and the orphaned boy, resenting the restraint of his guardians, runs away from home. In three years he is back, having learned much of life and human nature. He then turns with great diligence to his studies, chiefly directed, in accordance with his bent, toward farming. At twenty-one, he buys the great tract of land, stocks it with the finest blooded animals, and builds the Big House for a home. Experts are installed in every department of the farm, and leaving affairs in their hands, Dick spends four years in travel, having many remarkable adventures. At thirty, he returns with a wife—"The Little Lady of the Big House." She is Paula Desten, daughter of a comrade of Dick's father in the "gold days" of California.

Ten years pass at home, with intervals of travel. Is Paula completely happy? A suspicion begins to take form in Dick's mind that, so absorbed is he in the management of the ranch, he does not give her all her passionate nature craves. But he does not believe she can be lonely. The Big House has always guests. It is a gathering-place for all who live in the neighborhood. Among these are four eccentric characters who talk, read, and dream, but won't work, calling themselves the "Jungle-birds," and whom Dick practically takes care of. They are Terrence McFane, an epicurean anarchist; Aaron Hancock, an amateur anthropologist and philologist; Theo Malken, a shiftless poet, and Dar Hyal, a Hindu philosopher and revolutionist. Frequent visitors are Paula's young half-sisters, Ernestine and Lute, and her aunt, Mrs. Tully. Staying in the house just now is Evan Graham, an American of roving disposition, whom Dick and Paula had met in South America two years before. He has just returned from a trip across South America and is to write a book about it. A great admiration for Paula immediately takes hold of Graham. She is, indeed, an extraordinary woman, with great social gifts. A talented pianist and the possessor of a well-cultivated voice, she also excels in many sports; in horsemanship and at swimming she is a match for any man. She has a knowledge of stock-breeding that is as much based on instinct as upon study. Her vigor and energy are tremendous, although she has long suffered from insomnia. Graham is only one of many men who have fallen a victim to her charms, but she has always treated all except her husband as comrades.

The attraction of Paula for Graham is not unnoticed by Dick, but he dismisses any uneasy feeling that arises with the reflection that he and Paula have been happily married for ten years. After the departure of a violinist, Donald Ware, Paula absents herself from the company at the Big House, and Graham starts in earnest on his book. His infatuation becomes so strong that he knows he should leave, but his desire to be where Paula is compels him to stay. He now finds no opportunity to be with her alone until one evening, when she is by herself in the music-room. They sing a duet the "Gipsy Trail," the burden of which is "to follow the Romany patterning," and Graham explains the nature of this sign of Gipsy lover to Gipsy lover—sprigs of two different trees or shrubs, crossed in a certain way and left upon the trail.

ALMOST immediately after the singing of the "Gipsy Trail," Paula emerged from her seclusion, and Graham found himself hard put, in the tower room, to keep resolutely to his work when, all the morning, he could hear snatches of song and opera from her wing, or laughter and scolding of dogs from the great patio, or the continuous pulse of the piano for hours from the distant music-room. But Graham, patterning after Dick, devoted his mornings to work, so that he rarely encountered Paula before lunch.

She made announcement that her spell

of insomnia was over and that she was ripe for all gaieties and excursions Dick had to offer her. Further, she threatened, in case Dick grudged these personal diversions, to fill the house with guests and teach him what liveliness was. It was at this time that her aunt Martha—Mrs. Tully—returned for a several days' visit.

Graham learned much about Paula in various chats with her aunt. Of Philip Desten, Paula's father, Mrs. Tully could never say enough. Her eldest brother, and older by many years, he had been her childhood prince. His ways had been big ways, princely ways—ways that to commoner folk had betokened a streak of madness.

It was this streak that had enabled him to win various fortunes and, with equal facility, to lose them in the great gold adventure of 'Forty-nine. Himself of old New England stock, he had had for great-grandfather a Frenchman—a trifle of flotsam from a mid-ocean wreck, and landed to grow up among the farmer-sailors of the coast of Maine.

"And once, and once only, in each generation that French Desten crops out," Mrs. Tully assured Graham. "Philip was that Frenchman in his generation, and who but Paula, and in full measure, received that same inheritance in her generation? Though Lute and Ernestine are her half-sisters, no one would imagine one drop of the common blood was shared. That's why Paula, instead of going circus riding, drifted inevitably to France. It was that old original Desten that drew her over."

And of the adventure in France, Graham learned much. Philip Desten's luck had been to die when the wheel of his fortune had turned over and down. Ernestine and Lute, little tots, had been easy enough for Desten's sisters to manage. But Paula, who had fallen to Mrs. Tully, had been the problem—"because of that Frenchman."

"Oh, she is rigid New England," Mrs. Tully insisted, "the solidest of creatures as to honor and rectitude, dependableness and faithfulness. As a girl, she really couldn't bring herself to lie—except to save others. In which case, all her New England ancestry took flight and she would lie as magnificently as her father before her. And he had the same charm of manner, the same daring, the same ready laughter, the same vivacity. But what is lightsome and blithe in her was debonair in him. He won men's hearts always, or, failing that, their bitterest enmity. No one was left cold by him in passing. Contact with him quickened them to love or hate. Therein Paula differs, being a woman, I suppose, and not enjoying man's prerogative of tilting at windmills. I don't know that she has an enemy in the world. All love her, unless, it may well be, there are cat-women who envy her her nice husband."

And as Graham listened, Paula's singing came through the open window from somewhere down the long arcades, and there was that ever-haunting thrill in her voice that he could not escape remembering afterward. She burst into laughter, and Mrs. Tully beamed to him.

"There laughs Philip Desten," she murmured, "and all the Frenchwomen behind the original Frenchman who was brought into Penobscot, dressed in homespun, and sent to meeting. Have you noticed how Paula's laugh invariably makes everybody look up and smile? Philip's laugh did the same thing."

Paula had always been passionately fond of music, painting, drawing. As a little girl, she could be traced around the house and grounds by the trail she left behind her of images and shapes, made in whatever medium she chanced upon—drawn on scraps of paper, scratched on bits of wood, modeled in mud and sand.

"She loved everything, and everything loved her," said Mrs. Tully. "She was never timid of animals. And yet she always stood in awe of them; but she was born sense-struck, and her awe was beauty-awe. Yes; she was an incorrigible hero-worshiper, whether the person was merely beautiful or did things."

And Paula had wanted to do things, to make beauty herself. But she was sorely puzzled whether she should devote herself to music or to painting. In the full swing of work, under the best masters in Boston, she could not refrain from straying back to her drawing. From her easel, she was lured to modeling.

"And so, with her love of the best, her soul and heart full of beauty, she grew quite puzzled and worried over herself, as to which talent was the greater, and if she had genius at all. I suggested a complete rest from work, and took her abroad for a year. And of all things, she developed a talent for dancing. But always she harked back to her music and painting. Her trouble was that she was too talented—"

"Too diversely talented," Graham amplified.

"Yes; that is better," Mrs. Tully nodded. "But from talent to genius is a far cry, and, to save my life, at this late day I don't know whether the child ever had a trace of genius in her. She has not done anything big in any of her chosen things."

"Except to be herself," Graham added.

"Which is the big thing," Mrs. Tully accepted, with a smile of enthusiasm. "She is a splendid, unusual woman, very unspoiled, very natural. And, after all, what does doing things amount to? I'd give more for one of Paula's madcap escapades



## The Little Lady of the Big House

than for all her pictures, if every one was a masterpiece. But she was hard for me to understand at first. Dick often calls her 'the girl that never grew up.' But, gracious, she can put on the grand air when she needs to! I call her the most mature child I have ever seen. Dick was the finest thing that ever happened to her. It was then that she really seemed, for the first time, to find herself. It was this way——"

And Mrs. Tully went on to sketch the year of travel in Europe, the resumption of Paula's painting in Paris, and the conviction she finally reached that success could be achieved only by struggle and that her aunt's money was a handicap.

"And she had her way," Mrs. Tully sighed. "She—why, she dismissed me, sent me home! She would accept no more than the meagerest allowance, and went down into the Latin Quarter on her own, 'batching' with two American girls. And she met Dick. Dick was a rare one. You couldn't guess what he was doing then. Running a cabaret—oh, not these modern cabarets, but a real students' cabaret of sorts. It was very select. They were a lot of madmen. You see, he was just back from some of his wild adventuring at the ends of the earth, and, as he stated it, he wanted to stop living life for a while and to talk about life instead.

"Paula took me there once. Oh, they were engaged—the day before—and he had called on me and all that. I had known 'Lucky' Richard Forrest, and I knew all about his son. From a worldly standpoint, Paula couldn't have made a finer marriage. It was quite a romance. She didn't know whether Dick was worth millions or whether he was running a cabaret because he was hard up, and she cared less. She always followed her heart. They must have sprung forthright into each other's arms; for inside the week it was all arranged, and Dick made his call on me—as if my decision meant anything one way or the other.

"But Dick's cabaret—it was the Cabaret of the Philosophers—a small, poky place, down in a cellar in the heart of the quarter. Women were not permitted; an exception was made for Paula and me.

"You've met Aaron Hancock here. He was one of the philosophers, and to this day he swaggers that he owed Dick a bigger bill than never was paid than any of his customers. And there they used to meet and

pound the table and talk philosophy in all the tongues of Europe. Dick always had a penchant for philosophers.

"But Paula spoiled that little adventure. No sooner were they married than Dick fitted out his schooner, the All Away, and away the blessed pair of them went, honeymooning from Bordeaux to Hong Kong."

"And the cabaret was closed, and the philosophers left homeless and discussionless," Graham remarked. Mrs. Tully laughed heartily.

"He endowed it for them," she gasped, her hand to her side, "or partially endowed it, or something. I don't know what the arrangement was. And, within the month, it was raided by the police for an anarchists' club."

After having learned the wide scope of her interests and talents, Graham was nevertheless surprised, one day, at finding Paula, all by herself in a corner of a window-seat, completely absorbed in her work on a piece of fine embroidery.

"I love it," she explained. "All the costly needlework of the shops means nothing to me alongside of my own work on my own designs. Dick used to fret at my sewing. He's all for efficiency, you know—elimination of waste energy and such things. He thought sewing was a wasting of time. Peasants could be hired for a song to do what I was doing. But I succeeded in making my view-point clear to him.

"Take this little embroidered crust of lilies on the edge of this flounce—there is nothing like it in the world. Mine the idea, all mine, and mine the delight of giving form and being to the idea. There are better ideas and better workmanship in the shops; but this is different. It is mine. I visioned it, and I made it. And who is to say that embroidery is not art?"

"And who is to say," Graham agreed, "that the adorning of beautiful womankind is not the worthiest of all the arts as well as the sweetest?"

"I rather stand in awe of a good milliner or *modiste*," she nodded gravely. "They really are artists, and important ones, as Dick would phrase it, in the world's economy."

Another time, seeking the library for Andean reference, Graham came upon Paula, sprawled gracefully over a sheet of paper on a big table and flanked by



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Another time, seeking the library for Andean reference, Graham came upon Paula, sprawled gracefully over a sheet of paper on a big table

ponderous architectural portfolios, engaged in drawing plans of a log bungalow, or camp, for the sages of the madroño grove.

"It's a problem," she sighed. "Dick says that, if I build it, I must build it for seven. We've got four sages now, and his heart is set on seven. He has suggested seriously seven stoves and seven kitchens, because it is just over such mundane things that philosophers always quarrel."

"Wasn't it Voltaire who quarreled with a king over candle-ends?" Graham queried, pleasuring in the sight of her graceful abandon. Thirty-five! It was impossible. She seemed almost a girl, petulant and flushed over some school-task. Then he remembered Mrs. Tully's remark that Paula was the most mature child she had ever known.

It made him wonder. Was she the one, who, under the oaks at the hitching-rails, with two brief sentences had cut to the heart of an impending situation? "So I apprehend," she had said. What had she apprehended? Had she used the phrase glibly, without meaning? Yet she it was who had thrilled and fluttered to him and with him when they had sung the "Gypsy Trail." *That* he knew. But, again, had he not seen her warm and glow to the playing of Donald Ware? But here Graham's ego had its will of him, for he told himself that with Donald Ware it was different. And he smiled to himself and at himself.

"What amuses you?" Paula was asking. "Heaven knows I am no architect! And I challenge you to house seven philosophers according to all the absurd stipulations laid down by Dick."

Back in his tower room with his Andean books unopened before him, Graham gnawed his lip and meditated. The woman was no woman. She was the veriest child. Or—and he hesitated at the thought—was this naturalness that was overdone? Did she, in truth, apprehend? It must be. It had to be. She was of the world. She knew the world. She was very wise. No remembered look of her gray eyes but gave the impression of poise and power. That was it—strength!

And he knew, now, that whenever their eyes looked into each other's, it was with a mutual knowledge of unsaid things.

In vain he turned the pages of the books for the information he sought. A maddening restlessness was upon him. He

seized a time-table and pondered the departure of trains, changed his mind, switched the room telephone to the house barn, and asked to have Altadena saddled.

It was a perfect morning of California early summer. The air was heavy with lilac fragrance, and from the distance, as he rode between the lilac hedges, Graham heard the throaty nicker of the Mountain Lad and the silvery answering whinny of the Fotherington Princess.

Why was he here astride Dick Forrest's horse? Graham asked himself. Why was he not, even then, on the way to the station to catch that first train he had noted on the time-table? This unaccustomed weakness of decision and action was a new rôle for him, he considered bitterly. But—and he was on fire with the thought of it—this was his one life, and this was the one woman in the world!

He reined aside to let a herd of Angora goats go by, and once, receiving warning in time, he raced into a cross-road to escape a drove of thirty yearling stallions being moved somewhere across the ranch. Their excitement was communicated to that entire portion of the ranch, so that the air was filled with shrill nickerings and squealings and answering whinnies, while the Mountain Lad, beside himself at sight and sound of so many rivals, raged up and down his paddock, and again and again trumpeted his challenging conviction that he was the most amazing and mightiest thing that had ever occurred on earth in the way of horse-flesh.

Dick Forrest pranced and sidled into the cross-road on The Outlaw, his face beaming with delight at the little tempest among his many creatures.

"Fecundity! Fecundity!" he chanted, in greeting, as he reined in to a halt, if halt it might be called, with his tan-golden sorrel mare afret and afroth, wickedly reaching with her teeth now for his leg and next for Graham's, one moment pawing the roadway, the next moment, in sheer impotence of restlessness, kicking the empty air with one hind leg and kicking it repeatedly.

"Those youngsters certainly put the Mountain Lad on his mettle," Dick laughed. "Listen to his song: "'Hear me! I am Eros. I stamp upon the hills. I fill the wide valleys. The mares hear me, and startle, in quiet pastures; for they know me. The grass grows rich and richer; the land is

filled with fatness, and the sap is in the trees. It is the spring. The spring is mine. I am monarch of my kingdom of the spring. The mares remember my voice. They knew me aforetime, through their mothers before them. Hear me! I am Eros. I stamp upon the hills, and the wide valleys are my heralds, echoing the sound of my approach."

### XIX

AFTER Mrs. Tully's departure, Paula, true to her threat, filled the house with guests. She seemed to have remembered all who had been waiting an invitation, and the limousine that met the trains, eight miles away, was rarely empty, coming or going. There were more singers and musicians and artist folk, and bebies of young girls with their inevitable followings of young men, while mammas and aunts and chaperons seemed to clutter all the ways of the Big House and to fill a couple of motorcars when picnics took place.

Late hours and early were kept; and one night, Dick, who adhered to his routine and never appeared to his guests before midday, made a night of it at poker in the stag-room. Graham had sat in, and felt well repaid, when, at dawn, the players received an unexpected visit from Paula—herself past one of her white nights, she said, although no sign of it showed on her fresh skin and color. Graham had to struggle to keep his eyes from straying too frequently to her as she mixed golden fizzes to rejuvenate the wan-eyed, jaded players. Then she made them start the round of "jacks" that closed the game, and sent them off for a cold swim before breakfast.

Never was Paula alone. Graham could only join in the groups that were always about her. Although the young people ragged and tangoed incessantly, she rarely danced, and then it was with the young men. Once, however, she favored him with an old-fashioned waltz. "Your ancestors in an antediluvian dance," she mocked the young people, as she stepped out; for she and Graham had the floor to themselves.

Once down the length of the room, the two were in full accord. Paula, with the sympathy, Graham recognized, that made her the exceptional accompanist or rider, subdued herself to the masterful art of the man until the two were as parts of a sentient machine that operated without jar or fric-

tion. After several minutes, finding their perfect mutual step and pace, and Graham feeling the absolute giving of Paula to the dance, they essayed rhythmical pauses and dips, their feet never leaving the floor, yet affecting the onlookers in the way Dick voiced it when he cried out: "They float! They float!" The music was the "Waltz of Salome," and with its slow-fading end they postured slower and slower to a perfect close. There was no need to speak. In silence, without a glance at each other, they returned to the company where Dick was proclaiming:

"Well, younglings, codlings, and other fry, that's the way we old folks used to dance! I'm not saying anything against the new dances, mind you. They're all right and dandy fine. But, just the same, it wouldn't injure you much to learn to waltz properly. The way you waltz, when you do attempt it, is a scream. We old folks do know a thing or two that is worth while."

On a warm morning, in the cool arcade of the great patio, a chance group of four or five, among whom was Paula, formed about Graham, who had been reading alone. After a time he returned to his magazine, with such absorption that he forgot those about him until an awareness of silence penetrated to his consciousness. He looked up. All the others save Paula had strayed off. He could hear their distant laughter from across the patio. But Paula! He surprised the look on her face, in her eyes. It was a look bent on him, concerning him. Doubt, speculation, almost fear were in her eyes; and yet, in that swift instant, he had time to note that it was a look deep and searching—almost, his quick fancy prompted, the look of one peering into the just opened book of fate. Her eyes fluttered and fell, and the color increased in her cheeks in an unmistakable blush. Twice her lips moved to the verge of speech; yet, caught so arrantly in the act, she was unable to phrase any passing thought. Graham saved the painful situation by saying casually:

"Do you know, I've just been reading De Vries' eulogy of Luther Burbank's work, and it seems to me that Dick is to the domestic-animal world what Burbank is to the domestic-vegetable world. You are life-makers here—thumbing the stuff into new forms of utility and beauty."



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## The Little Lady of the Big House

Paula, by this time herself again, laughed and accepted the compliment.

"We *are* responsible for a dreadful lot of creatures being born," she said. "It makes one breathless to think of the responsibility."

"The ranch certainly spells 'fecundity,'" Graham smiled. "I never before was so impressed with the flowering and fruiting of life—"

"Oh," Paula cried, breaking in with a sudden thought, "some day I'll show you my goldfish! I breed them, too—yes, and commercially. I supply the San Francisco dealers with their rarest strains, and I even ship to New York. And, best of all, I actually make money—profit, I mean. Dick's books show it, and he is the most rigid of bookkeepers. There isn't a tack-hammer on the place that isn't inventoried, or a horseshoe-nail unaccounted for. That's why he has such a staff of bookkeepers."

"Well, Dick makes the bookkeepers keep track of my goldfish in the same way. I'm charged every hour of any of the ranch- or house-labor I use on the fish—postage-stamps and stationery, too, if you please. I have to pay interest on the plant. He even charges me for the water, just as if he were a city water-company and I a householder. And still I net ten per cent. and have netted as high as thirty. But Dick laughs and says when I've deducted the wages of superintendence—my superintendence, he means—that I'll find I am poorly paid or else am operating at a loss; that, with my net, I couldn't hire so capable a superintendent. Just the same, that's why Dick succeeds in his undertakings. Unless it's sheer experiment, he never does anything without knowing precisely, to the last microscopic detail, what it is he is doing."

"He is very sure," Graham observed.

"I never knew a man to be so sure of himself," Paula replied warmly; "and I never knew a man with half the warrant. I know him. He is a genius—but only in the most paradoxical sense. He is a genius, because he is so balanced and normal that he hasn't the slightest particle of genius in him. Such men are rarer and greater than geniuses. I like to think of Abraham Lincoln as such a type."

"I must admit I don't quite get you," Graham said.

"Oh, I don't dare to say that Dick is as good, as cosmically good, as Lincoln," she

hurried on. "Dick *is* good; but it is not that. It is in their excessive balance, normality, lack of flare, that they are of the same type. Now, I am a genius. For, see, I do things without knowing how I do them."

"Dick, on the other hand, can't do anything unless he clearly knows in advance *how* he is going to do it. He does everything with balance and foresight. He's a general, all-around wonder, without ever having been a particular wonder at any one thing. He is an evenly forged chain. He has no massive links, no weak links."

"I'm afraid I'm like you," Graham said, "that commoner and less creature, a genius. For I, too, on occasion, flare and do the most unintentional things. And I am not above falling on my knees before mystery. And Dick hates mystery—or it would seem he does. Not content with knowing *how*—he is eternally seeking the *why* of the *how*. Mystery is a challenge to him. It excites him like a red rag does a bull. At once he is for ripping the husks and the heart from mystery, so that he will know the *how* and the *why*, when it will be no longer mystery but a generalization and a scientifically demonstrable fact."

Much of the growing situation was veiled to the three figures of it. Graham did not know Paula's desperate efforts to cling close to her husband, who, himself desperately busy with his thousand plans and projects, was seeing less and less of his company. He always appeared at lunch; but it was a rare afternoon when he could go out with his guests. Paula did know, from the multiplicity of long code-telegrams from Mexico, that things were in a parlous state with the Harvest group. Also, she saw the agents and emissaries of foreign investors in Mexico, always in haste and often inopportune, arriving at the ranch to confer with Dick. Beyond his complaint that they ate the heart out of his time, he gave her no clue to the matters discussed.

"My, I wish you weren't so busy!" she sighed in his arms, on his knees, one fortunate morning, when, at eleven o'clock, she had caught him alone.

It was true she had interrupted the dictation of a letter into the phonograph, and the sigh had been evoked by the warning cough of Bonbright, whom she saw entering with more telegrams in his hand.

"Won't you let me drive you this after-

noon behind Duddy and Fuddy, just you and me, and cut the crowd?" she begged.

He shook his head and smiled.

"You'll meet at lunch a weird combination," he explained. "Nobody else needs to know, but I'll tell you." He lowered his voice, while Bonbright discreetly occupied himself at the filing-cabinets. "They're Tampico oil folk. Samuels himself, president of the Nacisco, and Wishaar, the big inside man of the Pearson-Brooks crowd—the chap that engineered the purchase of the East Coast Railroad and the Tiwana Central when they tried to put the Nacisco out of business, and Matthewson—he's the *hi-yu-skookum*, big chief this side the Atlantic of the Palmerston interests, you know—the English crowd that fought the Nacisco and the Pearson-Brooks bunch so hard; and—oh, there'll be several others. It shows you that things are rickety down Mexico way when such a bunch stops scrapping and gets together. You see, they are oil, and I'm important in my way down there, and they want me to swing the mining interests in with the oil."

He caressed her and called her his armful of dearest woman, although she detected his eye roving impatiently to the phonograph with its unfinished letter. "And so," he concluded, with a pressure of his arms about her that seemed to hint that her moment with him was over and she must go, "that means the afternoon. None will stop over. And they'll be off and away before dinner."

She slipped off his knees and out of his arms with unusual abruptness, and stood straight up before him, her eyes flashing, her cheeks white, her face set with determination, as if about to say something of grave importance. But a bell tinkled softly, and he reached for the desk telephone. Paula drooped and sighed inaudibly. She went down the room and out the door, while Bonbright stepped eagerly forward with the telegrams.

Nor did Graham, or even Paula, imagine that Dick, the keen one, the deep one, who could see and sense things yet to occur, and out of intangible nuances and glimmerings build shrewd speculations and hypotheses that subsequent events often proved correct, was already sensing what had not happened but what might happen. He had not heard Paula's brief, significant words at the

hitching-post; nor had he seen Graham catch her in that deep scrutiny of him under the arcade. Dick had heard nothing, seen little, but sensed much; and, even in advance of Paula, he had apprehended in vague ways what she afterward had come to apprehend.

The most tangible thing he had to build on was the night when, immersed in bridge, he had not been unaware of the abrupt leaving of the piano after the singing of the "Gipsy Trail," or when, in careless, smiling greeting of them, when they came down the room to devil him over his losing, had he failed to receive a hint or feeling of something unusual in Paula's roguish, teasing face. On the moment, laughing retorts, giving as good as she sent, Dick's own laughing eyes had swept over Graham beside her and likewise detected the unusual. The man was overstrung, had been Dick's mental note at the time. But why should he be overstrung? Was there any connection between his overstrungness and the sudden desertion by Paula of the piano? And all the while these questions were slipping through his thoughts, he had laughed at their sallies, dealt, sorted his hand, and won the bid on no-trumps.

Yet, to himself, he had continued to discount as absurd and preposterous the possibility of his vague apprehension ever being realized. It was a chance guess, a silly speculation based upon the most trivial data, he sagely concluded. It merely connoted the attractiveness of his wife and of his friend. But—and, on occasional moments, he could not will the thought from coming uppermost in his mind—why had they broken off from singing that evening? Why had he received the feeling that there was something unusual about it? Why had Graham been overstrung?

Nor did Bonbright, one morning, taking dictation of a telegram in the last hour before noon, know that Dick's casual sauntering to the window, still dictating, had been caused by the faint sound of hoofs on the driveway. It was not the first of recent mornings that Dick had so sauntered to the window, to glance out, with apparent absentness, at the rush of the morning riding party in the last dash home to the hitching-rails. But he knew, on this morning, before the first figures came in sight, whose those figures would be.

## XX

ONCE again the tide of guests ebbed from the Big House, and more than one lunch and dinner found only the two men and Paula at the table. On such evenings, while Graham and Dick yarned for their hour before bed, Paula no longer played soft things to herself at the piano but sat with them, doing fine embroidery and listening to the talk.

Both men had much in common, had lived life in somewhat similar ways, and regarded life from the same angles. Their philosophy was harsh rather than sentimental, and both were realists. Paula made a practice of calling them the pair of "brass tacks."

"Oh, yes," she laughed to them; "I understand your attitude. You are successes, the pair of you—physical successes, I mean. You have health. You are resistant. You can stand things. You have survived where men less resistant have gone down. You pull through African fevers and bury the other fellows. This poor chap gets pneumonia in Cripple Creek and cashes in before you can get him to sea-level. Now, why didn't you get pneumonia? Because you were more deserving? Because you had lived more virtuously? Because you were more careful of risks and took more precautions?" She shook her head. "No; because you were luckier—I mean by birth, by possession of constitution and stamina. Why, Dick buried his three mates and two engineers at Guayaquil. Yellow fever—why didn't the yellow-fever germ, or whatever it is, kill Dick? And the same with you, Mr. Broad-shouldered Deep-chested Graham. In this last trip of yours, why didn't you die in the swamps instead of your photographer? Come; confess! How heavy was he? How broad were his shoulders? How deep his chest—wide his nostrils—tough his resistance?"

"He weighed a hundred and thirty-five," Graham admitted ruefully. "But he looked all right and fit at the start. I think I was more surprised than he when he turned up his toes." Graham shook his head. "It wasn't because he was a lightweight and small. The small men are usually the toughest, other things being equal. But you've put your finger on the reason, just the same. He didn't have the physical stamina, the resistance— You know what I mean, Dick?"

"In a way it's like the quality of muscle and heart that enables some prize-fighters to go the distance—twenty, thirty, forty rounds, say," Dick concurred. "Right now, in San Francisco, there are several hundred youngsters dreaming of success in the ring. I've watched them trying out. All look good, fine-bodied, healthy, fit as fiddles, and young. And their spirits are most willing. And not one in ten of them can last ten rounds. I don't mean they get knocked out. I mean they blow up. Their muscles and their hearts are not made out of first-grade fiber. They simply are not made to move at high speed and tension for ten rounds. And some of them blow up in four or five rounds. And not one in forty can go the twenty-round route, give and take, hammer and tongs, one minute of rest to three of fight, for a full hour of fighting. And the lad who can last forty rounds is one in ten thousand—lads like Nelson, Gans, and Wolgast."

"You understand the point I am making," Paula took up. "Here are the pair of you; neither will see forty again. You've gone through hardship and exposure that dropped others all along the way. You've had your fun and folly. You've roughed and rowdied over the world——"

"Played the wild ass," Graham laughed.

"And drunk deep," Paula added. "Why, even alcohol hasn't burned you! You were too tough. You put the other fellows under the table, or into the hospital or the grave, and went your gorgeous way, a song on your lips, with tissues uncorroded, and without even the morning-after headache. And the point is that you are successes. Your muscles are blond-beast muscles; your vital organs are blond-beast organs. And from all this emanates your blond-beast philosophy. That's why you are brass tacks, and preach realism and practice realism, shouldering and shoving and walking over lesser and unluckier creatures, who don't dare talk back."

Dick whistled a long note of mock dismay.

"And that's why you preach the gospel of the strong," Paula went on. "If you had been weaklings, you'd have preached the gospel of the weak and turned the other cheek. But you—when you are struck, being what you are, you don't turn the other cheek——"

"No," Dick interrupted quietly; "we immediately roar, 'Knock his block off!'"



and then do it. She's got us, Evan, hip and thigh. Philosophy, like religion, is what the man is, and is by him made in his own image."

And, while the talk led over the world, Paula sewed on, her mind filled with the picture of the two big men, admiring, wondering, pondering, without the surety of self that was theirs, aware of a slipping and giving of convictions so long accepted that they had seemed part of her. Later in the evening, she gave voice to her trouble.

"The strangest part of it," she said, taking up a remark Dick had just made, "is that too much philosophizing about life gets one worse than nowhere. A philosophic atmosphere is confusing—at least to a woman. One hears so much about everything and against everything that nothing is sure. For instance, Mendenhall's wife is a Lutheran. She hasn't a doubt about anything. All is fixed, ordained, immovable. Star-drifts and ice-ages she knows nothing about, and if she did, they would not alter in the least her rules of conduct for men and women in this world and in relation to the next.

"But here, with us, you two pound your brass tacks; Terrence does a Greek dance of epicurean anarchism; Hancock waves the glittering veils of Bergsonian metaphysics; Theo makes solemn obeisance at the altar of Beauty, and Dar Hyal juggles his sophistic blastism to no end save your applause for his cleverness. Don't you see? The effect is that there is nothing solid in any human judgment. Nothing is right. Nothing is wrong. One is left compassless, rudderless, chartless on a sea of ideas. Shall I do this? Must I refrain from that? Will it be wrong? Is there any virtue in it? Mrs. Mendenhall has her instant answer for every such question. But do the philosophers?" Paula shook her head. "No; all they have is ideas. They immediately proceed to talk about it, and talk and talk and talk, and reach no conclusion whatever. And I am just as bad. I listen and listen, and talk and talk, and remain convictionless. There is no test—"

"But there is," Dick said. "The old, eternal test of truth: 'Will it work?'"

"Ah, now you are pounding your favorite brass tack," Paula smiled. "And Dar Hyal, with a few arm-wavings and word-whirrings, will show that all brass tacks are illusions, and Terrence that brass tacks are

sordid, irrelevant, and non-essential things at best, and Hancock that the overhanging heaven of Bergson is paved with brass tacks, only that they are a much superior article to yours, and Theo that there is only one brass tack in the universe, and that it is Beauty, and that it isn't brass at all but gold."

"Come on, Red Cloud, go riding this afternoon?" Paula asked her husband. "Get the cobwebs out of your brain, and let mines and livestock go hang!"

"I'd like to, Paula," he answered, "but I can't. I've got to rush in a machine all the way to the Buckeye. They're in trouble at the dam. There must have been a fault in the understrata, and too heavy dynamiting has opened it. In short, what's the good of a good dam when the bottom of the reservoir won't hold water?"

Three hours later, returning from the Buckeye, Dick noted that, for the first time, Paula and Graham had gone riding together alone.

The Wainwrights and the Coghlands, in two machines, out for a week's trip to the Russian River, rested over for a day at the Big House, and were the cause of Paula's taking out the tally-ho for a picnic into the Los Banos Hills. Starting in the morning, it was impossible for Dick to accompany them, although he left Blake in the thick of dictation to go out and see them off. He assured himself that no detail was amiss in the harnessing, and reseated the party, insisting on Graham's coming forward into the box seat beside Paula.

"Just must have a reserve of man's strength alongside of Paula in case of need," Dick explained. "I've known a brake-rod to carry away on a down grade, somewhat to the inconvenience of the passengers. Some of them broke their necks. And now, to reassure you, with Paula at the helm, I'll sing you a song:

"What can little Paula do?  
Why, drive a phaeton and two!  
Can little Paula do no more?  
Yes, drive a tally-ho and four."

All were in laughter as Paula nodded to the grooms to release the horses' heads, took the feel of the four mouths on her hands, and shortened and slipped the reins to adjustment of four horses into the collars and taut on the traces.





DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

And, while the talk led over the world, Paula sewed on, her mind filled with the picture of



the two big men, admiring, wondering, pondering, without the surety of self that was theirs

## The Little Lady of the Big House

In the babel of parting gibes to Dick, none of the guests was aware of aught else than a bright morning, the promise of a happy day, and a genial host bidding them a merry going. But Paula, despite the keen exhilaration that should have arisen with the handling of four such horses, was oppressed by a vague sadness in which, somehow, Dick's being left behind figured. Through Graham's mind, Dick's merry face had flashed a regret of conscience that, instead of being seated there beside this one woman, he should be on train or steamer, fleeing to the other side of the world.

But the merriness died on Dick's face the moment he turned on his heel to enter the house. It was a few minutes later than ten when he finished his dictation and Mr. Blake rose to go. He hesitated, then said, a trifle apologetically:

"You told me, Mr. Forrest, to remind you of the proofs of your Shorthorn book. They wired their second hurry-up yesterday."

"I won't be able to tackle it myself," Dick replied. "Will you please correct the typographical, submit the proofs to Mr. Manson for correction of fact—and ship them off."

Until eleven, Dick received his managers and foremen. But not for a quarter of an hour after that did he get rid of his show manager, Mr. Pitts, with the tentative make-up of the catalogue for the first annual stock-sale on the ranch. By that time, Mr. Bonbright was on hand with his sheaf of telegrams, and the lunch-hour was at hand ere they were cleaned up.

For the first time alone since he had seen the tally-ho off, Dick stepped out on his sleeping-porch to the row of barometers and thermometers on the wall. But he had come to consult, not them, but the girl's face that laughed from the round wooden frame beneath them. "Paula, Paula," he said aloud, "are you surprising yourself and me after all these years? Are you turning madcap at sober middle age?"

He put on leggings and spurs to be ready for riding after lunch, and what his thoughts had been while buckling on the gear, he epitomized to the girl in the frame.

"Play the game," he muttered. And then, after a pause, as he turned to go, "A free field and no favor—and no favor."

"Really, if I don't go soon, I'll have to become a pensioner and join the philoso-

phers of the madroño grove," Graham said laughingly to Dick.

It was the time of cocktail assembling, and Paula, in addition to Graham, was the only one of the driving party as yet to put in an appearance.

"If all the philosophers together would just make one book!" Dick demurred. "Good Lord, man, you've just got to complete your book here! I got you started, and I've got to see you through with it."

Paula's encouragement to Graham to stay on—mere stereotyped, uninterested phrases—was music to Dick. His heart leaped. After all, might he not be entirely mistaken? For two such mature, wise, middle-aged individuals as Paula and Graham, any such foolishness was preposterous and unthinkable. They were not young things with their hearts on their sleeves.

"To the book!" he toasted. He turned to Paula. "A good cocktail," he praised. "Paula, you excel yourself, and you fail to teach Oh Joy the art. His never quite touch yours. Yes; another, please."

## XXI

GRAHAM, riding solitary through the redwood cañons among the hills that overlooked the ranch center, was getting acquainted with Selim, the eleven-hundred-pound coal-black gelding which Dick had furnished him in place of the lighter Altadena. As he rode along, learning the good nature, the roguishness, and the dependableness of the animal, Graham hummed the words of the "Gipsy Trail" and allowed them to lead his thoughts. Quite carelessly, foolishly, thinking of bucolic lovers carving their initials on forest-trees, he broke a spray of laurel and another of redwood. He had to stand in the stirrups to pluck a long-stemmed, five-fingered fern with which to bind the sprays into a cross. When the pateran was fashioned, he tossed it on the trail before him and noted that Selim passed over without treading upon it. A good omen, was his thought, that it had not been trampled.

More five-fingered ferns to be had for the reaching, more branches of redwood and laurel brushing his face as he rode invited him to continue the manufacture of paterans, which he dropped as he fashioned them. An hour later, at the head of the

cañon, he debated his course and turned back.

Selim warned him by nickering. Came an answering nicker from close at hand. The trail was wide and easy, and Graham put his mount into a fox-trot, swung a wide bend, and overtook Paula on The Fawn.

"Hello!" he called. "Hello! Hello!"

She reined in till he was alongside.

"I was just turning back," she said. "Why did you turn back? I thought you were going over the divide."

"You knew I was ahead of you?" he asked, admiring the frank, boyish way of her eyes straight gazing into his.

"Why shouldn't I? I had no doubt at the second patteran."

"Oh, I'd forgotten about them," he laughed guiltily. "Why did *you* turn back?"

"Because I did not care to follow your trail—to follow anybody's trail. I turned back at the second one."

He failed of a ready answer, and an awkward silence was between them. Both were aware of this awkwardness, due to the known but unspoken things.

"Do you make a practise of dropping patterans?" Paula asked.

"The first I ever left," he replied, with a shake of the head. "But there was such a generous supply of materials, it seemed a pity, and, besides, the song was haunting me."

"It was haunting me this morning when I woke up," she said, her face straight ahead so that she might avoid a rope of wild grape-vine that hung close to her side of the trail.

And Graham, gazing at her face in profile, at her crown of gold-brown hair, at her singing throat, felt the old ache at the heart, the hunger, and the yearning. The nearness of her was a provocation. The sight of her, in her fawn-colored silk corduroy, tormented him with a rush of visions of that form of hers—swimming the Mountain Lad, swan-diving through forty feet of air, moving down the long room in the dull-blue dress of medieval fashion with the maddening knee-lift of the clinging draperies.

"A penny for them!" she interrupted his visioning. His answer was prompt.

"Praise to the Lord for one thing: You haven't once mentioned Dick!"

"Do you so dislike him?"

"Be fair," he commanded, almost sternly. "It is because I like him. Otherwise——"

"What?" she queried.

Her voice was brave, although she looked straight before her.

"I can't understand why I remain. I should have been gone long ago."

"Why?" she asked.

"Be fair; be fair," he warned. "You and I scarcely need speech for understanding."

She turned full upon him, her cheeks warming with color, and, without speech, looked at him. Her whip-hand rose quickly, half-way, as if to press her breast, and half-way paused irresolutely, then dropped down to her side. But her eyes, he saw, were glad and startled. There was no mistake. The startle lay in them, and also the gladness. And he, knowing as it is given some men to know, changed the bridle-rein to his other hand, reined close to her, put his arm around her, drew her till the horses rocked, and, knee to knee and lips on lips, kissed his desire to hers. There was no mistake—pressure to pressure, warmth to warmth, and, with an elate thrill, he felt her breathe against him.

The next moment she had torn herself loose. The blood had left her face. Her eyes were blazing. Her riding-whip rose as if to strike him, then fell on the startled Fawn. Simultaneously she drove in both spurs with such suddenness and force as to fetch a groan and a leap from the mare.

He listened to the soft thuds of hoofs die away along the forest path, himself dizzy in the saddle from the pounding of his blood. When the last hoof-beat had ceased, he half slipped, half sank from his saddle to the ground, and sat on a mossy boulder. He was hard hit—harder than he had deemed possible until that one great moment when he had held her in his arms. Well, the die was cast. He straightened up so abruptly as to alarm Selim, who sprang back the length of his bridle-rein and snorted.

What had just occurred had been unpremeditated. It was one of those inevitable things. It had had to happen. He had not planned it, although he knew, now, that had he not procrastinated his going, had he not drifted, he could have foreseen it. And, now, going could not mend matters. The madness of it, the hell of it, and the joy of it were that no longer was there any doubt. Speech beyond speech, his lips still tingling with the memory of hers, she had told him.

He dwelt over that kiss returned, his senses swimming deliciously in the sea of remembrance.

He laid his hand caressingly on the knee that had touched hers, and was grateful with the humility of the true lover. Wonderful it was that so wonderful a woman should love him! This was no girl. This was a woman, knowing her own will and wisdom. And she had breathed quickly in his arms, and her lips had been live to his. He had evoked what he had given, and he had not dreamed, after the years, that he had had so much to give.

He stood up, made as if to mount Selim, who nozzled his shoulder, then paused to debate.

It was no longer a question of going. That was definitely settled. Dick had certain rights, true. But Paula had her rights; and did he have the right to go, after what had happened, unless—unless she went with him? To go now was to kiss and ride away. Surely, since the world of sex decreed that often the same men should love the one woman, and therefore that perfidy should immediately enter into such a triangle—surely, it was the less evil to be perfidious to the man than to the woman.

It was a real world, he pondered, as he rode slowly along; and Paula and Dick and he were real persons in it, were themselves conscious realists who looked the facts of life squarely in the face. This was no affair of priest and code, of other wisdoms and decisions. Of themselves must it be settled. Some one would be hurt. But life was hurt. Success in living was the minimizing of pain. Dick believed that himself, thanks be! The three of them believed it. And it was nothing new under the sun. The countless triangles of the countless generations had all been somehow solved. This, then, would be solved. All human affairs reached some solution.

He shook sober thought from his brain and returned to the bliss of memory, reaching his hand to another caress of his knee, his lips breathing again to the breathing of hers against them. He even reined Selim to a halt, in order to gaze at the hollow resting-place of his bent arm which she had filled.

Not until dinner did Graham see Paula again, and he found her the very usual

Paula. Not even his eye, keen with knowledge, could detect any sign of the day's great happening, nor of the anger that had whitened her face and blazed in her eyes when she half lifted her whip to strike him. In everything she was the same Little Lady of the Big House. Even when it chanced that her eyes met his, they were serene, untroubled, with no hint of any secret in them. What made the situation easier was the presence of several new guests, women, friends of Dick and herself, come for a couple of days.

Next morning, in the music-room, he encountered them and Paula at the piano.

"Don't you sing, Mr. Graham?" a Miss Hoffman asked.

She was the editor of a woman's magazine published in San Francisco.

"Oh, adorably," he assured her. "Don't I, Mrs. Forrest?" he appealed.

"It is quite true," Paula smiled, "if for no other reason that he is kind enough not to drown me quite."

"And nothing remains but to prove our words," he volunteered. "There's a duet we sang the other evening"—he glanced at Paula for a sign—"which is particularly good for my kind of singing." Again he gave her a passing glance and received no cue to her will or wish. "The music is in the living-room. I'll go and get it."

"It's the 'Gipsy Trail,' a bright, catchy thing," he heard her saying to the others, as he passed out.

They did not sing it so recklessly as on that first occasion, and much of the thrill and some of the fire they kept out of their voices; but they sang it more richly, more as the composer had intended it, and with less of their own particular interpretation. But Graham was thinking as he sang, and he knew, too, that Paula was thinking, and that in their hearts another duet was pulsing all unguessed by the several women who applauded the song's close.

"You never sang it better, I'll wager," he told Paula.

For he had heard a new note in her voice. It had been fuller, rounder, with a generousness of volume that had vindicated that singing throat.

"And now, because I know you don't know, I'll tell you what a patteran is," she was saying.



# ROBERT LANSING

## *Prime Minister*

*By John Temple Graves*



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**B**Y all the records and the evidences, it is a citizen and publicist of the highest type who has fallen into and is more than filling the robe of William Jennings Bryan.

The President has been fortunate. Perhaps he has also been far-seeing. And the country is frankly and fully to be congratulated upon the recent remarkable revolution in the Department of State.

Author, international lawyer, trained diplomatist, and balanced statesman—artist, poet, athlete, and sportsman—Robert Lansing, of New York, is altogether the most versatile, and, saving the President himself, very much the best equipped man who has come out of professional privacy into the wide open of public life within this generation of Americans.

Robert Lansing may justly claim to have represented the American government in more international arbitrations than any living American. Of these, the Fur-Seal arbitration, the Alaskan Boundary case, and the Atlantic Fisheries case are the three most important international disputes to which the United States has been a party within these forty years. Henri Fromageot, the distinguished French authority, declares that Mr. Lansing "has had a longer and broader experience in international arbitration than any living lawyer."

With the extraordinary training and experience in international activities which have turned him out a master diplomatist and statesman, Secretary Lansing enters upon his new office with the cordial sympathy and regard of



The new secretary of State is an experienced diplomatist

the distinguished Cabinet of which he is now the premier, with the absolute trust of the President, and the well-won confidence of the American people.

In point of fact, the new prime minister has been the *de facto* secretary of State for the last several months. No less an authority than James Brown Scott, long eminent in the State Department, declares that the note of February 10th, protesting to Great Britain the misuse of the American flag by British merchant vessels, and the note to Germany, protesting the menace to neutral commerce in her war-zone, were both prepared by Mr. Lansing under the direction of the President. Both of these papers have been approved by the American press and people. The President has leaned on him for real counsel and real assistance, and Mr. Bryan was glad to shift upon his willing shoulders burdens of diplomacy beyond his own ken. The practical diplomacy of the man is beautifully evidenced in the astonishing fact that he enters upon his duties with the rejoicing confidence of his President, and at the same time with the affectionate regard and best wishes of the departing Bryan.

#### NEW ASPECT OF THE CABINET

And with Robert Lansing's entrance as premier, the whole face and tone of the Cabinet changes. Where yesterday the Cabinet council wore the face of Bryan, stormy, idealistic, and full of fads and fancies, to-day that body bears the saner and safer Lansing-Lane-Garrison face. The general sense of relief cannot be mistaken. The Cabinet looks better toward the end of this administration than it did at the beginning.

Keen and diligent as has been the Lansing practise in international affairs, his study of the theory has been not less diligent, and he is as profound in theory as he has been brilliant and successful in action. He was one of the founders of the American Society of International Law, in 1906, and one of the potential and indefatigable editors of "The American Journal of International Law," and is the author of the standard text-book entitled "Government."

But neither theory nor practise in international affairs makes up the sole equipment of the new secretary of State. He is called by his Cabinet contemporaries the "ideal war diplomatist."

Suave in manner, yet quiet, cool, self-

possessed—at times imperturbable, but always gracious, our prime minister is everywhere an unpretentious and winning personality. There have been men before in public life whose smiles have made them famous, but it is doubtful if there has ever been one with a more engaging smile than Robert Lansing. He smiles with his eyes as well as with his lips—sometimes with one, sometimes with the other, and he is positively radiant, when, on rare occasions, he smiles with both. But the velvet-gloved hand holds iron fingers, and the American premier, broad-minded, balanced, and poised, always master of himself and of his cause, knows how to be as firm and resolute as becomes the custodian of national interests and of national honor.

Secretary Lansing is an indefatigable worker, but he happily knows how to relax. Outside of office-hours, he is a painter, a draftsman of exceptional ability, a writer of exquisite verse, a patient and skilful fisherman, a good golf-player, and an enthusiastic baseball "fan."

The new secretary is a handsome man. He is of good height, of fine figure, and carriage, with graying hair and small gray mustache, always perfectly trimmed. He dresses up to the Polonius admonition: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy; rich, not gaudy."

#### BIOGRAPHICAL MATTERS

Robert Lansing was born in Watertown, New York, October 17, 1864. He is the son of an eminent lawyer and a kinsman of the John Lansing, of Revolutionary fame, who represented New York at the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, and was later chancellor of the state. The present secretary is an Amherst graduate of 1886, was admitted to the bar the same year, and, except when retained by his own and foreign governments, practised at Watertown until called to the public service.

Mrs. Lansing is a daughter of the Honorable John W. Foster, and was born and nurtured in the atmosphere of fine diplomacy. Just as John W. Foster succeeded the brilliant and impulsive Blaine, retiring from President Harrison's Cabinet, so his distinguished son-in-law, Robert Lansing, succeeds the famous and spectacular Bryan retiring from the Cabinet of President Wilson.

# The Poet Daw

## A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

Our two precious adventurers certainly run into as queer a crowd as one would expect to meet anywhere on this planet, and it is no wonder that Wallingford's ingenuity is hard taxed to relieve them of the coin, which, strange to say, they seem to possess. Poor Blackie! Who won't sympathize with him in the rôle he has to play? But, after all, you will admit that the pair cooked up a mighty attractive scheme, and it is not astonishing that the extremely cultivated Dilettante Circle fell for it.

By George Randolph Chester

*Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.*

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"PIPE the menagerie!" exclaimed Blackie Daw, in awed tones. "Hush! They have money," puzzled big J. Rufus Wallingford, watching, in wonder, the parade through the hotel lobby.

In the lead stalked a gaunt, tall woman, with a curl dangling on each cheek-bone. A four-inch diamond dog-collar surrounded her leathern neck, and her thinly compressed lips had the downward curve of a horse-shoer. Beside her was a flabby man, his sparse hair parted in the middle and projecting over both ears. He wore a flabby smile and, in his shirt-front, a large diamond stud. Behind these came a dozen people sufficiently unusual to raise a gape in any community, and as they filed into the little private dining-room, Wallingford rose.

"I can't stand this suspense," he observed, and strolled across to the cigar-stand, over which presided an angular young woman with a purple nose. He came back grinning.

"They're yearners," he reported, gazing curiously in the general direction of the dining-room. "Blackie, we are in the midst of a literary and art center. Even the cigar-stand girl quotes, and the town's so full of bunk I had to tell her you're a poet."

"You fat worm!" objected Blackie.

Wallingford chuckled, and lit a cigar.

"Don't we have to be respected?" he explained. "Say, I got a new specimen

of local history. The bony leader is Elmira Stubbens, who writes 'Songs of a Captive Soul' for the *Metalton Republican*; the freak with the long hair paints rabbits; the circular woman with the yard of pearls pens an ode to whatever happens, and the whole herd just yearns and yearns and yearns."

"How soon do we leave?" demanded Blackie.

"When we can quit with a profit." And Wallingford turned toward the street. "Come on; let's investigate the gay night life."

"Duty first," sighed Blackie, and rose to his lean, lank length.

The night existence of Metalton was scarcely encouraging. What saloons there were seemed dim and dignified, and devoted strictly to business. The only theater contained a two-dollar lecture on "The Beginnings of Culture." In a drug-store window were exhibited sumptuous volumes of the famous essayists. In a feed-store window was a marble bust of Socrates. Music floated from the open doors of a big hall—music from which to run. There were half a dozen parks embellished with expensive statues of literary heroes who had died in poverty. There were evidences of wealth everywhere, but there wasn't a laugh in the town.

"Oh, splash!" voted Blackie, as the hour grew late. "Let's board the next freight."

"Nix," voted Wallingford. "There was a mile of automobiles in front of the lecture."

This town has money, and the money needs us." They drove in silence for a while; then J. Rufus suddenly slapped his knees. "The poet Daw!" he roared. "Say, Blackie, we start from out of town to relieve these yearners!"

## II

"O woe is me! O woe! O woe!  
That e'er against the crimson sky  
I saw agleam the dangling bones  
From yon grim scaffold—from yon grim scaffold—  
—from yon—"

"Well, slip it to me, Jim!" And, as the train rattled around a curve, Blackie Daw lurched, and stumbled over the bench of their Pullman drawing-room. This was two weeks later, and they were returning to Metalton. Blackie's hair was tugged into twisted wisps; his eyes had a ferocious pink glare in them; he had loosened his collar at the throat.

"Oh!" Jim Wallingford, coatless and collarless, waved the thick blue smoke away from his face, and thumbed back the pages of the time-yellowed magazine he was holding. Those old *Godey's Ladies' Pictorial Monthlies*, published before Wallingford's birth, lay scattered over the entire compartment. "Where were you, Blackie?"

"From yon grim scaffold—"

"Dog-gone it, Jim, why don't you keep the place? Middle of the first verse, you big cheese!"

"Oh, yes." Wallingford breathed a heavy sigh.

"From yon grim scaffold towering high,  
And heard adown the evening—"

"Never mind; I know that part."

"And heard adown the evening breeze  
A moan, as if some magic spell—"

"Hold on a minute, Blackie!" interrupted Wallingford critically. "Work in some bunk, can't you? Lower your voice when you say 'moan.' This way: 'moan!' And when you say 'towering high,' you want to raise your arm and look up."

"Shut up, you!" yelled Blackie, and shoved a pile of the magazines from the seat. He sat down with a thump. "This lesson's over. And if you try to ossify my brain any further, I'll murder you in your sleep."

"Say not so, Blackie," chuckled Wallingford. "I'm proud of our work on you. The Metalton *Republican* and the Metalton *Democrat* and the *Evening Independent* have published all the re-original poetry we've sent them in the past two weeks; so you'll have a gaudy reputation among the yearners. And when you spout some of this junk you've been memorizing, the town's ours! Say, here's another pippin! 'Lines to an Acorn—'

"Grow, gentle seed, and when thy mighty trunk—"

"Help!" howled Blackie. "If you hand me one more verse of anything, I'll forget the nine poems I already know. I'm so loaded with them now that they ooze out of me. If I take a drink of water, I call it 'O rippling rill!'"

Suddenly he scooped up the magazines from the floor and the seats and the bench. They were approaching a river. Wallingford grabbed the top book, tore out the "Lines to an Acorn," and stuffed them into his pocket with a thick pad of other eleventh-hour gems. Then Blackie stepped into the vestibule with his cargo of precious literature and consigned it to the rippling rill.

Half an hour later, the poet Daw, accompanied by J. Rufus, and attired in a soft, wide-brimmed hat and a flowing black tie embroidered with pink dots, was shown to his suite in the Metalton Hotel, and the cigar-stand girl sent a hurry call to the newspapers.

## III

"O PEACEFUL egg, I bust thy bald, white conk!"

chortled the poet Daw, at breakfast the next morning, in the parlor of their suite. Just then there came a knock at the door, and a sad and sallow bell-boy delivered a box from the florist's.

"For the poet Daw," said Wallingford, with a chuckle, as he read the tag and broke the string. "The fuse is lit!"

"And so early in the morning," grinned Blackie, opening the box.

"The radiant morn, how bright its cheery promise;  
The lovely lark—"

"Great Scott, Jim, it's a laurel wreath!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The committee paused, bewildered, just inside the door



And he tried the thing on his head, where it hung over one eye.

"Hush, Master." Wallingford held up his hand.

"Hush what?"

"Listen, Master." J. Rufus had opened the envelop which had come with the wreath.

"O master of the lilting lute,  
That stirs to life the senses mute;  
O master of the Graces three  
And Muses nine, we welcome thee!  
E. S."

Blackie looked at himself in the mirror and then took the "Song of Welcome."

"And they're living, breathing men and women!" he marveled. "I don't believe this, and yet it's so. What's an E. S.?"

"Elmira Stubbens," guessed Wallingford. "She's the tall ginkness that wore the two pounds of diamonds around her neck. By George, this is the limit!" And they were both lost in stupefied wonder until the telephone-bell rang. J. Rufus, casting off his usual breakfast lethargy, answered immediately. "Mr. Stubbens and a committee? Show them right up," he directed; then he to Blackie briskly: "Rumple your hair. Put on that blue sash."

"Leave it to me, Jim," answered Blackie loftily; "I'm going to throw the stunt of my life!"

"Oh, you are!" And Wallingford glared at him with growing suspicion. "Look here, boob, don't overplay it! Remember you're a poet, not a plain bug."

"Can your advice, Jimmy," grinned Blackie, as he pranced busily about the room. "If I have to be monkey, I'll be whatever kind of a gorilla I please; and it's up to you to make it fit. You turn the organ!"

The committee paused, bewildered, just inside the door. All the curtains were drawn, and in the bay-window alcove, at a little table on which burned a solitary candle, sat the master in his blue pajamas and his striped lounging-robe, his lean fingers clasped before him, and his eyes upturned soulfully to the ceiling!

"I fear that we are early," apologized the flabby man, glancing back at the long-haired young man who painted rabbits, and the pallid young man who played Chopin on a mandolin.

"Not at all," returned Wallingford, as he took the flabby hand of Mr. Stub-

bens. "Mr. Daw is always happy to receive kindred spirits. Mr. Daw!"

The poet continued soulfully to contemplate the ceiling. He did not hear. Mr. Wallingford motioned to the callers. He tiptoed cautiously across the room. The callers, deeply impressed, also tiptoed.

"Mr. Daw! Horatius!" Jim Wallingford touched the master on the shoulder. Hush! The lips of the master moved!

"Beautiful!" breathed the poet Daw. "The whirling orbs, their colors red and green and blue and yellow, roll on through space! Oh!" He lowered his gaze slowly, and turned it on the disturbers of his mood, while Wallingford viewed him with growing apprehension. How could these fellows fail to see the bunk?

"Mr. Stubbens, Mr. Daw. Mr.——"

"Wild," announced the long-haired young man who painted rabbits, and his voice was so soft that the poet Daw almost tumbled down from the whirling orbs.

"And Mr.——" broke in Wallingford hastily, in deadly fear of a snicker.

"Bullingham," supplied the pallid young man who ran to nocturnes.

"Oh, gentlemen, I thank you!" And the poet passed a limp hand among them.

"The literary leaders of Metalton, Mr. Daw, feel highly honored by your appearance in our center of culture," began Mr. Stubbens, his hat on his stomach and his hand held forth oratorically. He cleared his throat. He was beginning to feel at home. He was the regular toastmaster for the Dilettante Circle. "We take it upon ourselves, to——"

He stopped blankly and looked at Wallingford. The soulful eyes of the poet Daw had returned raptly to the ceiling.

J. Rufus was stumped for a moment.

"Come away! He is not always so." And Wallingford led the committee to the other end of the room.

"Are you a poet also?" inquired Mr. Stubbens, in a husky whisper. His eyes were batting with the impressiveness of this scene, and he was remembering every detail of it for the fierce questioning of Elmira.

"No," disclaimed Wallingford, with simple modesty; "I am only a disciple."

"What a treat to have seen him at work!" murmured the young man who painted rabbits.

"Marvelous!" said Mr. Stubbens. "Elmira Stubbens pronounces Horatius Daw

the most versatile poet of our times. No two of his poems bear any resemblance."

"Certainly not!" Wallingford assured him with pride, and edged them toward the door of his own bedroom, where he could get down to business.

"James!" suddenly called the voice of the master. He sprang from his little table. He came racing across to J. Rufus, caught him by the wrist, dragged

him to the writing-desk, put pencil and paper before him, and set the candle beside him. "Write!" he commanded, as he spilled a blob of hot candle grease on Wallingford's hand. He pranced out to the center of the floor.

"O woe is me! O woe! O woe!"

He ran his fingers through his long black hair, and twisted a horn at one corner of his brow.

"That e'er against the crimson sky"

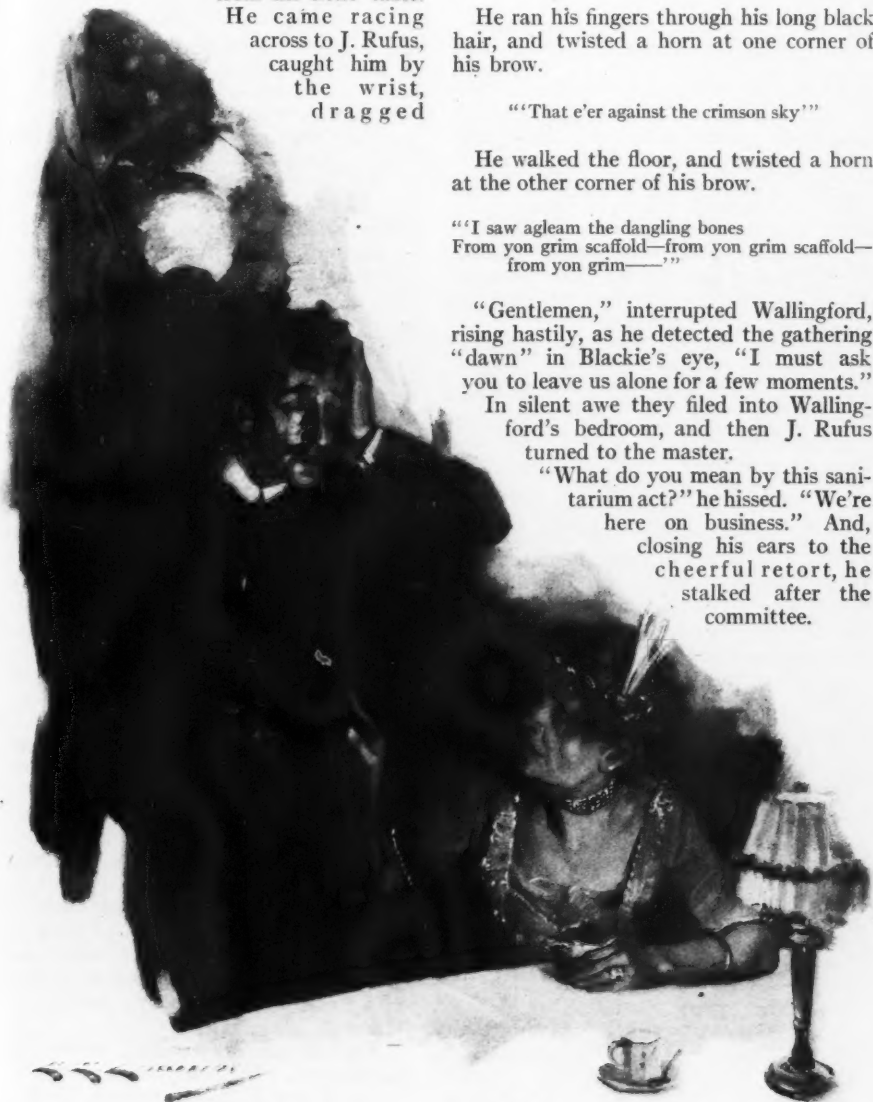
He walked the floor, and twisted a horn at the other corner of his brow.

"I saw a gleam the dangling bones  
From yon grim scaffold—from yon grim scaffold—  
from yon grim——"

"Gentlemen," interrupted Wallingford, rising hastily, as he detected the gathering "dawn" in Blackie's eye, "I must ask you to leave us alone for a few moments."

In silent awe they filed into Wallingford's bedroom, and then J. Rufus turned to the master.

"What do you mean by this sanitarium act?" he hissed. "We're here on business." And, closing his ears to the cheerful retort, he stalked after the committee.



The poet Daw rose, and, gripping his hair with the long, lean fingers of his left hand, he walked away

When he returned, ten minutes later, to find the poet Daw voraciously finishing his breakfast, his broad shoulders were heaving and his round, pink face was wreathed in smiles.

"Quick stuff!" he exulted. "We're to banquet on Friday with a couple hundred of the richest yearners! And it's a full moon that night!"

#### IV

A BANQUET in honor of a poet should have a poetic setting; and it had been Mr. Wallingford's pleasure, with the permission of the Dilettantes, to provide that setting—a glade in the woods by a purling brook! And, now, behold the vast round table, white with linen, and glittering with silver and glass, and aglow with shaded candles, and garlanded with flowers; and the round full moon beaming down upon the hundred and eighty earnest yearners!

Who was the toastmaster? Ethelbert Stubbens, to be sure; and the big-pink-faced disciple was at his left. And who the official hostess? Elmira Stubbens. At her right was the master, grave and solemn, with his pointed black mustache frizzed, and his long black hair erect, and his soulful black eyes fixed upon the fair orb of night. About the festal board ranged the leaders of culture and art, each and all having something the matter with their hair; and on their faces sat expressions which were the result of years of yearning—expressions wherein the mask of wisdom disguised nature's cruel truth.

The ode of welcome—a marvelous fabrication of words, delivered from the fair lips of the circular lady, who breathed audibly at each comma, gasped after each exclamation, and choked in each pause between the twenty-eight verses. She indeed extended a welcome. "The Rhapsody on Poesy." Elmira Stubbens, and the triumph of her life—blank verse—flawlessly blank, absolutely blank. The "Essay on The Muses Nine." Wilburton Jenks, who wore his hair pasted, and used all the words sanctioned by that well-known connoisseur, the late Noah Webster. Other effusions, interspersed with choice mandolin selections from Chopin and Bach. And then the great intellectual climax of the evening! The deep-voiced, solemnly intoned masterpiece of the poet Daw!

Rising to his slim, black height, the guest of honor flung back his raven locks, stuck his right hand in his bosom, protruded his left arm at right angles and kept it there. And he gave them "O Woe is Me! O Woe! O Woe!" from the beginning to the bitter end without a break. For an encore, he recited, lightly and trippingly, "O Rippling Rill!" It was a wonderful occasion, an epoch in the culture of Metalton, a scene long to be remembered, an event never to be forgotten; and, at the suggestion of the watchful disciple, the Dilettante Circle circled, one by one shook hands with the singer of sweet songs, murmured gasping thanks, and filed back to their places.

Ah! An unexpected intellectual treat, the disciple! No glowing bard, he, no dealer in lilting rime or tripping rhythm, no painter of weird fantasy or deliriously vague metaphor. No! J. Rufus Wallingford, however, standing sleek and smooth in his spike-tailed coat and his phenomenally broad white shirt-front, possessed a remarkably good voice, a far-reaching voice, a convincing voice—a voice which rolled and vibrated, and rose and fell in cadences which, by and by, gripped the attention and swayed the mind. If he had fervor, if he had eloquence, it was because he was the bearer of a marvelous message. It was his vast privilege to present to the Dilettante Circle the entrancingly beautiful dream of the poet Daw! Had they heard of the new organization of earnest seekers—the Children of the Inspired? Perhaps not. It was only for the favored few.

Certain of the Dilettantes stiffened and sniffed.

It was only for communities devoted to progress in literature and the arts and general culture. Ah, well! The disciple had his message in his mouth, and if it felt upon the ears which should hear it, they would all know and be happy. If, on the other hand, the entrancingly beautiful message fell upon ears not yet attuned to its harmony, well and good; the disciple must wander forth with his message in his mouth, to find no rest for the poet and himself until the priceless thought had gained lodgment in a community sufficiently advanced to absorb it.

The stiffening and sniffing became more pronounced. If there was a community more advanced than Metalton, more cultured, more devoted to the higher unattain-

ability of literature and art, more worthy to receive any message than Metalton, the Dilettantes would like to know it. The horseshoe mouth of Elmira Stubbens nearly closed at the calks.

The eloquent disciple now proceeded to remove the desired resentment. Metalton was the only community Mr. Daw and himself had found in their wanderings where the state of esthetic culture was sufficiently delicate to soothe the soul of the sensitive poet. Ah, to be a true poet! Ah, to live poetry! To breathe it! To dwell far apart from all the sordidness of life, amid only kindred spirits attuned to the vast harmony of the spheres!

A great sob interrupted the speaker. The poet Daw rose, and, gripping his hair with the long, lean fingers of his left hand, he walked away into the woods, motioning back those who would have followed. There he went, that sensitive soul to whom dross was death!

But what of the Children of the Inspired, with whom it was so great a privilege to be associated—that organization so exclusive that to be numbered among its ranks was a privilege almost none could attain? What was The Children of the Inspired? Merely this: the nucleus of the regeneration of the world! Its first and most vital principle was a carefully selected segregation, a colonization of those who were worthy to carry culture to its ultimate supremacy. The favored few should withdraw as much as possible from all those persons of coarser fiber whose tendency was downward. It was not practical to leave the world entirely, for in that way the Children could not carry their beautiful influence into the world, and so lift others to their own exalted level. They must have, instead, a retreat builded all of beauty, where they could give mutual encouragement to the grope for infinitude. Were the Dilettantes fitted to form one of the nuclei of this glorious world-regeneration? He, the disciple, believed that they were, and his suddenly vibrant voice startled and thrilled them. And the poet Daw believed that they were!

Ah! The Dilettantes believed that they were. They smiled at each other; they nodded across the table, and on every yearning countenance there glowed the flicker of a high resolve. Elmira Stubbens widened her horseshoe into a seraphic smile.

If the Dilettantes were in harmony with the message, and now the magnetic voice of the disciple rose to its most sweeping vibrance—if they were, let them build their retreat here in this very glade—a retreat such as this dream of the poet Daw!

The table had been cleared during the hand-shaking, and now Wallingford enthusiastically stripped away the white cloths, removed the table-top, which proved to have been a lid, touched a storage-battery button, and a gasp of amazed admiration ran through the Dilettantes. A miniature city, its countless tiny lights and glowing tints reflected in a sparkling lake, lay spread before them—perfect, idyllic, a fairy-land!

Lalune! Poetic name; and as the Dilettantes gazed, wide-eyed, they became, with enthusiastic accord, Children of the Inspired. No sordid persons could enter and mar this paradise of the favored few. Here, at the water's edge, was Assembly Palace, its curving colonnades and its majestic dome inviting to lofty thought. Here, curving round the lake, were bathing-beaches and recreation-grounds. Behind, in a crescent, stretched imposing villas and beautiful cottages; and exquisite bungalows were scattered among the trees. All these homes of culture were in painted cardboard, glowing with light from within and perfect to the most minute detail. Out from the grove there whizzed a brilliantly lighted little trolley-car. From far down beyond the mimic hills there sounded a shrill whistle, and a brilliantly lighted little boat came churning up through the winding waterway and across the lake, while a brilliantly lighted little electric train raced it along the banks, surrounded Lalune, and came into Assembly Palace through a subway.

Lalune! Why, it was this very place of the banquet—this very glade transformed! Right down there was the cleft in the hill where the brook could be dammed to turn the glade into a lake; and when the brook had raised in its steep banks, it would be deep enough to form a boat-way from the Lake of the Moon to the city of Metalton.

Lalune! The time was ripe for such a nucleus of the world's regeneration. Fired with exultation that his message had touched a responsive chord in every breast, the disciple whipped out a subscription list and set down the names of himself and the poet Daw for a thousand-dollar life.

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

membership each! And against the imposing cardboard villas to the right and left of Assembly Palace he leaned the cards of himself and the poet Daw. Ten-year memberships, five hundred, and one-year memberships, seventy-five dollars each. The city of Lalune, home of the Children of the Inspired, was an accomplished fact. Its subscription list had been started with actual figures! And which place do you like the best—the brown one with the red Swiss roof, or the pink-and-gray Mission one with the row of tubbed palms, or the prim, trim Colonial one?

Mrs. Elmira Stubbens chose immediately the life-membership villa to the right of the poet Daw's, and wrote her card to lean against it as Ethelbert flabbily subscribed her name to the list. The circular odestress fairly fought her way to the front to snap up the villa adjoining the disciple's residence, and then the mad scramble began. There were twelve life-membership villas around the crescent, and there were thirty ten-year-membership cottages on the hillside slope, and forty-five yearly-membership bungalows scattered in the woods. Charming places, every one! And there, under the silvery moon, with the tiny electric lights sparkling in the waters and glowing upon the soft colors of the cardboard houses, and with the electric train and trolley and boat all busily whirring, every last one of those villas and cottages and bungalows was subscribed for!

"Pretty soft, eh, Blackie?" chuckled J. Rufus in the ear of the returned poet, as the signatures went down and the cards went up. "We'll pack to-night and collect to-morrow." Blackie smoothed his frizzed mustache and grinned, reciting thus:

"O gentle moon, how sweet thy rays!  
We'll cop our coin from all these jays  
And jump the burg in two more days!"

At this moment there was a loud tapping on the edge of the table. It was Henry Wild, the painter of rabbits.

"Now we must appoint a secretary and treasurer to take care of the money," piped his soft voice, and the male yearners gathered round him.

Great Scott! The creators of the Children of the Inspired looked at each other, shocked. The membership money they had meant for themselves was to be spent for sewers and lights and such junk, and

it would be—well, indelicate, to protest! It suddenly dawned on the master and the disciple that the painter of rabbits had built up a good feed-store business in spite of the bust of Socrates, and that all of the male yearners had been financially successful!

"O silvery moon, thy shining track  
Reminds me that we shall not pack!"

husked the poet Daw.

"Shut up, you fool!" growled J. Rufus.

## V

It was five A. M. before Wallingford, still in his dress suit, went into Blackie Daw's room and stopped the music of the poet's slumber.

"I got it!" he exclaimed. There were puffy circles under Wallingford's eyes, but there was distinct triumph in him.

The master's eyes opened a little way.

"Rube" is the only thing that rimes with 'boob,' he mumbled, and closed his eyes.

J. Rufus looked at him in wan amusement for a moment; then he brought from the bathroom a thoroughly soaked towel and slammed it on the peaceful face.

"Great snakes!" yelled Blackie, jumping out of bed with one spring. "What did you do that for?"

"You dress," ordered Wallingford, "and be quick about it! Take this to the next town and send it to Paul Pollet." He laid on Blackie's dresser a cipher telegram which filled four pages. "And stay away until dinner-time. I don't want any poets at to-day's meeting."

"All right, Jimmy!" assented Blackie, with fully restored cheerfulness. "I'll recite you a pearl of poesy or so before I go. How would you like the one beginning:

"O cruel heart, so icy cold——"

Wallingford grabbed the wet towel and Blackie dived for the bathroom; whereupon J. Rufus threw the towel at the door, dried his hands on a handkerchief, and wearily untied his white bow.

At one o'clock, however, Wallingford, pink and freshly shaven, walked into the business meeting of the Children of the Inspired as clear and crisp as anyone there. Mighty agreeable chap, this fellow Wallingford, suave and genial, and he was all hardy admiration for their prompt and business-



like methods. He helped them to effect their organization, and he firmly declined any office for himself or Mr. Daw. They were strangers, and the control should be in local hands—in the hands of capable business men. Mr. Daw and himself—alas!—were not business men.

Also, they, like the others, were now for the first time joining the organization, and they were to be all brothers together—brothers and sisters. Permit him to propose the name of Ethelbert Stubbens for patriarch of the Lalune Chapter of the Children of the Inspired.

The Lalune

Chapter? Chapter?

Oh, yes; of course.

It was only a branch of the parent organization. Chapter Lalune! It had a very attractive sound. A charter? Certainly. They agreed with Mr. Wallingford hastily in that. Elections first, however, was the suave and smiling reminder. They elected a patriarch and matriarch, two vice-patriarchs and two vice-matriarchs, and a secretary and treasurer, and thus became duly and fully organized. Mr. Wallingford assisted them to make out and post a charter-application to the grand patriarch of the Children of the Inspired. Then the money was collected and put in the bank—thirty thousand, three hundred and seventy-five dollars. J. Rufus started that practical movement with his own and Blackie's checks.

There was nothing but Lalune talked of in Metalton for the next ten days, and in those ten days the poet Daw lost ten pounds. He went to a luncheon and recited poetry every noon; he went to a tea every afternoon and recited poetry; he went to a dinner every evening and recited poetry, and he was pushed into a series of nightly readings from Ruskin. The arrival of the charter saved his life.

The charter! The greatest day in the history of Metalton's select was when that impressive parchment was lifted from its box of hammered brass. It was hand-

engrossed, and illumined with a picture of the moon in one corner, a beautiful, gauzy female figure supporting the silver crescent in the starry sky, and it gave the Chapter Lalune full power to meet in the name of the organization and, under the blessing of the grand patriarch, to have and to hold property, to go forward in culture, and to do a great many other things with the permission and blessing of the grand patriarch, who had benign power over all

his children, and who was

their head representa-

tive, their head

esthetic adviser,

and their head

business ad-

ministrator.

And it author-

ized and com-

manded the

secretary and

treasurer of

Chapter Lalune

to deposit this

charter, to

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the name of the Chapter Lalune. And it was signed, with a great flourish, with the mighty name of Grand Patriarch Paul, whose final name was Pollet.

Oh, there was rejoicing in the Chapter Lalune upon that auspicious occasion; and there was to be much pomp and ceremony at the inauguration of officers, and of the formal stepping of Chapter Lalune into its full powers to have and to hold, and to progress!

And where were the grand ceremonies to be held? Where, indeed, but in the charmed glade? And who was to make the blank-verse dedication? Elmira Stubbens. And who to read the ode to Lalune? The circular odestress. And who to recite the last three re-original poems in his posses-



J. Rufus fixed a furious eye on Blackie Daw. "What kept you so late?" he growled

sion? The poet Daw. And who to stay in town, that day, and pack the grips, and wander restlessly about, with constant reference to his watch? The big disciple. He had in his pocket the first check drawn by the secretary and treasurer, of the Chapter Lalune, a check for seventeen dollars and fifty cents, reimbursement for certain stationery supplies advanced.

At about two p. m., J. Rufus walked into the bank, and presented his little check to the paying teller; and the paying teller went into the private office, and a stern, whiskered man came out to the disciple, who was strangely tense.

"Are you Mr. Wallingford?" he asked. The banker was not a poet or an artist or a bohemian of any nature. Being a banker headed him against such.

"I am," said Wallingford; "I can identify myself very easily, if necessary."

"It will not be worth while," returned the stern, whiskered man. "There are no funds with which to pay this check."

"Oh!" Wallingford looked quite disappointed. "I thought the colony had a great deal of money."

"Well, yes," admitted the banker; "the account, however, is temporarily exhausted."

"Indeed?" conceded J. Rufus politely. "I thank you." And he stalked solemnly out. Around the corner he started to chuckle, and he chuckled all the way back to the hotel.

Three o'clock! Three-thirty! Four! Blackie would be due, now, in a few minutes. Four-fifteen! Not yet! Four-thirty! Confound it, why hadn't Blackie arrived? The train was to leave at five-ten. J. Rufus went down, paid his bill, went back up again to wait, and came back down to look up the street. How the seconds flew! If they didn't catch that five-ten train, they

couldn't get away until morning! Four-fifty! Four-fifty-five! Where was that irresponsible idiot?

Ah! Down the road at breakneck speed came an automobile, and beside the driver the poet Daw, his black eyes snapping and his mustaches twisted into their usual two keen points. Not a word as the bags were thrown into the car; not a word as they whizzed down Main Street; not a word as they swung around back of the station and the train thundered in; not a word until, breathless with their mad scramble, they had shut the door of a Pullman drawing-room behind them. Then J. Rufus fixed a furious eye on Blackie Daw.

"What kept you so late?" he growled.

"Encores!" grinned Blackie triumphantly. "I had to improvise one to Lalune. I rimed it with lagoon. I'll recite it to you."

"Not!" Wallingford drew his first natural breath; then he chuckled, his broad shoulders heaving and his eyes half closing. "Cleanest thing we ever did!"

"And the bank didn't even question Paul's draft," marveled Blackie.

"I framed that charter myself!" indignantly asserted J. Rufus, as the last house in Metalton was left behind. "The signatures of the secretary and treasurer of Chapter Lalune gave the grand patriarch of the duly incorporated Children of the Inspired the distinct legal power to do as he pleases about everything, including their money. At two o'clock, Chapter Lalune didn't have one red penny in its treasury. All they have for their twenty-eight thousand is that nine-hundred-dollar cardboard town!"

"Oh, have they?" And Blackie untied his poet's bow tie with a jerk. "You poor simp, I shipped that home to the kids this morning!"

The next *Wallingford* story, *Rough Stuff*, will appear in the November issue.

### The New Harrison Fisher Picture

*Dad's Girl* is the title of the picture of the winsome little maid on this month's cover. You all know her. She has just wheedled ten cents out of dad and is having the time of her life. We have reissued this picture, without lettering, on 14 x 11-inch pebbled paper, and you may order it through your local dealer, or we will send a copy post-paid on receipt of 15 cents.

Ask us to send you our interesting announcement of an entirely new series of **Harrison Fisher Pictures**, which has just been published. Address,

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New York City

# New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

## The Fable of the Film-Fed Family

**I**N one of the doubtful States, safely away from the Seaboard, there was a City which had more Area than Population.

Neatly bisecting the Settlement sped an Avenue with Asphalt, Soft Maples, and those mentioned in the Papers.

On a desirable Corner of this Yappian Way glistened the Abode of the Wiggamores.

It had started out to be a Bungalow but bulged into a Swiss Chalet at one End, while the Improvements on the main Front mildly suggested a Medieval Stronghold.

The Main Stem and loving Provider for the Domestic Plant was one Alpheus Wiggamore, a nice Man who still wore Alpaca in the Open Season and had faith in Congress.

Mrs. Wiggamore was the Lady Superintendent of the Works. She was slightly Gray, having strained herself through many years trying to keep Cases on Three Rings and an Elevated Platform in the World of Feminism.

Randolph was the first-born. He was employed in a Bank, and his favorite photograph showed him in Evening Togs.

The daughter had been christened Maidie, so as to save her from being a Dorothy. When she was 19, she sported jet Ear-Bobs and was undecided between being a Barefoot Dancer or a Trained Nurse.

Then there was a Kid Brother who spent much time sitting low in his Chair and brooding darkly, while Randolph and Maidie told the Parents what to do by way of regulating That Boy.

Christine, the combination Cook, Housemaid, and Division Superintendent, was an imported Luxury and a natural Blonde.

Not overlooking Mr. Bucyrus Dunwell,

who, at irregular Intervals, approached via the Alley to rattle the Furnace or push his little Safety over the Sward.

Now you have the Colony as it itemized not many Snows ago, on a certain Morning when Christine went forth for guaranteed Eggs and came back with a hot slice of News.

She reported that the Sweepers and Scrubbers were busy around the Paupers' Home and somebody else was getting ready to have dealings with the Sheriff.

You must know that although the Avenue on which the Wiggamores fronted was very Kaswozzle and Ipskalene, the Domicile was only one Block removed from a Side Street given over to narrow-chested Shops, imitation Modistes, and now and then a White Coffin in a Show Window.

Just around the Corner in this benumbed and backward Byway was a squat Building with a Plate-Glass front and an Interior copied from one of the McAdoo Tunnels.

The older Children could remember when the place was a Delicatessen, with Dill Pickles and Goose Livers set out to tantalize Passers-By.

Business was so punk that even the Cheese went Zowie.

After the Creditors snuffed out the haggard Foreigner, a Placard appeared in the Window urging some other Hero to have a Go at the Desirable Location.

Under the glorious law of Supply and Demand, there is a Soft Mark waiting to nibble at every Jonah Proposition.

The Tailor Man came with his Bolts of Blue Serge and large framed Pictures of wooden-faced Willies exhibiting the decrees of Fashion.

When he evaporated, the come-on Card in the Window played a Return Engagement, whereupon a Tonsorial Artist dropped from

the Blue and began to buzz around. He figured that the Street needed another Shaving Parlor, because sometimes as many as eight People could be seen moving hither and thither at one time. So he displayed the National Colors and sat down to wait for the Rush. Finally two men came in. One sold Hair Tonics and the other was a Collector.

The world seems strangely supplied with Persons of low-burning Ambition who wish to sell Daily Papers and free-smoking Five-Centers in the placid outlying Districts, where the Dealer is seldom annoyed by prying Purchasers.

After the Barber Shop died, for want of Conversation, another Wanamaker of the smallest known Caliber grabbed the Lease and got ready to carry on a brisk traffic in Peppermint Drops and Briar Pipes. By spreading his Merchandise, he made the Interior look like a Place which was offering Things for Sale.

Although the Proprietor put in many Hours shaking the Box with the Larrikins and Hooligans, he could not seem to get into the Commercial Stride of the late Marshall Field.

When he blew, the Assets could have been taken away in a Wheelbarrow.

One of the regular Topics around the quiet Corner was the Jinx that seemed to hover over Number Thirteen.

Even the bright Lad who put in two Pool-Tables and charged 2½ cents a Cue fell by the Wayside.

Anyone with a common Lead Pencil and a kernel of Equine Intelligence could have doped out his Finish before he started.

For several years the ill-starred Premises continued a Rotation which included Opening-Up, Closing-Up, and the little old Card in the Window.

Now you will understand why Christine got a Big Laugh from the Wiggamores when she came back from her Scouting and reported that one more Unfortunate was going to tackle the Cavern of Blasted Hopes.

But you should have heard the incredulous Cackles next Day when Kid Brother pulled the astounding Bulletin that a Guy with a plaid Ulster was converting the Mausoleum into a Nickel Theater.

Both Mr. Wiggamore and Randolph, being very Cooney and far-sighted in a Business Way, opined that any poor Nizzy

who thought he could operate a Theater in a Delicatessen was just about due to begin looking out through an Iron Fence.

Word came to the wondering Wiggamores that the brash Intruder had hung a Screen at one end of his cramped Cubby-Hole and was flashing Animated Pictures of brutal Low Comedy alternated with Cowboy Murders.

To a Family that patronized the Circulating Library and fell for an annual Lecture Course, the Magic-Lantern Trick in the undersized Storeroom was about two miles beyond the Pale and absolute Zero in the register of Intellectual Refreshments.

Besides, the Wiggamores did not see the use of anyone going to the Theater, since Joe Jefferson no longer played Rip Van Winkle.

Kid Brother took formal Notice that he would be skinned alive if caught anywhere near the fuzzy little Show Shop; so he was not caught, but he went against the Pictures every time he could dig up a Jit.

The bewildering and transfiguring Developments in and around the Wiggamore Settlement probably had their definite Beginning on the Day when the Senior paused at the Corner and noticed that the Peanut Parlor of Pseudo-Art, instead of popping like a Toy Balloon, according to Prediction, had absorbed a Gents' Furnishing Emporium and was blossoming out with a Double Front rivaling the Architectural Splendors of the Taj Mahal.

It was some Jolt to the Prophet.

Mr. Wiggamore was a true Yank, ready to give his polite Salaam to any Game that could start the Iron Boys rolling.

If a Pin-Head in a Plaid Ulster could take a Hoodoo Location in a Comatose Neighborhood and pull down real Velvet, it was a Cinch that he had a Commodity worth the Twice-Over and the Up and Down.

While Mr. Wiggamore was pondering whether he could horn into the Gift Enterprise without endangering his Church Membership, the Missus came home all het and strung up, because she had been put on a Committee to investigate the Movies.

You can gamble that any Activity appealing to the Investors and the Reformers, simultaneous-like, is not to be overlooked.

Mrs. Wiggamore thought she was slumming when she first descended upon the



— MCCUTCHEON —

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Cinemas, accompanied by two other Joans of Arc, all breathing heavily.

In order to make their Report comprehensive, they had to inspect about 1,000,000 Feet of Film, and they never hurried out of any Dump until the Fellow and the Girl came to the final Clinch and slowly melted away into Polka-Dots and Bobbles.

They first endured, then pitied, and then ate it up as fast as the Boy could push it out of the Projector.

After Mrs. Wigamore and the associate She Martyrs had been on the Job for two weeks, hot-footing from the Elite to the Arcadia and thence to the Paragon, the Rosebud, and the Elegantine, they were so used to sitting in the Dusk and watching several forms of Excitement pop out on the White Curtain that they became restless if compelled to take a day off.

They reported to the Club that the new form of Amusement played up Hugging and Kissing, complicated with Gun-Play, and might serve to demoralize any Weakling under the Age of 16 or over 42.

Still, it struck them that the Movies could

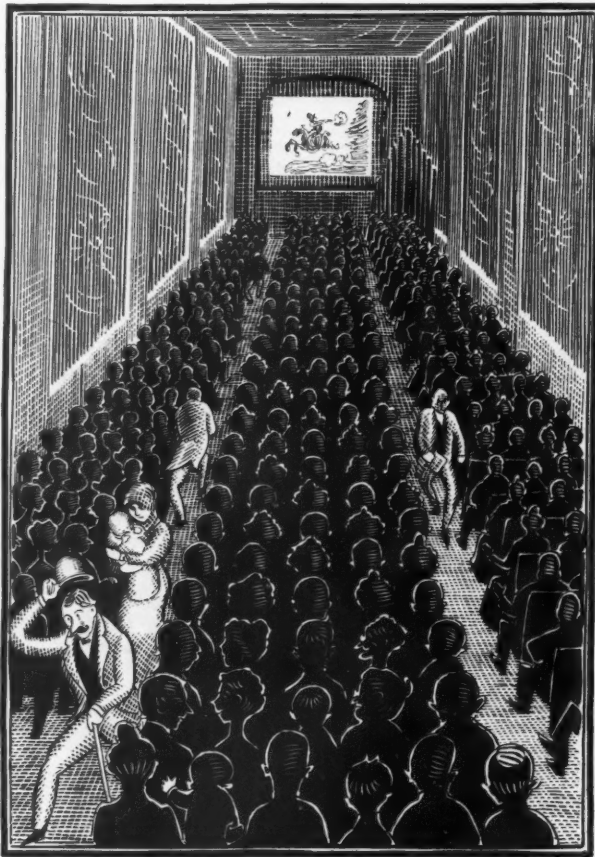
be given an Educational Twist if censored by Ladies of Intense Refinement.

They showed a Willingness to buckle down and continue their Investigation, even if they had to catch every important Reel the day it was released.

While the Lady of the House was all fussed over the Moral Aspect of the spreading Contagion, her respected Side-Partner got rid of his Qualms and butted right into the Show Business.

The last Qualm went flickering when a gabby Promoter showed Mr. Wigamore how he could begin to cash on some frost-bitten Real Estate.

So the Pillar of the Church took a slice of Stock and became part Owner of two Ballyhoo-

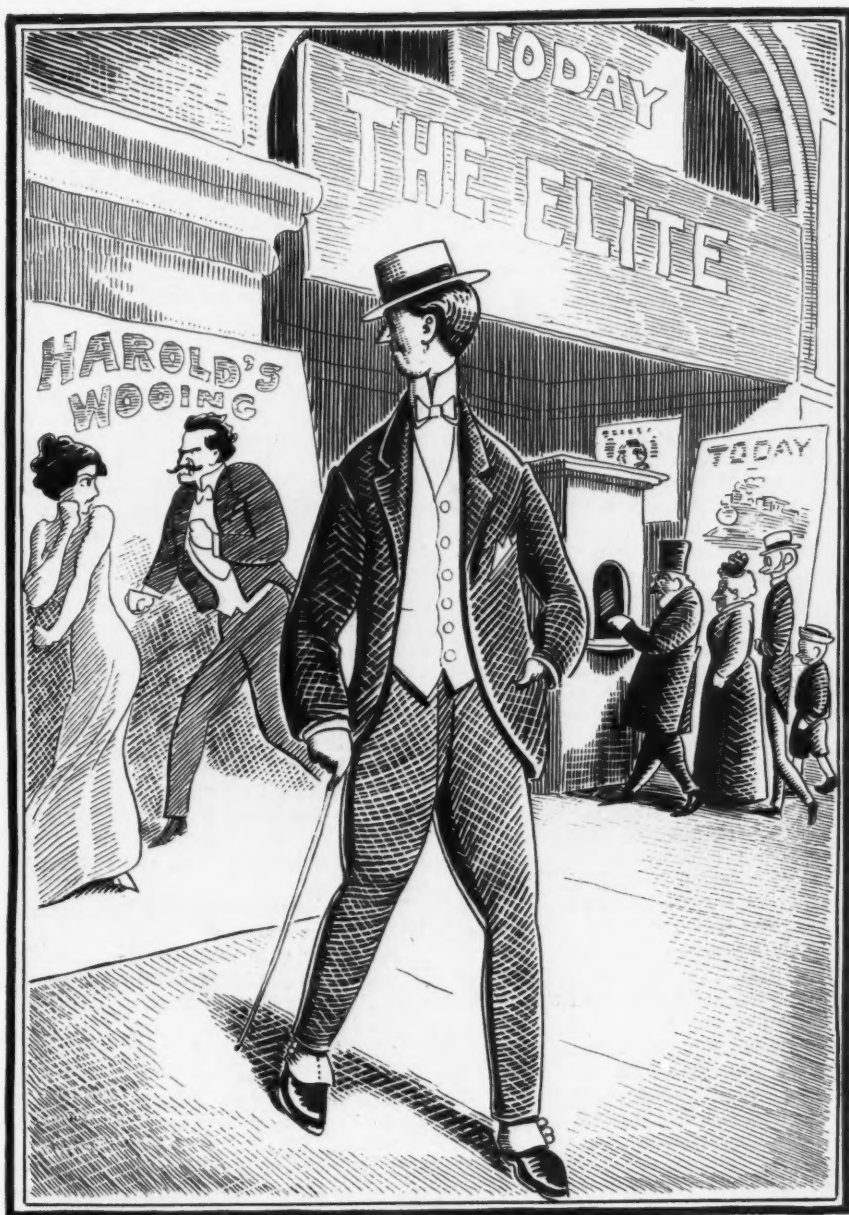


Sitting in the Dusk and watching several forms of Excitement pop out on the White Curtain

Joint, with screaming Lithos in Front and somebody inside trying to kill a Piano.

Long before the Wife put her O. K. on the Silent Drama, the old Fox looked at his share of the Split-Up and decided that any Game so profitable couldn't be real Sinful.

Daughter began to slip when she passed one of the dinky Dime Places and saw staring from a One-Sheet the name of a prodigious Star residing in Europe.



— MCCUTCHEON —

Although a Bank Clerk who is trying to live up to his first Spats can be almost as Aloof and Unemotional as a Corporation Lawyer, even Randolph began to size up the Billing as he came homeward

She dared some of the other Tessies to look in, just for a Lark, and discovered that several were already broken out with the Habit.

After she had trailed in with the Shop Girls a few times without seeming to put any Chips, Cracks, or Blemishes on her Social Rating, she just let herself go and became a Fan.

Although a Bank Clerk who is trying to live up to his first Spats can be almost as Aloof and Unemotional as a Corporation Lawyer, even Randolph began to size up the Billing as he came homeward.

If he spotted a Society Drama with a big-eyed Queen recoiling from Harold Armytage, he would find himself strolling down that way along about 7:30.

It was a Pipe that Christine went plumb off her Noodle as soon as she learned that, by giving up a mere Pinch of Change, she could witness a lovely Scene in the Death-Chamber with all the Actors weeping.

Mr. Bucyrus Dunwell, manager of the Furnace and Lawn departments and dispenser of Neighborhood Gossip, brought in daily Tips which Christine passed on to the front of the House.

Mr. Dunwell had the number of every rising Star in the new Firmament. He professed a brotherly knowledge of the broad-faced Comic, and just the same as discovered Mary Pickford.

Two years after the despised Delicatessen became a Temple of Art, the Wiggamores had the range on no less than five Photo-Bazaars within a mile of their residential Headquarters.

When they rallied for their daily Grape-Fruit, did they speculate on the efficacy of the Federal Banks or try to get the real hang of the European Situation?

No, ma'am. They compared Notes to find out which had grabbed off the largest number of Goose Pimples and Giggles while out Film Hopping the night before.

The old standby Newspaper, noted for its Powerful Editorials ever since the days of Hayes and Wheeler, seemed to be going dippy with the rest of the Outfit.

Instead of staying on the regular job of panning W. J. B., it began running large Half-Tones of Lottie Le Page, smiling *ingénue* of the Kafloozem Company, Cyril Paget, curly-haired Darling of the Premier, and Bob Indestructo, breakneck Artist and champion Stair-Slider of the Matteawan Service.

When the Wiggamores pawed for the Journal of Civilization and skinned the Columns with hungry Eye, were they after the Wall Street Forecast or Myrtle Cerebellum's Book Reviews? Nary a Myrtle. They were getting the very latest Info from the Exchanges and laying out work for the Evening.

Mr. Wiggamore had been an Omnivorous Reader in days ago, and often used the Word by way of boosting himself a trifle.

In the placid Past, preceding the deluge of Buzz-Dramas, his regular Schedule was to ignite a mild Domestic and groan a few times before pushing away from the Dinner-Table; then a long Session with some Book that was Meaty and Historical; after that a period of Gloating over his Collection of Flies for Casting; possibly an Apple, and some tender caressing of the Feet before he turned in.

But Literature and Fishing-Tackle lost their Drag when he got all snarled up with three beautiful Women, each of whom was being separately persecuted by Lions, Tigers, Elephants, Motor-Cars, Hydroplanes, and Villains with Eyebrows.

It will be five years, come next House-cleaning, since Ma Wiggamore accepted the appointment from Madam President of the Oolong Uplift Club, and began to scrutinize the Output.

Her Commission has expired, but she is still on the Job and going along in Bogey.

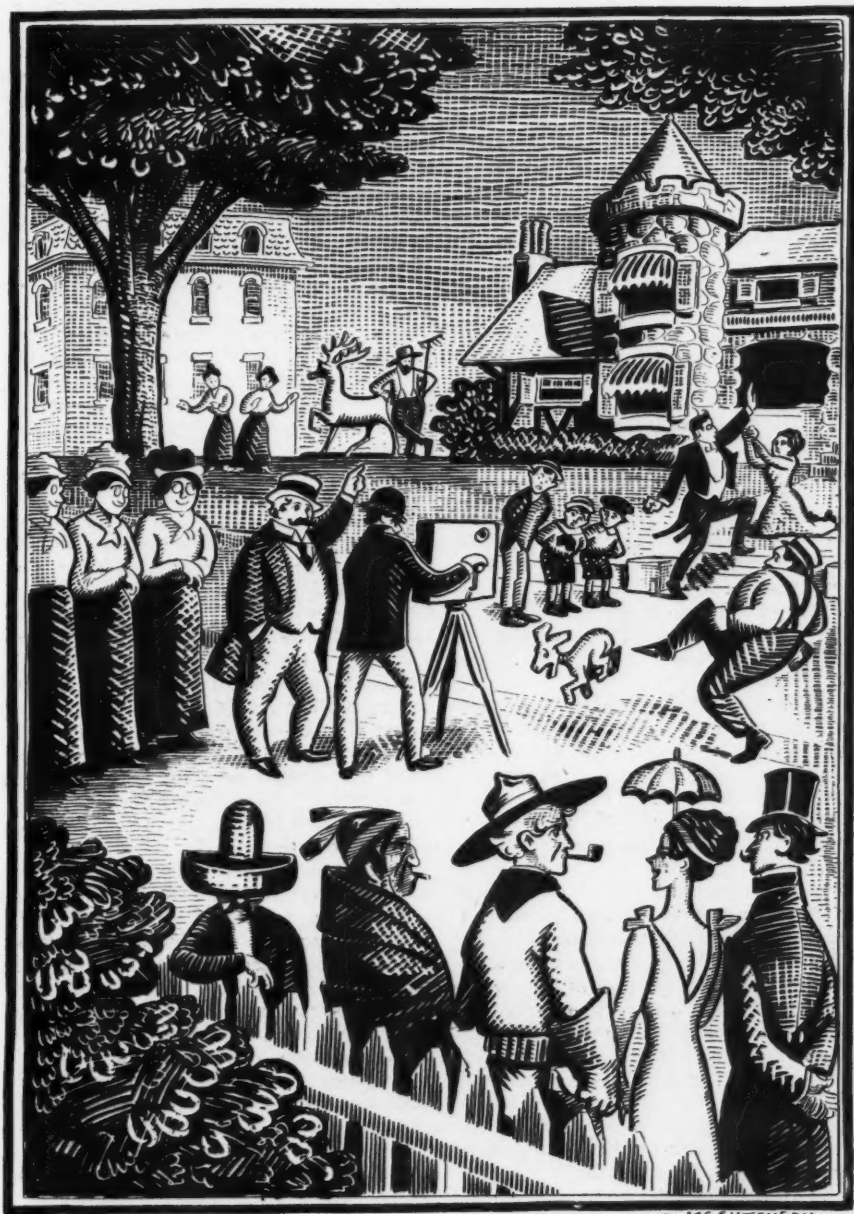
She may be a little rusty on the Suffrage Gag, but she could pass a Civil-Service Examination to-morrow on the "Billion Dollar Scandal" or "The Conniptions of Corinne."

Just to give you a correct Line on a Good Woman gone wrong.

In the Spring of 1910, shortly before the Kinetoscopic Bacilli began to bite her, she started to crochet a kind of Dido, or Throw, which could be pinned to the back of a Chair, used as a Bath-Mat, or drawn about the Shoulders on a Chilly Evening. It is still unfinished, and she would not know where to find it at this identical Minute.

What do you say about a Young Fellow, with a berth in a National Bank and a swell chance to work right up and be head Shylock, who wants to duck on a Business Career and act out in front of a Camera?

Randolph actually asked the Guvnor to put in a Plug for him, so that he could escape



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the Irks of Office Toil and be a regular Leading Man with Powder on the Face.

The elder Wiggamore had a stand-in with certain Tin Horns who had grown suddenly rich out of the freak Industry. So when the new combination of conservative Capital and Circus Grafters began to build a large Studio on the edge of Town and announced another Exhibition Enterprise, what did Randolph get into his Nut but the huge Idea that he had better pass up the Bank and fall in line with Messrs. Costello, Kerrigan, and Bushman.

Anyone finding himself puzzled by the mention of these Names may lean out of the Window and inquire of the first Young Lady that happens along.

There were two or three Reasons why Randolph did not become a high-salaried Actor on the order of Jack Barrymore, but he will always believe that he could have put it over the Plate.

His is what you might term a Blighted Life. He watches all the Late Stuff, but the new Successes only feed his Grief, because he is thinking all the time how much niftier He would be than the Stiff who takes the Principal Part.

Had you heard that Maidie Wiggamore is writing Scenarios? Mercy, yes! Oh, rather!

The Piano hasn't been limbered up for weeks, and she has to be dragged to her Meals.

She has had MSS. returned from some of the very best Concerns.

Also it is Common Talk among her Friends that several of her Plots have been stolen.

Refusing to take the Count, she is still working away on a five-reel Inspiration in which a Pure Girl suffers a lot at the hands of a Viper in a Riding Costume, but finally wins out and slips him the Gaff.

It is all New Stuff, and will be a Riot if she can find a Director with enough Class to give it a Belasco Setting.

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With the Street full of painted Thespians,

The next *New Fable in Slang* will be *The Fable of the Back-Tracker from the Hot Sidewalks.*

and Mr. Legree shouting through the Megaphone, and the Trustees winding their Boxes, no wonder that Kid Brother became the envy of the Gang.

Think of going to the Columbine Playhouse and seeing your own Home standing out as the Palace of Mortimer Lonsdale, the aristocratic Parent of Celeste, who is in love with Gerald, and a Pipe Organ playing softly!

There are moments in Life that seem to repay for all our Struggles and even up on the myriad Disappointments.

Of late, however, the Family has been up against it plenty.

Mrs. Wiggamore decided that some one should hang around the House in the evening, to see that no one carried it away.

She couldn't be a Night Watch and a high-brow Researcher at the same time.

So she passed the Buck to friend Husband, who handed it on to the First-Born, who tried to wish it on to Sis, who promptly decided that Kid Brother was the Logical Goat; but the Youngster had to have a couple of Melodramas and a slap-stick Comedy every evening before he could go to Sleep, the same as all the others, so he nominated Christine as the Patsy.

She couldn't unload on anyone else, so she sent in her Notice and left them Flat, rather than lose those Happy Hours with her Ideal, Bertrand Blithingham, who always smiled right over toward where she was sitting as soon as he walked out on the Curtain.

Right on top of that, Mr. Dunwell worked into a political Drama as an Extra. Down at the Studio it came out that he was a Type; so he was put on the Pay-Roll. Now he comes as near being an Honest-to-Gosh Actor as many others toiling at the Celluloid Mills.

The Wiggamores are living on Canned Stuff and the Lawn needs clipping, but they should fret.

Two new Places have just opened with First-Run Features, and they are going to have a Good Year, no matter how the War comes out.

*Moral: The Principal Ingredient of real Entertainment is the Absence of Talk.*



